



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 120 091 124



14712
I 1.17.3
7

THROUGH MASAI LAND.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, LIMITED,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

E. C. Thomson

1715

Book 1

The Obelisk

from Mr. Patterson's library,



ON THE WAR PATH IN MASAI LAND.

Frontispiece.

THROUGH MASAI LAND:

A JOURNEY OF EXPLORATION
AMONG THE SNOWCLAD VOLCANIC MOUNTAINS
AND STRANGE TRIBES

OF

EASTERN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

BEING THE NARRATIVE OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL
SOCIETY'S EXPEDITION TO MOUNT KENIA AND
LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA, 1883-1884.

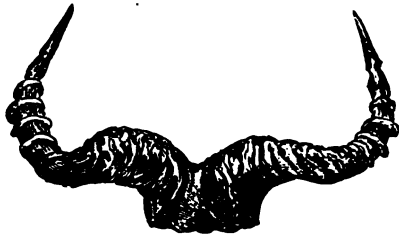
BY

JOSEPH THOMSON, F.R.G.S.

GOLD MEDALLIST OF ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.
HON. MEM. SCOTTISH AND ITALIAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETIES;
LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION;
AUTHOR OF "TO THE CENTRAL AFRICAN LAKES AND BACK"

*Chi va piano va sano;
Chi va sano va lontano.*

NEW AND REVISED EDITION.



New species of Hartbeest.

London:

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON,
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.

1887.

[All rights reserved.]

D1361
T484a

BOOKS ON AFRICA.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Crown 8vo, Two Vols., with Portraits and Map, Third Edition, 24s.
TO THE CENTRAL AFRICAN LAKES AND BACK:
The Narrative of the Royal Geographical Society's Central African Expedition, 1878-80.

8vo, with numerous Illustrations and Map, Third Edition, 21s.
THE RIVER CONGO FROM ITS MOUTH TO BOLOBO.
By H. H. JOHNSTON.

Two Vols., crown 8vo, with Illustrations and Maps, 28s.
UGANDA AND THE EGYPTIAN SOUDAN.
By the Rev. C. T. WILSON, M.A., and R. W. FELKIN.

Two Vols. 8vo, with Illustrations and Map, Second Edition, 42s.
SEVEN YEARS IN SOUTH AFRICA.
By Dr. EMIL HOLUB.

Two Vols. crown 8vo, with Illustrations and Maps, Third and Cheaper Edition, 15s.
THE HEART OF AFRICA.
By GEORG SCHWEINFURTH.

Two Vols. 8vo, with Maps and Illustrations, 42s.
FROM BENGUELLA TO YAOCA TERRITORY.
By CAPELLO and IVENS.

Two Vols. 8vo, with Maps and Illustrations, 42s.
HOW I CROSSED AFRICA, FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE INDIAN OCEAN.
By MAJOR SERPA PINTO.

Crown 8vo, with Illustrations and Maps, 12s. 6d.
THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT.
By HENRY M. STANLEY.

Crown 8vo, with Illustrations and Maps, 7s. 6d.
HOW I FOUND LIVINGSTONE.
By HENRY M. STANLEY.

Two Vols. 8vo, with Maps and Illustrations, 21s.
THE CONGO, AND THE FOUNDING OF ITS FREE STATE.
By HENRY M. STANLEY.

London:

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON,
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET, E.C.

PARALLEL ARROW POINT

TO
MY FATHER AND MOTHER

This Book is Dedicated

IN THE HOPE THAT ITS PERUSAL
MAY COMPENSATE TO SOME EXTENT FOR THE
ANXIETIES IT HAS BEEN MY LOT TO MAKE THEM SUFFER
WHILE I WANDERED IN
MASAI LAND.

PREFACE.

MY reason for the publication of the following narrative may be briefly stated. The Expedition which I commanded was of a public character, and it was imperative that some account of its doings should be produced. That being the case, I resolved to clothe the dry bones of a mere report in the flesh and blood of a narrative. I can honestly say that the prospect of writing it was one which had very little attractiveness for me, and that, if I am delighted to hand it over to the reader, it is more because my task is finished than from any expectations of a favourable reception.

I suppose I need hardly attempt to deprecate criticism. Still I may be allowed to remind the reader and reviewer that one who at the age of twenty-six has undertaken three separate expeditions to the interior of Africa cannot be expected to have had much opportunity to acquire the graces of literature, or an elegant style. I have poured this narrative forth red-hot, without any delicate weighing of words, or conning over of sentences, content that my meaning be expressed, whatever might be its guise.

I should have liked to be able to say that "Through Masai Land" has been written under palm-trees, or amid other romantic surroundings. A regard for truth, however, compels me to make the confession that it has been entirely composed under the customary prosaic surroundings of the "easy-chair geographer."

As in the case of my former book, "To the Central African Lakes and Back," I have to acknowledge my indebtedness to my brother, the Rev. J. B. Thomson, of Greenock, who has relieved me of the irksome work of literary revision, seen the book through the press, and otherwise saved me a world of trouble.

I need but add that with one or two exceptions the illustrations are from photographs taken by myself in the course of the Expedition. For several of the Wa-nyika and Wa-teita illustrations I have to thank my friend the Rev. A. D. Shaw, of Rabai, Mombasa, who kindly placed his collection of photographs at my command, and thus added another to the numerous obligations under which he has placed me.

NOTE TO NEW EDITION.

IN introducing a new and cheaper edition of this narrative to the public, little requires to be said. Some additions, a few corrections, and, it is hoped, a number of literary improvements have been made, tending to render the book more useful and more readable.

The chief fact to be noted is that, since the appearance of the earliest edition, great political changes have occurred in East Central Africa.

Then (1885) Masai Land was for the first time made known to the world; now it has come within the "sphere of British influence,"—a delicate way, I suppose, of saying that it now practically forms a part of our Imperial possessions.

Reasons of State, obscure to ordinary mortals, have made it necessary to sacrifice Seyyid Barghash, Sultan of Zanzibar. We have, under these circumstances, but to congratulate ourselves that we have had an Argus-eyed and far-seeing diplomatist to look after our interests. In possession of the beautiful plateau-lands of Masai Land, and healthy, easy route to the interior, we may look with equanimity on our German neighbours further south, sweating in the malarious marshes, or attempting to exploit the inhospitable regions inland.

I am singularly happy in being able to incorporate a note on the recent development of events in East Africa, by Sir John Kirk, G.C.M.G., whose unwearied care and watchfulness and far-seeing policy have not always received the recognition they deserve. His influence in the cause of African Exploration has been great, and he might well be called the Friend of Travellers.

Others besides diplomatists have not been slow to see the value of Masai Land. At this moment numerous sportsmen

are seeking adventures around Kilimanjaro ; while, on the other hand, the extraordinary caves, the wonderful volcanic mountains, and other physical features described in these pages, have supplied material sufficiently romantic to stimulate the imaginative efforts of a recent novelist.

The advantage of the newly-revealed route to Victoria Nyanza was promptly recognized by the Church Missionary Society ; but unfortunately a rashly-managed and somewhat ill-timed attempt to utilize it, ending in a calamitous massacre, has postponed the possibility of fully profiting by it.

It only remains for the commercial world, seeking new fields and new outlets for its trade, to open its eyes to the extreme fertility of the soil and—for Africa—salubrity of the climate, in order to make British influence in that region something more than a political fiction.

As the relief of Emin Pasha is at present a subject of absorbing interest, I may be permitted, in conclusion, to refer to the expedition for that purpose. I cannot but express my surprise that a route which no authority can deny to be at once the shortest, the healthiest, and the least obstructed by physical difficulties, should, notwithstanding the urgency of the crisis, have been discarded in favour of a route not only incomparably more tedious, but obviously much more trying in its character. An expedition of manageable proportions might easily have pushed with rapidity, and with perfect security as to supplies, through Masai Land and put Emin Pasha in possession of the ammunition, &c., he so pressingly needs to save himself and his brave party from annihilation ; while a supplementary expedition might have co-operated to secure the leisurely retreat of the beleaguered garrison.

If Emin Pasha is in the desperate plight represented by his friends, it is manifest that haste in getting into touch with him is of paramount importance—a fact apparently lost sight of in the elaborate preparations for the *bringing away* of a party which meanwhile may be massacred.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

RECONNAISSANCE	PAGE 6
--------------------------	-----------

CHAPTER II.

TO TAVETA	25
---------------------	----

CHAPTER III.

A FORTNIGHT IN A FOREST FASTNESS	54
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

THROUGH THE DOOR OF THE MASAI	72
---	----

CHAPTER V.

PREPARATION FOR A NEW ATTEMPT	100
---	-----

CHAPTER VI.

ONWARD ONCE MORE!	125
-----------------------------	-----

CHAPTER VII.

TO KIKUYU	153
---------------------	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

TO LAKE NAIVASHA	184
----------------------------	-----

CHAPTER IX.

TO LAKE BARINGO <i>via</i> MOUNT KENIA	202
--	-----

CHAPTER X.

MASAI LAND AND THE MASAI	PAGE . 234
------------------------------------	---------------

CHAPTER XI.

THROUGH KAVIRONDO TO VICTORIA NYANZA 263
--	-------

CHAPTER XII.

BACK TO BABINGO <i>via</i> ELGON 296
--	-------

CHAPTER XIII.

SPORT AT BABINGO AND JOURNEY COASTWARD 317
--	-------

APPENDIX 341
--------------------	-------

NOTE BY SIR JOHN KIRK 357
---------------------------------	-------

INDEX 361
-----------------	-------

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
On the War-path in Masai Land	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Native Christians' House	10
James Martin	24
Wa-nyika Village	27
Rabai Mission-House	29
Wa-nyika Women pounding grain	31
Reviewing the Expedition	33
Teita hut	43
M-teita of Ndara	47
Wa-teita Women	49
M-teita Girl	53
Men's Quarters, Taveta	55
Wa-teita Village, Ndara	71
Camp scene near Mandara's	79
Mandara's Warriors	83
Borassus Palm	107
New Quarters at Taveta	111
View of Kilimanjaro across Lake Chala	123
Alcelaphus Cokii	124
Lake Chala	129
Andorobbo Men and a Woman	137
"Just in the nick of time I made a dash sideways"	140
Fountains of the Useri	141
The Buffalo's horns, Kimangelia	151
Kilimanjaro and the Njiri Plain	157
Masai Women of Njiri. (Faces painted)	161
Gorge of the Ngarè Surè	169
Masai Warriors of Kaptè	173
Glimpse of Camp-life	176
Masai Women of Kaptè	181
Camp at Ngongo	183
Donyo Longonot from G. Kedong	191
Firewood Plain (Angata Elgek) from Kekupè	201
Warriors of Lykipia	205
The Thomson Falls, River Urürü	217
Mount Kenia from the west	223
Lykipia escarpment from Njemps	229
Camp at Njemps	233
Natives of Njemps	235

	PAGE
Masai married Woman, Njiri	241
Masai Kraal, D. Longonot in distance	244
Ear stretcher and ear ornaments	245
Masai Weapons and Ornaments	249
Ear ornaments, married Woman	257
Masai married Women, Njiri	261
D. Lobikwè, Kamasia, from near Njemps	265
Wa-kwafi Girls of Njemps	267
Glen of the Guaso Kamnyè	271
Lava cap, Elgeyo escarpment	273
Village of Kabaras, Kavirondo	277
Married Women, Kavirondo	279
Mud Walls and Gateway, Massala, Kavirondo	281
R. Nzoia near Seremba, with school of Hippos	289
Victoria Nyanza from Massala	291
Daughters of the Chief of Massala	294
" I was promptly propelled skyward "	306
Horns of the Buffalo	309
Natives of Suk on a visit to Njemps	313
Gazella Thomsoni	316
" Here I was on my knee, behind a small skeleton bush, positively looking up at an enormous wild elephant "	325
Mianzi-ni from the south. Masai kraal in the foreground	335

MAP.

Route Map of the Masai Country.

THROUGH MASAI LAND.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE tract of country the exploration of which will form the subject-matter of this book, may be described as occupying a diagonal stripe in the area enclosed between 5° S. Lat. and 1° N. Lat. and the meridian of 33° and 39° E. longitude.

The commencement of the exploration of this region, forms the first chapter in the history of East Central African discovery. It was at Melindè that Vasco di Gama first landed after rounding the Cape; and on the reefs of Mombasa at a later date, the treachery of his pilot brought him to the verge of shipwreck.

For several centuries, however, nothing was done to lift the veil of the unknown by exploration, though of course some vague ideas of the geography of the interior were formed from the crude native accounts which reached the coast. Thus, for instance, in a Portuguese work of 1530, we find it stated that "West of this port (Mombasa) stands the Mount Olympus of Ethiopia, which is exceeding high, and beyond it are the Mountains of the Moon, in which are the sources of the Nile." The Mount Olympus here mentioned we may suppose to mean Kilimanjaro, though it would be difficult to say what are the mountains described as those "of the Moon;" for, like the sources of the Nile, they have been somewhat "coy" and hard to find.

From the visit of Vasco di Gama till 1842, it may safely be said that little of any interest was added to our knowledge of this part of the interior. On that date, however, a new era of discovery commenced. The Rev. Dr. Krapf, driven from his Mission to the Gallas of Abyssinia, was commissioned to visit East Africa, and ascertain if there was a "door" open for the introduction of Christianity. He found, as he imagined, such a place at Mombasa. There accordingly he established himself, the apostle of Christianity in East Africa, and the pioneer of geographical exploration.

It was not till 1847, that there was any serious attempt to pass the threshold. In that year Krapf's colleague,

Rebmann, made the first of a series of remarkable trips into the region to the west of Mombasa. With eight men he penetrated the cultivated coast region, crossed a strip of desert, and revealed to geography the interesting isolated mountains and picturesque ranges of Teita.

In the following year, "weaponed only with an umbrella," and accompanied by no more than nine men, Rebmann started on a more extended journey, which was destined to arouse the geographers of Europe from their indifference and to supply them with a bone of keen contention. Pushing through Teita, he traversed the desert beyond, and reached Chaga—the cultivated country round the lower slopes of Kilimanjaro. For the first time the eternal snows of the mountains of East Africa were seen, though for years few believed in their existence. The remarkable nature of this journey will be understood when it is mentioned that in a recent natural history expedition to the same place it has been thought necessary to take about 140 men.

In the latter part of the same year we find Rebmann once more on the road to Chaga, apparently now thoroughly smitten with the fever of African travel. This time his caravan is composed of fifteen porters. It would seem, moreover, that he has now lost faith in the all-sufficiency of his umbrella, and has concluded that a measure of prudence is not inconsistent with an implicit trust in Providence, for we read that his men were armed with guns and bows and arrows. On this occasion he crossed the greater part of the southern aspect of Kilimanjaro, and reached Machamè, then the largest and most important of the small Chaga states.

Grown ambitious by the success of these unique and remarkable journeys, Rebmann determined on an expedition of greater magnitude. Having heard of a country called U-nyamwesi, and of some enormous lake in the same region, he selected it as a new field of exploration. For this purpose he formed a caravan of thirty men, and started on the 6th of April, 1849. His projected route was *via* Kilimanjaro; U-nyamwesi being thought to lie about west from that mountain.

This expedition, however, was not destined to succeed. The fate which has frequently befallen the African traveller brought Rebmann's enterprise to an untimely end, just as he had reached the threshold of the new country. Getting into the hands of the unscrupulous chief of Machamè, he was plundered of everything. His hopes were ruined, and retreat became inevitable. We need not wonder that in his

sore disappointment he was reduced to tears, while health and spirits gave way. He returned to Mombasa, suffering great hardships on the way, and we hear of him no more in the work of exploration.

The "Mombasa Mission," however, did not remain idle in the opening up of new fields of missionary enterprise. The mantle of Rebmann fell on Krapf, who, doubtless fired by his colleague's interesting discoveries, determined to enter the lists. In 1849 Krapf started for U-kambani. His object was to open up a new country to the influence of Christianity, to ascertain if a route existed to U-nyamwesi, to discover the sources of the Nile, and, as he puts it, to reach "those still surviving Christian remnants at the Equator of whom I had heard in Shoa."

Taking a somewhat more northerly route than that of Rebmann, Krapf traversed Teita, touching at the mountains Maüngü, and Ndara, also the northern end of the Bura Range. Then, turning more to the north, he crossed the Tzavo River, which flows to the Sabaki, traversed Kikumbuli, the southern district of U-kambani, and reached Kitui, then reigned over by a chief named Kivoi.

This remarkable and daring journey was undertaken with only eleven men; and as the result of it, Krapf was able fully to confirm Rebmann's description of the snow-clad summit of Kilimanjaro, though with Mr. Cooley it remained only "a most delightful mental recognition, not supported by the evidence of the senses."

Krapf, however, made another discovery of no less interest. On leaving Kivoi's village on his return journey, he descried the summit of a second snow-clad mountain named by the Wa-kamba Kenia. He describes it as six days' journey from Kivoi's, situated north-west of Kilimanjaro, and appearing as "two large horns or pillars"!

Two years later, in 1851, we find Krapf once more on the way to U-kambani, this time with the express purpose of founding a mission-station in the district of Yata. He failed in this, and returned to the coast after a series of extraordinary hardships and adventures. On this journey Krapf penetrated as far as the Dana River.

All honour to those two simple, brave men, who by their wonderful journeys gave an impulse to discovery that has not been properly recognized, enduring hardships and facing dangers before which those of explorers much more highly belauded fade into insignificance.

A period of ten years elapsed before the work of exploration was resumed in those equatorial regions. In 1862 Baron von der Decken, accompanied by the young geologist, Thornton, visited Lake Jipè and Kilimanjaro, and for the first time a map of the region with some approach to scientific accuracy appeared. In a second expedition, with the assistance of Dr. Kersten, some new ground was broken to the south, and the country still more accurately defined. Kilimanjaro was ascended to nearly 14,000 feet, and Mount Meru triangulated. The travellers, however, failed in the great object of their expedition, viz. to enter the Masai country. At the very threshold they were met by several thousands of the dreaded warriors, and compelled to return to the coast. Their caravan leader was one Sadi-bin-Ahedi, who for the first, but not the last, time appears before the geographical public. I have every reason to believe that Von der Decken's failure was mainly due to the machinations of Sadi, whose little ways in that direction I have much reason to know, as will be seen in the sequel of this narrative.

The next who penetrated into the interior was the missionary New, who also journeyed to Kilimanjaro, and for the first time in history reached the snow-line. On his return he discovered the wonderful little crater lake of Chala at the base of the mountain. On this expedition he also was accompanied by Sadi.

A few years later with the same guide and interpreter Mr. New returned to Chaga; but, having failed to satisfy the expectations of the dreaded warrior chief Mandara of Moschi, he was plundered of everything, mainly through the instigations of Sadi. Like Rebmänn on his last journey to Machamè, he left Chaga broken down in health and spirits, to die on the road. According to Mandara, he was poisoned by Sadi, but that part of the story I can hardly believe; Sadi could have no motive to do anything of the sort. I can more easily believe that Mandara himself had an intention to kill New—as, indeed, he informed me in one of his extremely confidential moments,—but was prevented by his mother from carrying out his purpose.

With Hildebrandt, the naturalist, closes the history of travel in this region. Following simply in the footsteps of Krapf, he failed to get beyond Kitui in U-kambani, and returned without enriching geography with any new facts beyond a valuable series of observations for altitude.

Of the regions beyond Kilimanjaro and U-kambani nothing was learned by direct observation. Geographers had to be content with the itineraries of native traders, notably those of Sadi as taken down by Wakefield, whose labours occupy by no means an unimportant part in the history of East African exploration.

These accounts, however, promised a rich reward of interesting discovery to the man who might dare to face the terrible Masai, and succeed in entering their country. This seemed for years to be too hard a nut to crack. The enterprise savoured too much of danger. Either the risks were considered too great, or the scheme too costly. Consequently, in spite of the curiosity of the geographer, no attempt was for years made to organize an expedition.

In 1877 such a project was mooted, and considered among others by the African Committee of the Royal Geographical Society. It found an enthusiastic advocate in Keith Johnston, who longed to have an opportunity of entering the Masai country; but the committee determined adversely, and sent him on the expedition to Nyassa, at the very commencement of which he succumbed to dysentery, leaving me to carry out the work. My inquiries at that time led me to wish ardently for the opportunity of making an attempt to reach Victoria Nyanza through the Masai country. There seemed, however, no immediate prospect of anything being done in that direction.

The year following my return home from the Nyassa expedition I went out to East Africa to examine the so-called coal region of the Rovuma basin for the Sultan of Zanzibar; but as I failed either to find or make that valuable mineral, my distinguished employer and I parted with mutual satisfaction.

On my arrival from Zanzibar, in January, 1882, after my failure to realize the Sultan's hopes regarding rich coal-fields, I was, to my delight, requested by the Royal Geographical Society to report upon the practicability of sending a caravan through the Masai country; also as to the route and the probable expense. I reported favourably and proposed a plan of exploration, estimating the cost at about 4000*l*. This estimate was given under the impression that a naturalist was to accompany the expedition. The Council, after deliberation, resolved to organize a purely geographical expedition, and I was selected as leader of the new enterprise. A sum of 2000*l*. was voted for expenses. To this an addition of

600*l.* was afterwards made, and then 400*l.* more, on my representations from East Africa before starting. I should have liked to have had 4000*l.*, but had to be content with the smaller sum.

In my instructions the object of the expedition was defined to be—"The ascertaining if a practicable direct route for European travellers exists through the Masai country from any one of the East African ports to Victoria Nyanza, and to examine Mount Kenia; to gather data for constructing as complete a map as possible in a preliminary survey; and to make all practicable observations regarding the meteorology, geology, natural history, and ethnology of the regions traversed."

In the following pages it will be my duty to tell how this work has been performed; to describe where, how, and to what purpose we journeyed; in other words, to give an account of my stewardship.

CHAPTER I.

RECONNAISSANCE.

ON the 13th of December, 1882, having completed all necessary preliminary arrangements, I embarked on the B.I.S.N. Company's steamer *Navarino* bound for the East, in which, by the generosity of that enterprising company, I received a free passage. Leaving the steamer at Suez, I enjoyed a run to Cairo, where I had the pleasure of associating with the members of the Geographical Society on the occasion of a farewell dinner to General Stone, who at that time was returning to his native country. Lieut. Weissman, on his way home after his brilliant march across the continent from west to east, was also at Cairo, recruiting his health in the balmy climate of Egypt, before facing the rigours of a German winter. I had the further satisfaction of meeting with his celebrated countryman, Schweinfurth, from whom I received much kindly attention.

Continuing my way after a most agreeable trip, we touched as usual at that most impressive and picturesque of eastern ports, Aden, and then, after one of the quickest and most enjoyable passages on record, we neared, on the 26th of January, 1883, the now familiar island of Zanzibar.

It was with very different feelings that I now strained my eyes to catch the first glimpse of land through the haze, from those I experienced five years previously when, almost a boy, I wistfully watched for the appearance of the green isle with its long-dreamed-of tropical vegetation and myriad wonders, over which the imagination peculiar to the "untraveller" threw a glamour and fascination, that is, alas! only too often dispelled by the rude facts of experience. Though the waving palm-trees with their rich burden, the clove plantations with their spicy odours, and the grand masses of the mango with their luscious fruit and grateful shade had now been long familiar to me, yet Zanzibar and the mainland were still pleasantly tinted by the glowing hues of fantasy—for, to me, here was still a promised land, in which were many desirable nooks for the traveller who should venture in and win—possibility of failure not being allowed to tone down my sanguine hopes.

On the morning of the date just mentioned the s.s. *Oriental*, commanded by Captain Lewnes, cast anchor in the harbour. Immediately after, a familiar Zanzibar figure—Pira, the active jack-of-all-trades to the Sultan Sayyid Bargash—appeared on deck in the capacity of His Highness's gossip and harbour-master. Thereafter I proceeded on shore, as in duty bound, to call upon Colonel S. B. Miles, a name not unknown to geographers as a traveller in the Somali country, who at this time was acting as consul-general and political agent for Sir John Kirk, then absent on a well-deserved holiday. I was received at once as an expected and welcome guest by Mrs. Miles, and installed in my old quarters, which I had now occupied so often that they had acquired a distinctly home-like aspect.

I was soon put in possession of all the news which form the main staple of conversation in a place far removed from the exciting arena of European politics. It was with much regret that I learned that Bishop Steere had gone over to the majority. A gentleman of rare talent and tact, he curiously combined High Church proclivities with the characteristics of a man of the world. As head of the Universities' Mission to East Africa, he performed herculean labours of a singularly varied character, which will ever form the most appropriate memorial of him as a great and good man.

A loss, however, which I felt more immediately than that of Dr. Steere, was that of the well-known Chumah whom I had

hoped to have again with me as head-man. He also had died after a short but stirring life, having, in his own special way, done much indirectly to open up Africa to science and commerce.

It was with considerable relief that I heard from Colonel Miles that our Government had addressed the Sultan and recommended me to his good offices. I had been afraid that, as I failed to find a coal-mine for him on the Rovuma, and parted from His Highness on somewhat bad terms, he would do all in his power—and he could have done not a little—to spoil my travelling. Now, however, I felt pleased to know that if he did not help me, he was at least not likely to make obstacles.

The news about the interior was of no special interest. The missionaries were still as active as ever, and were at least keeping the country open, if not making many converts. The Belgian Branch of the International African Association had now ceased making further attempts to pass beyond Tanganyika, and were content to hold on to Karema, which had more than realized all my worst prognostications. Several men had died, and up to that time the grand hopes of the Association were without fulfilment. Unyanyembè had also been given up, though in the most suitable position either for assisting the advancement of civilization and Christianity, or as a centre for the scientific traveller. The Germans, more active and more scientific, had not been quite so idle. Much useful work had been done, though nothing specially noteworthy. A few days after my arrival, tidings arrived from the interior that the astronomer of the German party had reached Lake Leopold, but had died there.

I was, however, more especially interested in hearing about the movements of a German naturalist named Dr. Fischer. This gentleman had spent many years on the coast, and had been commissioned by the Hamburg Geographical Society to penetrate into the very regions for which I myself was bound. It was thought necessary to throw a considerable amount of mystery about his movements—where he was going and what route he would adopt. I gathered, however, that he proposed visiting Mount Kenia and Lake Baringo, penetrating, if possible, beyond to what was then supposed to be the Galla country. Although he had spent several months in preparation, no one knew anything definite about the proposed expedition till he was ready to start. The first news, therefore, of the fact took me not a little

aback as I thought of the ground being cut away from my feet in this unexpected manner. I had to console myself with the reflection that the field was large, and that some pickings might after all fall to my share.

Having thus renewed my acquaintance with my friends, and with the familiar places of other days, gathered together the news of the interior, and learned how far light had lately been shed in dark places, I made a commencement in final preparations.

My first business was to secure my head-men, on whom so much depends for the success of an African expedition. In this I was fortunate. There was Makatubu, my able second head-man in my two previous trips. For powers of work, great energy, and general intelligence he stands inferior to none of all the Wa-swahili I have yet come in contact with. His one great defect is an utter absence of tact in dealing with the men under him. He never can acquire the necessary influence to lead men. But for this I should not have hesitated to place him at the head of my caravan. As it was, I had to relegate him to his old position of second, and place the goods under his special charge.

Casting about for a leader, I was delighted at finding Muinyi Sera, or Manwa Sera, the head-man of Stanley in his journey across the continent. I thought I had secured a prize in this man, who would, I imagined, be likely to have some of the "go" of his distinguished master. I could not have made a greater mistake. He turned out as lazy and unprofitable a personage as could be well conceived, though, to give him his due, he was honest and intelligent, and never attempted to thwart me in any way whatever. He was, however, content—probably through age—to be looked upon as purely ornamental, and was treated accordingly.

I was also somewhat disappointed with Kachechè—Stanley's much-praised detective, who proved, however, to be not unuseful. For instance, he was an admirable buyer of food, and as good at distributing it to the men. He had as many strange ways as any heathen Chinese, but for general odd jobs was as good as could be got. Kachechè, therefore, was put at the head of the commissariat and intelligence department.

Next to Kachechè came Brahim, or Ali Ngombè (Ali the bullock). It was a somewhat risky step on my part to put this man in the position of a head-man. In my first expedition he was a porter, who, while he was without exception

one of the best men in my caravan as a worker, was yet the ringleader in all the troubles with the men. He it was who led the mutiny in Uhehè when every man deserted, and at all times he was a thorn in the flesh. Powerfully built, with a ferocious expression when angry, he was the very *beau-ideal* of a savage. He was at once the bully of the caravan and the idol of the men. With such attributes, I concluded that if I could elevate him above the men and cut him off from them by giving him a superior position, I might turn all his good and bad traits in my favour. It was a bold but also a lucky venture. In everything Brahim turned out as I expected. He had a remarkable influence over the men. They were afraid of him, and yet they loved him for his jolly, rollicking disposition. Where formerly he delighted to raise trouble and mutiny, he now became the terror of all cantankerous individuals. The sight of Brahim with a stick was quite sufficient to oil the wheels of caravan life into admirable working order. He occupied the position of my aide-de-camp, my personal road assistant, and hunting companion. A more generally useful man I have never had, and I would not have exchanged him for any ten men in my caravan.

My list of head-men was completed by the addition of Mzee Uledi, an extremely useful man, deft in working with cloth, and expert with goods generally. He formed Makatubu's assistant in looking after the goods and stores.

On the whole, my caravan leaders were as thoroughly good a set as I could have hit upon, and it gives me great pleasure to state how thoroughly they co-operated with me in every way, striving with zeal, determination, and honesty to make the expedition successful.

It only remains that I should mention another valuable addition made to the caravan in the person of James Martin, a Maltese sailor. On leaving England I had determined on not taking any white man with me, but on my arrival at Zanzibar Martin presented himself with very good certificates of character. He had been over six years in the employment of the C.M.S. Mission at Mombasa, knew Ki-swahili well, and had been thoroughly accustomed to the natives. As he was then out of work, and ready to go for whatever I pleased to give him, I at once resolved to take him, and I am happy to say that I had never reason to regret my decision. Though unable to read or write, he was very intelligent and could talk about ten languages in sailor fashion. In every

respect, manners, language, dressing, &c., he was far above the average sailor, and from the first I never scrupled to treat him more as a companion than a servant. Yet he never presumed upon this, but from first to last was most respectful, had no opinions of his own as to what should be done or not done, was ever prompt to carry out orders, and always anxious to do something. To show how well we got on, I might mention the possibly unprecedented fact in African travelling, that we actually never once had an unpleasantness between us. I cannot speak too highly in Martin's praise, and if it were ever my lot to go back to Africa, I would seek for no better an assistant.

Having completed these important and satisfactory arrangements, it became necessary for me to make a trip to Pangani and Mombasa, so as to acquire some information regarding the routes through the Masai country and the nature of the goods required by the tribes of that region, also to find out whether it would be advisable to take my porters from the coast-towns whence trading caravans depart, or from Zanzibar, the natives of which were quite unacquainted with the region to be traversed, and were looked upon by the people of the interior with great dislike. With these objects in view. I started with Martin and my head-men on the fifth day after my arrival at Zanzibar. Setting sail on the evening of the 1st of February, we found ourselves next morning tacking about in our wretched dhow near the north end of the island, trying in vain to make headway. Towards noon a more favourable breeze sprang up, and, after the usual fit of sea-sickness in crossing the channel, we entered the Pangani River and cast anchor at the town at 3 p.m. On landing, we proceeded at once to the house used by the agents of the Universities' Mission, who rest here on their way between Zanzibar and their station of Magila, at the base of the U-sambara Mountains. I had been provided with a letter to the Wali, or Governor, but found that he was out of town.

I was fortunate enough, however, to meet Fischer's head-man, who proved to be communicative. He told me a sad tale of months of delay and of other annoyances sufficient to drive any one mad. Men had deserted wholesale, in spite of the most active assistance of the Wali, backed up with peremptory orders from the Sultan. At that moment there were actually fifty runaways captured and chained in the town. The greater part of a year had thus been consumed,

These facts tallied very much with my own knowledge of coast ways, and I mentally concluded not to attempt to organize my caravan at Pangani.

The evening was spent among the Indian merchants, who received me hospitably, and gave me most valuable information regarding the goods required up country.

Next morning, as there was nothing to be gained by a prolonged delay, I set out to walk along the coast to Mombasa, as much to acquaint myself with the general appearance of the country, as in the hope of adding to my knowledge of the requirements of my expedition. Our route lay along the lower of the raised beaches which here skirt the coast. It is but poorly cultivated, and the greater part is occupied by bush, dwarf fan palms, and the dom or doum palm. A six hours' sharp march over this uninteresting country brought us to the small village of Tangata. I was somewhat disappointed to find that Martin was by no means a good walker and had skinned his heels sadly. We stopped at Tangata for the night, and refreshed ourselves by a bath in the creek.

Getting off the first thing in the morning, we crossed the creek in a canoe to a village on the opposite side, where I was much interested in the return of several porters from a Masai caravan.

A few hours brought us to the important coast-town of Tanga, which is charmingly situated on the upper raised beach, among groves of cocoa-nuts, and with a pretty creek running into the land, which forms a capacious harbour.

On my arrival here, I was compelled, in mercy to Martin, to give up my intention of proceeding further by land, and determined to take to that most atrocious of all transports—an East African dhow. One was found to be "ready" to go at once, and I thereupon concluded a bargain. In the evening, having been apprised that when we were ready the dhow was, we marched down to the beach, to have the satisfaction of finding the dhow high and dry; neither sailors, nor sails, nor oars. No explanation of this singular form of readiness being forthcoming, we had to swallow our choler after the customary storming, and retire till midnight, when the tide would be in and float the dhow. On rousing up as arranged, we were informed that there would be no favourable wind till 3 a.m., and so turned in till that hour. Again we waked up with the intention of starting, whereupon it was coolly intimated to us that the dhow would not go at all,

As this was clearly an attempt to extort more money, I resolved to show the owner that no true-born Scotchman would stand that kind of thing. I therefore at once took possession of his person, and hauled him up before the Wali, who promptly put him in chains. In my irritation at the provoking delay, I was about to resume my tramp by land, when another Arab appeared, and informed me that for a certain sum he would take me at once, as his dhow was quite ready. After the lesson I had given the other man, I thought there must be some meaning in the word "ready" this time, and closed with the offer. Feeling sure that we were all right now, we once more made for the beach. To my profound disgust, I found that though the dhow was there and ready as far as sailors, sails, &c., were concerned, yet the entire cargo had to be unshipped and ballast put in before it could leave the harbour.

I was now desperate, and executed something like a waltz, which frightened the Arab out of his wits. I would not be beat again! Taking possession of the vessel, I drew out my revolver ostentatiously, made the owner sit down, and warned the crew with fearful scowls not to dare to leave the beach. I then set every man to work, turned out the cargo on the sands, and reloaded with ballast. This occupied us till noon. Then, however, it was found that the wind was blowing too hard from sea to allow of us going out. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to wait till night, keeping watch and ward over sailors, owner, and dhow. In spite of hunger and a broiling sun, we did this most effectually, and when 1 a.m. arrived, we found we were at last really ready, with everything in our favour. Putting the Arab on shore, we slipped our anchor and stood out to sea.

I have now at one time or another had a considerable amount of experience in dhow-sailing; but this trip, though by no means the longest, was by far the most awful in its varied combination of miseries. I am by no means fastidious; I have not a very delicate sense of smell, and my African experiences have not made me over-squeamish; but in this case I must confess neither my senses nor my feelings were proof against the experiences of that dhow voyage. Imagine a curiously-shaped boat capable of carrying about thirty tons, partially decked aft, high in the stern and low in the bow, suggesting to the nervous mind a suicidal tendency in the shape of a determined purpose of diving beneath the first advancing wave. A single mast, fifteen to twenty feet high,

supports an unwieldy lateen sail of dimensions enormous compared with the size of the craft, and held by rotten cocoa-nut fibre ropes which not unfrequently startle the crew and passengers—if they do no worse—by breaking and letting their whole burden crash down on deck. The water leaks in at innumerable points, continually requiring several men to bale night and day. Then, from stern to stem, there rises a combination of abominable smells truly sickening. The rotting wood, with its coating of rancid cocoa-nut oil, the accumulated grease and filth of years, the bilge-water, the contents of the cargo, and the effluvia from the perspiring skins of the crowded negroes—all contribute their quota to an effect which words cannot describe. It would be well if only the sense of smell was outraged; but unfortunately that is but one item in the general effect. As one becomes acquainted with the dhow, and, in a spirit of resignation to the inevitable, lies down to court oblivion in sleep, he is soon made aware of the existence of a certain very undesirable class of *habitués*, generally found wherever dirt and filth prevail. A miracle of imperturbability indeed must that man be whom the pertinacious little creatures cannot keep lively. On this occasion they were especially vivacious, doubtless, in their excitement at the discovery of a thin-skinned subject—a decided and pleasing variety from the leathery integument of the negro. Still another horror awaited me in the shape of rats. These, finding me “cabined, cribbed, confined,” had me completely at their mercy, and certainly they made a very objectionable use of their opportunities.

Such is a glimpse of my first night's experience on board the Tanga dhow. In the morning we found we had made very little headway, and were still close to the mouth of a creek, with the wind light. We had hoped to be able to keep inside the reefs, where the water was comparatively smooth, but it soon became apparent that, if we intended to get on, we must go outside. This we did, and not till then did I reach the depths of bodily wretchedness. The rolling sea produced an instant collapse in sickness, and exposed as I was in my helplessness to the pitiless blaze of the tropical sun, I soon felt more dead than alive. In the evening we were still off Pemba, I cursing my luck and regretting that I had ever left *terra firma*. At sunset matters became somewhat ominous. The wind rose with considerable violence, the darkness was intense, only broken now and then by

glaring flashes of lightning. Rain began to fall, and in the darkness and horrid pitching we shipped water till we threatened to swamp. The sails had to be reefed, and then we had literally to trust all to Providence, for, having neither compass nor lights, we knew not how or where we were going. We were, however, only too well aware that we were in the immediate vicinity of most dangerous coral reefs, and more than once a panic got up as a distant roll of thunder was mistaken for the sea breaking on the coral rock.

After a night of such profound anxiety it was with no slight pleasure that we hailed the dawn. We found, however, that we had got no further than Guasi, and that the wind, though somewhat lighter, was unfavourable. Not liking to give in, we tacked about all forenoon in a heavy sea, horribly sick.

In the afternoon the wind again blew hard, and the sea became more and more threatening. There was nothing for it but to put about and at all hazards run the reefs, if we did not want to be swamped. No opening was known to exist, but we resolved to make the attempt to cross somewhere. Keeping in close to the foaming surf, while running before the wind, we at last made out a very slight, though irregular, gap in the line of breakers. Martin, who had been at the helm all the previous night, now resumed his post with set teeth. As we neared the line of white foam, at each succeeding wave every man held his breath and stood as if transfixed, staring upon the thundering waters. At last we were borne headlong in among the reefs. There were a few wild plunges, a fearful roaring, a jar and quiver which communicated an electric shock to every one. We had actually grazed the rock! and we drew a long breath of relief as we found ourselves safe inside. Martin declared to me that during six years, in which he had monthly traversed that sea, he had never once been so manifestly on the brink of disaster. It was in every respect a hair-breadth escape.

What was now to be done? was the new problem. Though comparatively smooth, the sea was still too rough to allow us to venture close to the beach, and we had neither boat nor canoe. I had, however, made up my mind that, come what might, I would not venture back to sea in that wretched craft. I was prepared, as I heroically suggested to myself, to face the proverbial lion in its den, and do deeds of daring in the face of hostile savages, but I could see no

romance in encountering a storm in my state of physical collapse, with that horrible stench pervading the atmosphere. To shore I must get somehow. If swimming had been one of my accomplishments, I should have made no ado about plunging into the sea and standing my chance of reaching *terra firma*, but unfortunately I was not gifted with that very useful attainment.

At last, however, we sighted a fishing canoe away in the distance, and my man Brahim at once swam ashore with herculean strokes, and went along the beach to bring it.

The canoe, on arrival, was anything but promising. In shape it was not unlike a dog's hind leg; it leaked dreadfully, and, bale as we might, it kept half full of water. But I was desperate, and ready to clutch at a straw, like any drowning man. In I tumbled, thereafter seating myself, with much satisfaction, waist-deep in water. After undecidedly wobbling about, in a very fearful manner, we did begin to near the shore, which was extremely steep, with the sea breaking heavily. There was a rise on the crest of an advancing wave, then a bump. I sprang out as the canoe disappeared under water, but was immediately swept down by the retreating wave. Vainly I spluttered and struggled, and I was just on the point of being carried helplessly seawards when my ever-ready and faithful Brahim, hastening to the rescue, delivered me from a watery grave, limp and bedraggled, but devoutly thankful that I had escaped from the indescribable discomforts of the dhow. Feeling assured that in this wild spot there would be neither nymph nor native to disturb me in the most primitive of costumes, I speedily had my clothes on the bushes, while I disported myself in the clear waters of a sheltered cove, and then rested under the grateful shade of a tree, thoroughly enjoying the feeling of being on firm ground once more.

The lengthening shadows soon warned me that dreams of Arcadia would not do in that wild spot. Donning my well-aired garments, therefore, I proceeded, in the manner of the shipwrecked mariner, to seek for food and shelter. We did not wander far before we espied a cocoa-nut grove. This was a promising sign of inhabitants, and on further inspection we were not disappointed. We found some Wa-digo, who soon with hospitable intent were pulling down the half-ripe cocoa-nuts. While from these we drank the refreshing vegetable milk, eggs were boiled, and a plump chicken sputtered over the fire. There, in the gathering darkness,

we sat thoroughly enjoying the quaint and savage scene, and the piquancy of our position. The inner man once thoroughly satisfied, we made our grass beds under the eaves of the huts, and soothed by the sighing palm-trees overhead, the myriad voices of the crickets around us, and the roar of the breakers in the distance, we soon fell asleep, to dream of seas under a halcyon spell, untroubled by nightmares of dhows and their contents.

Next morning we got off in the early hours, after duly rewarding our simple hosts, and stepped out merrily through an almost uninhabited region, till we neared the southern branch of the creek which surrounds the island and far-famed town of Mombasa. And here, while we wait for the canoe to ferry us over to the other side, we may say a few words about the history of the place.

Mombasa, or, as it is called by the Wa-swahili, Mvita, has had a marvellously turbulent and lively history. We hear of it as far back as 1331, when, as described by an Arab writer, it was a place of importance, fruitful and flourishing. Somewhat more than two centuries later Vasco di Gama, in that ever-memorable voyage in which he rounded the Cape and found India, had a very narrow escape of being shipwrecked on the bar outside the harbour, his pilot having played him false. In a few happy and graphic lines Camoens, in the "Lusiad," describes the geography of the island, and tells how on the "sea-board frontage" were to be seen "noble edifices fairly planned." In those there was sufficient to attract the cupidity of the Portuguese buccaneers of those days, who captured it in 1500 A.D. It did not, however, remain long in their hands, for it had again to be seized five years later, only to be once more retaken by the natives. In 1529 it fell for the third time into the hands of the Europeans, from whom it passed in 1586 under the rule of the Sultan of Stamboul. This was promptly revenged and reversed by the Portuguese. The town was regained, however, only to fall a prey to a savage horde who hailed from the south and called themselves Zimbaz. For the fifth time in its history the Portuguese entered into possession, and in 1594, the fort, which still stands, was built. Thirty-six years later Mombasa became independent, only to fall under European rule after a brave and desperate resistance. The Portuguese supremacy was, however, soon to end. In 1660 the Imam of Oman, after a five years' investment, succeeded in getting possession of the fort, though it was not till 1698

that his son finally drove the Portuguese from the town, where he established an Arab governor.

Up till 1822 the town enjoyed a semi-independence, being ruled by princes of the noble Mazrui clan. It was then threatened by Sayyid Said, ruler of Muskat and Zanzibar. To escape falling under his rule, the inhabitants placed themselves under British protection, the flag being hoisted by Captain Vidal, R.N. His action, however, was not countenanced by the proper authorities, and the protection was withdrawn. In five years four unsuccessful attempts were made by Sayyid Said, and finally by treachery he gained his point.

The island of Mombasa is formed by the division of the picturesque creek which here runs deep into the land terminating at the base of the Rabai Hills. It is in the form of an irregular oval, the greater part of which is a dense bush, very little being cultivated except in the outskirts of the town. There is little of the picturesque or attractive in the scene, a few cocoa-nuts, mangoes, and baobabs being the only conspicuous arboreal forms.

The town, as in the days of Vasco di Gama, is still to be seen on the "sea-board frontage," though the traveller will look in vain for the "noble edifices fairly planned" which aroused the admiration of Camoens. Except the fort and some wells, there is little left to recall the Portuguese occupation. Everywhere ruins of houses and mosques tell the tale of decayed grandeur, of the loss of former spirit, energy, and enterprise. Mud huts are replacing the well-built dwellings of the Mazrui period. The Arabs are leaving the town as rats leave a sinking ship, and a general want of life characterizes the aspect of this ancient and interesting city.

The northern branch of the Mombasa creek forms a splendid harbour, which is protected from the swell of the north-east monsoon by the coral-line bar on which Vasco di Gama was so nearly lost. This barrier, however, makes the passage of outward-bound vessels one of considerable difficulty when the wind is not favourable.

Such, then, was Mombasa, when I found myself, on the 8th of February, crossing the southern branch of its creek. We traversed the island, threaded with necessary care the extraordinary labyrinth which did duty as streets, and finally arrived, fortunately with uncracked skulls, at the baraza of the Liwali. He was a Wahabee of the strictest school, and

had proved a thorn in the flesh to the missionaries at Frere Town, who on their part, it must be confessed, have neither attempted to conciliate the Arab element, nor shown much tact in warding off animosity.

On my arrival we were informed that His Excellency was asleep, and could not be disturbed. This excuse I could not listen to, and ordered the servants to inform him immediately of our arrival with letters from the Sultan, which would shortly arrive by dhow. This had the desired effect, and



NATIVE CHRISTIANS' HOUSE.

presently we had the satisfaction of seeing the Liwali appear, beaming with smiles, effusive in his offers of hospitality, and paternal in his greetings. He led me by the hand to a seat, and overwhelmed me with inquiries about my health, &c., as if he had known me most intimately for years. While we sipped our sherbet and coffee (the indispensable accompaniments of all such meetings) I apprised him of the object of my visit. He duly desired me to consider him at my service in everything; I had but to speak, and it would be done!

With appropriate answers to these pleasing "white lies" the interview was finished.

I now proceeded to the creek, for the purpose of visiting the missionaries at Frere Town. The view of this station across the apparently land-locked creek was most inviting. On the left, from a dense grove of magnificent mangoes, could be seen a snow-white house with iron roofing, well set off by the dense shade around. Further to the right lay another white house with flat roof, situated among more airy trees and waving palms. Several edifices of smaller size gave the idea of a charming European settlement, and suggested the mental ejaculation that, however dark and dreary might be the moral and religious outlook, temporally the lines of the missionaries had fallen in pleasant places.

The boat of the governor was at my service, and in a few minutes I was landed in this settlement of freed slaves, who soon were swarming down to the beach to see and welcome me. They looked marvellously comical, especially the ladies, in their European dresses. Amidst a storm of varied salutations,—“Good morning,” “Good evening,” “Yambo,” “Sabalkheir,”—I did the amiable as much as possible, shaking hands and making the customary inquiries. After a brief visit to the house of Mr. H. W. Lane, the Lay Superintendent of the Mission, I returned under the care of the Rev. W. E. Taylor, who, in a characteristic fashion, performed the varied duties of doctor and school superintendent. For convenience in acquiring thoroughly the Swahili and Arab languages, this missionary has cut himself adrift from the settlement, and lives separately in the town, where he has nightly *levées* with the Arabs and Wa-swahili, and has deservedly become popular. His house is interesting in many respects. At the landing-place there is an old Portuguese well with an inscription. Beside it a door leads into a staircase arched over to form a sort of tunnel. This was built in the days of the brief British occupation of the town when the house above was used as a government residence. It was then occupied for some time by Dr. Krapf, on his first arrival at Mombasa, and up till the time of which I write remained in the hands of the missionaries. Though it is somewhat out of place, I may mention the latest change in ownership. Once more the English flag waves over it, for now it is occupied by Captain Gissing, H.B.M. Consul to Mombasa. It may be noted further that Captains Burton and Speke, on their short trip along the coast, lived in this

house for several days, so that in many ways it bids fair to become an historical building.

In the evening the Liwali called, and seemed to be supremely anxious that I should spend at least one day with him, but I was compelled to decline his hospitality.

On the following morning I proceeded in the Liwali's boat to Jomvu, the station over which the Rev. T. Wakefield presided. Our way led us round the little point on which Frere Town is situated, through a narrow but picturesque winding passage, into the more open stretch to the west of the island, thence through a dreary waste of mangroves. After a series of windings, we reached the base of the Rabai hills, where Jomvu is situated. Looking around the drear expanse of mangrove swamp, I concluded that here at least was one whose lines had *not* fallen in pleasant places, for a district more suggestive of fevers and all things evil could not be conceived.

I prepared myself to find in Wakefield a man weakened and weary, looking forward to the exploration of a better land as a happy change from the ills that flesh was doubtless heir to in this wretched country. Putting on my most lugubrious expression as the most suitable for the occasion, I proceeded to the mission house to greet with due solemnity the mission patriarch of East Africa; for be it known that Mr. Wakefield has lived almost entirely about Mombasa since 1862, when he was despatched by the United Methodist Free Churches to this mission field.

Before reaching the house I was startled by the sounds of hearty laughter. On entering the building and announcing myself, my hand was seized with no weak grasp, and my philosophy upset by a cheery welcome which told of good lungs. I looked in vain for the yellow integument and irritable temper which might suggest "liver," the wasted visage and careworn aspect which might speak of weakening fevers. With pleasure I found a lively companion, boiling over with good spirits, full of hearty laughter, puns, and genial stories—in fact, the very prince of African good fellows. In that very temperament, I doubt not, lay the secret of his success in battling with the evil genius of Africa. Drive away care with a merry heart and a sunny disposition; see something jolly in everything, like Mark Tapley, and you may to a large extent drive away disease. Mr. Wakefield, though not as yet especially successful in the gathering together of converts, has nevertheless performed labours of

great value, and holds deservedly the first rank of the workers in that mission field. Would that there were more like him! After a pleasant day spent in the company of his amiable wife and himself, I returned to Mombasa, encouraged in my projects.

Next day a dhow was to have left for Zanzibar, but of course didn't. I employed the day, however, very profitably, making inquiries among the merchants and up-country traders, though their report of things in general was by no means rosy. I visited, on the way to Frere Town, the old Arab graveyard, where are to be seen many interesting monuments of the Mazrui period. On my return to Mombasa, I got permission from the Liwali to visit the fort, which proved to be very interesting. On the following morning, after being loaded with numerous presents of food from the Liwali, I went on board a dhow and set sail. We had all our former experience of smells, but were so fortunate as to have a calm sea and a fair wind, which brought us into Zanzibar within the twenty-four hours. We had been altogether away only eleven days.

The conclusions I arrived at as the result of my investigations were these :—

(1.) That Mombasa, in the circumstances, was the most suitable and desirable point of departure, more especially as I would have the valuable assistance of the missionaries in making a start.

(2.) That while the coast porters were in some respects by far to be preferred, yet, on the whole, it would be safer to make up my caravan mainly of Zanzibar men. The Zanzibaris were poorer porters; they were accustomed to tribes in no respect similar to the Masai, of whose language they knew less than I did; but it was not to be overlooked that they were acquainted with European ways, ready to form a bargain promptly and to start at a day's notice. Moreover, what was equally important, I had acquired a thorough knowledge of their peculiarities, and knew in consequence how to make the most of them.

(3.) That there was no time to be lost if I wanted to escape the wet season on the coast, of which I had more than enough in the Nyassa Expedition in 1879.

(4.) My investigations made one other thing very clear, and that was, that taking as many men as my funds would permit, I would still be sadly weak in point of numbers for the extremely dangerous country I had to traverse. The

gravity and risk of my undertaking I was beginning uncomfortably to realize, and everything seemed to point to the conclusion that each man must be armed with a gun or rifle, if we were to have hope of even getting over the threshold.

Having formulated these ideas to myself, I lost no time in carrying them into effect—an easy matter with my previous experience. Two days after my return to Zanzibar, I had all my goods and stores bought. Three days later saw these made up into the customary loads—the iron, brass, and copper wire coiled and cut into the required size and weight, the beads put into canvas bags, and the cloth into long cylindrical bales,—the whole being covered with mats.

The next business was to enlist men for the journey. In regard to this important matter, however, I had fallen on evil days. The African Association on the Congo had drained off the very best porters in the town. Several large caravans, missionary and otherwise, had just left for the interior, so that there was hardly a good porter to be had. Then the very idea of going to the dreaded Masai country was sufficient to take their breath away. By not a few it was treated as rather too much of a joke to be seriously entertained. To cap the situation, two large caravans were about to be organized for the interior, one for Victoria Nyanza, and another for Karema. The look-out was not encouraging, but I was determined not to be beat. Not a man having presented himself, I offered as an inducement a dollar a month extra for those who gave satisfaction by their behaviour. This brought a few men to my standard; but little progress was made till it became noised abroad that I was prepared to receive whoever offered, no questions asked or certificates required—medical or otherwise. Then, and only then, a flood of vagabondage let itself loose upon me—the blind and the lame, the very refuse of Zanzibar rascaldom, beach-combers, thieves, murderers, runaway slaves, most of them literally rotten with a life of debauchery. There was nothing for it but to take what offered. I must have men, or the semblance of men, and I got them. I felt mightily ashamed of the lot, though I vowed within my inmost soul that I would bring them back to Zanzibar better men, morally and physically, than they left it, if ever I should be able to get them fairly into the country. I required no prophetic inspiration to foresee that the dangers of a most hazardous expedition would be heightened tenfold with such a villainous crew.

I shall not weary the reader by enlarging on the endless annoyances I had in getting these men together and organizing generally. Suffice it to say, that by the hearty co-operation of Martin and my head-men, in less than a fortnight I had got my goods and stores ready, 110 men collected, three Muscat donkeys bought for ambulance purposes, a dhow engaged, and the innumerable other small but necessary items thoroughly considered.

On the 2nd of March, exactly five weeks from the date of



JAMES MARTIN.

my landing at Zanzibar, I had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing the Victoria Nyanza and Mount Kenia Expedition, *minus* myself, clearing out of the harbour with a spanking breeze, under the charge of Martin. I remained behind to try to pick up a few of my cut-throats who had failed to appear, and also to see if an attempt of mine to get a few coast porters would bear any fruit. I succeeded in neither object, and three days after Martin left I made my final preparations for leaving the Zanzibar isle.

CHAPTER II.

TO TAVETA.

ON the 6th of March, having failed either to secure any of my runaways or to get porters from the coast to leaven the mass of villainy which formed my caravan, I found myself ready to start. Captain Luxmoore, of the *London*, kindly, at the instance of Colonel Miles, lent us H.B.M.'s steam tug (or tub) No. 11, otherwise known as the *Suez*, to convey us to Mombasa. Colonel Miles himself, who had from the first cordially used all his influence in furthering the scheme of the Society, resolved personally to brave the monsoon and the terrible seas, to make sure that everything was smoothed over for my departure.

As I took farewell of my kindly hostess and stepped down to the beach, I was reminded in rather a quaint fashion of the good-will of those I left behind, by finding sundry old shoes following up my retreating footsteps—an observance of a queer old-world custom which I was scarcely prepared to expect amid such purely Oriental surroundings, serving, if it did nothing else, to lighten the dolorousness incidental to a farewell.

In the previous chapter I have had occasion to revile in no measured terms the African dhow as the very embodiment of all that is vile and uncomfortable. I hardly thought that I should ever be tempted to compare it favourably with H.M. steam tug No. 11. Certainly this item of our boasted navy did not behave in a pleasing manner, even though carrying the august person of the Consul-General and Political Agent for East Africa, who, it may be remarked, was anything but a dignified spectacle before we reached the end of our voyage. We had it so rough, and the tug was so small and had such powerful engines, that we were simply forced through each succeeding wave. Almost every man on board, including the officer in charge and several seamen, was sick with the horrible motion. I of course, in my customary Mark Tapley manner, tried my best to think it "awfully jolly" in the intervals of hanging over the rails or emerging from the waves which ever and anon broke over the boat. I tried further to find comfort in the thought of a thoroughly expurgated inner man and a liver put into the very best of order; but such philosophical considerations did not lessen my keen desire to reach Mombasa. Colonel Miles, less

accustomed to the open air than I was, had the skin literally blistered off his face, and looked a woful sight as he sat, drenched and sick, facing the storm throughout the weary night. As for myself, I had not the gift of seeing myself as others saw me, so I won't draw on my imagination.

Our troubles, however, only lasted some twenty-four hours, so that on the 7th we entered the harbour of Mombasa. We were at once received with the well-known hospitality of Mr. Lane, who had by this time recovered from the excitement in which I had found him on the previous occasion. I was at once installed in his house, and without loss of time, having seen that Martin and the men were all right, I set about enlisting some more porters from the Mission to make up my full complement. In this I was accorded every assistance by Messrs. Lane and Taylor. The Rev. Mr. Binns, who on my previous visit had been up at Ndara, in Teita, forming a mission station, had now returned, and he was in a position to give me some valuable information about the state of the road so far.

Through the good offices of Mr. Wakefield I secured the services of a guide and interpreter—the most important official in the expedition—named Muhinna. This gentleman had been an ivory-trader up country, and had penetrated the Masai district between twenty and thirty times. He was thoroughly conversant with all the routes, and could speak the language fluently, besides several other dialects, notably that of U-kambani, with which he had a very thorough acquaintance. In these important qualifications there was probably not a man in Mombasa better suited for the post. Moreover, he was reputed to be one of the most trustworthy of men. How he fulfilled his duties will appear in due course. Without some such man it would have been impossible to have gone six marches from the coast, so utterly unacquainted were my men with this tract of country, and so different were the manners and customs from those prevalent further south. I had therefore, as it seemed to me, much reason for self-congratulation.

Three days after my arrival I despatched all my men and goods to the head of the creek, the former by land, the latter in the mission boats. After seeing the last article off, I was accompanied down to the beach by Colonel Miles, Lieutenant Target of the *Suez*, and the missionaries. There was a warm grasping of hands; many good wishes were expressed and farewells said. As I stepped into Mr. Wake-

field's boat a cheer was given, which was taken up by the sailors on board the tug as we went sailing by before a good breeze. In rounding the corner a final wave of the hat was given, and thus, with my followers "sitting well in order," I made my first start from Mombasa "to seek a newer world." On arrival at the landing-place I saw that everything was put in ship-shape order, and then went back to Jomvu to spend the night.

Next day being Sunday, we did not move. I employed



WA-NYIKA VILLAGE.

the day in a pleasant walk up to Rabai Mission. The way led up the steep face of the Rabai hills by a broad path which has been formed by the missionaries, and which shows very good sections of the rock underneath. At the base of the hills the rock is argillaceous shale, with numerous ironstone nodules exfoliating in concentric layers. From the shales we pass into a very dark-bluish limestone, impure though compact, in the weathered face of which were to be seen in relief

many marine fossils. Sandstones succeed the limestones as we ascend the hills, and these become coarser and coarser towards the top of the section.

From the top of the range is seen a charmingly irregular landscape, clothed with waving clumps of cocoa-nuts, dark, green masses of bush, lighter-coloured grassy glades, and everywhere signs of cultivation, with the mission village and buildings peeping out from among mangoes. We had a magnificent view of the distant Duruma hills to the west, and eastward lay below the many-branched silvery creek, penetrating the dense mangrove swamps and marking out the isle of Mombasa. To the north were the three hills which form the "crown of Mombasa," and away beyond stretched the sea, on which could be detected by a streak of white the line of breakers, the dull roar of which could be distinctly heard from our point of vantage.

Having thus enjoyed the view while I recovered my breath, I continued my way to the mission premises. I arrived while service was being conducted by Mr. Jones, the native teacher. Not to disturb the meeting, I stepped in behind the gathering, and was greatly struck by the appearance of the well-filled church, the strict attention of the audience (who were all dressed in the height of Rabai fashion), and the fluency of the preacher. The singing, led by the latter and accompanied by Mrs. Shaw on the harmonium, was pleasing and hearty, as negro-singing usually is. The service over, I was hospitably greeted by Mrs. Shaw and conducted to their house, which was originally built and occupied by Rebmann. It is now a most charming little cottage, covered with creepers, and commands a capital view through a glen cut in the hills.

Next day I found it necessary to return to Mombasa, as Muhinna had begun to be troublesome, and to show the customary Swahili traits. My reappearance at Frere Town quite spoiled the effect of my late impressive farewell. After nearly frightening Muhinna out of his wits, I got matters again put right, and on the following day men and goods were safely landed at Rabai, which we looked upon as the real starting-place. Another day was spent here, putting our affairs into thorough working order, and enlisting a few more men from Jomvu and Rabai.

Some pleasant walks introduced me to the Wa-nyika, who are the inhabitants of the surrounding country, though around Rabai they are too much altered by contact with the

missionaries to be genuine specimens of the tribe. Their houses are different from any other tribe I have yet met, being oblong and like a small hay-stack in shape, having no walls, and with the usual diminutive door at the end. The people themselves are not by any means stalwart or muscular. On the contrary, they are spare and weather-beaten, as though they had a hard fight with man and nature to get a livelihood. The dress of the men is a simple loin-cloth. Their principal offensive and defensive weapons are the bow and



RABAI MISSION HOUSE.

arrow, and the simè or sword, which in this particular region is spatulate in shape, being broadest near the top, and shading gradually down to the handle. The women wear a garment strikingly suggestive of a highland kilt, and for ornament a kind of stockings formed entirely of beads, worn closely fitted to the legs, and a number of loose strings round the neck, besides more beads round the arms. As I had almost no personal acquaintance with the Wa-nyika, I will not attempt to describe them further; but if any reader is

curious about this somewhat uninteresting tribe, I may refer him to the works of Krapf and New, who spent years among them, and therefore speak with the voice of authority.

The day having at length arrived in which we are to bid adieu to civilization and pass into the savage wastes beyond, let us, on the eve of the campaign, hold a review and march past of the *personnel* of the Expedition. Taking my men according to rank, there naturally steps forth my caravan assistant, James Martin, familiarly known as Martin. Comparatively short of limb, though stout of body, he has the somewhat ungraceful walk of the sailor. Dark hair and eyes and swarthy complexion at once indicate that he comes of a Mediterranean race.

Next appears Muhinna, on whose honesty I depend for any success in my attempt to penetrate the Masai country. A cunning, unprepossessing expression does not speak well for him, but at present I have no fault to find with him.

Following Muhinna, appear in succession Muinyi Sera, short, and well up in years; Makatubu, tall, well-made, and muscular; Kachechè, the "detective," rather below the average in size, characterized by a sly expression, as of one who has some "ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain."

In the wake of these worthies comes Brahim (the "bullock"), as faithful as the bull-dog, and almost as unprepossessing in his appearance. The rear of the head-men is brought up by Mzee Maledi, the quiet and steady, with a cast of features and a wealth of beard that tell of Arab blood in his veins.

After the leaders appears Bedué ("the Wanderer"), a perfect giant, bold and strong, but woefully lazy. He acts as the captain of those who next follow, viz. ten Askari or soldiers. These are the best men picked out of the caravan, and their duties are to act as guards, police, hunters, and general assistants of the head-men. I had none with me on my first expedition; but it would have been impossible to have done without them on this occasion, so incessant was the watchfulness required to prevent desertion, and to guard the camp during the night, not to speak of the unusual amount of work required on arriving in camp, which hardly came under the duties of the porters.

Along with these, however, should be mentioned my cook—a Nassick boy—named Mark Wellington, well-intentioned and honest, but so atrociously slow and stupid that he spoiled more of my meals than I care to think of now. Not un-

frequently, indeed, have I driven him from the fire, and cooked my own dinner.

Songoro, my "boy," comes next to him in point of rank, and my pen fails me to describe his admirable qualities. He was simply perfection as an up-country servant.

Finally, following the Askari, come the rank and file, the porters—an indescribable lot! therefore let me pass them on with the remark that there were 113 in all, and that they were loaded as follows:—29 carrying beads; 34 iron, brass,



WA-NYIKA WOMEN POUNDING GRAIN.

and copper wire; 14 cloth; 15 personal stores; 9 clothes, boots, books, &c.; 5 with ammunition; 6 scientific instruments, photographic apparatus, &c.; 10 tents and tent furniture, cooking gear, &c. If you add 2 boys, 1 gun-bearer, and 1 donkey-boy, you have the list of my caravan complete.

As there was no food to be got on the road till Ndara in Teita was reached, it was necessary to get a number of men to carry provisions. I was so fortunate as to secure about thirty Wa-teita who had come down to the coast in hopes

of falling in with an up-country caravan. These men carried rice in loads of not more than forty pounds' weight, supported, not after the manner of the Wa-swahili, but by a strap round the forehead, the load resting on the back. This is the customary mode of all the tribes on the Masai trade routes, except the Wa-kavirondo. The Wa-swahili and tribes along the U-nyamwesi route carry their burden either on the head or on the shoulder—never on the back. The Manyema again, west of Tanganyika follow the latter method.

Our ambulance corps consisted of two beautiful white Mascat donkeys and one black half-breed, the whole commanded by one very diminutive imp of a boy, named Mabruki. In my more enthusiastic and romantic moods, and as playfully symbolical of the spirit of the Expedition, I was wont to designate the white donkeys by the titles of Nil Desperandum and Excelsior; for the more prosy requirements of the march, however, they were known respectively as Dick and Billy.

Such, then, were the component elements of the Royal Geographical Society's Expedition to one of the most dangerous, unexplored regions of Africa, when, on the 15th of March, 1883, it stood in a sweltering mid-day heat, in the centre of the Mission Settlement, awaiting the word to start.

The signal was given. There was a wild rush and scramble for the head of the caravan, the customary incentive shouts to "Hurry up!" and a running fire of farewells, as, headed by our flag, the long file of men passed through the Rabai village, leaving behind the cocoa-crowned heights, the verdant ridges with their stern, sentinel-like fan-palms, and the cultivated outer slopes, and away into the Nyika or "Wilderness" beyond. The last man gone, I shook hands with my pleasant hostess, lifted my hat, and set my face towards the setting sun.

A quarter of an hour's walk took us beyond the plantations, and with surprising abruptness we passed into a scene of desolation and sterility; the grass, sere and yellow, crumbling into powder under our feet; nothing green in the landscape except those lovers of arid soils, mimosas and acacias, dwarf fan-palms, and the cactus-like tree-euphorbias. An hour and a half more, and we had passed the glaring red sands of the coast hills, to enter upon a less dazzling and more fertile-looking tract, characterized by greater humidity, and forming splendid grazing-grounds. Here and there were dense masses of evergreen trees festooned, or rather interlaced, with creepers, interspersed with numerous green grassy glades, and



REVIEWING THE EXPEDITION.

made gay by a rich array of beautiful orchids. A group of pallah gave further life to the scene, and helped to make up a picture of the most pleasing description.

Other matters, however, not so agreeable presently forced themselves upon my attention. The season of the year was that which just immediately precedes the rains. The sun, almost vertically overhead, sent its rays with piercing effect through the atmospheric envelope which, charged to its utmost with moisture, made us groan and sweat by its oppressiveness, not to speak of the notoriously disagreeable sensations aroused by prickly heat. Upon the men the heat told with the greatest effect, after their life of laziness and debauchery on the coast. They exasperated me beyond all endurance, as, every few steps, they threw down their loads, and themselves beside them, shouting for water, and seemingly trying how far they could impose upon me. And yet I knew my men. For the time being I had to pocket my irritation as well as hide more persuasive arguments. I was not yet in a position to indulge either without fear of the men running away. And so I meekly tried moral suasion, and pled with the lazy, or, more properly, enervated rascals, to push on, if they intended to reach camp that night. I had seen much of the Zanzibar porter, but I never saw such an exhibition of incompetence and debility as I saw on that first march from Rabai. It lowered the level of my enthusiasm more than anything that had yet occurred.

At sunset we reached a place called Kwalè, where we camped for the night. This district is occupied by a settlement of Wa-kamba, who have built their villages in the centre of an almost impenetrable jungle-patch, where they can bid defiance to the Masai. They have many cattle, sheep, and goats, which are a powerful attraction to the latter warriors. They do not, however, depend entirely upon their cattle, but practise agriculture as well. We here learned the disagreeable news that the Masai had lately been seen in the neighbourhood, and were known to be no great distance off. The Wa-kamba were keeping themselves accordingly in a state of defence, and dared not venture out to their plantation.

With the first night in camp commenced my anxiety. I knew only too well that a very considerable number of my men had never joined with any other intention than to get their three months' wages in advance, and then desert on the first opportunity. The majority were careful not to

attempt this either at Zanzibar or Mombasa,—though ten succeeded in doing so at the former, and one at the latter—as they would run the risk of being captured. They intended to go up country one or two marches first, and then it would be next to impossible to lay hands upon them. Foreseeing this, I was careful to camp in the open, at a place free of bush or jungle, so that no one could leave without being seen. In the hearing of the men, bloodthirsty orders were given to the night-guard to shoot down without warning any one observed to go outside camp. The head-men were enjoined to take turns in making rounds to see all was safe; and, to make sure that it was attended to, they had to call me or Martin up every two hours, and report all right.

The night, however, passed without incident, and the following morning we continued our way, taking the precaution to scatter at intervals throughout the entire length of the caravan the head-men and Askari, who allowed no one to leave the path unless it was necessary to do so, and then accompanied him. Any one who stopped to rest was waited upon till he started again. Here let me say that, bad as were the men I had with me, I would never have dreamed of taking all these precautions but for my knowledge that there was the utmost dread existing among the men at the very idea of entering the Masai country, so frequent had been the disasters. This prevailing nervousness was a continual source of anxiety to me, till I felt I had got my men into a position where they dared not run away.

Our march on the second day kept generally W.N.W., over rich country, which became, as we proceeded, more sterile and thorny. We passed two Wa-kamba villages, where the inhabitants had lost their cattle through the agency of the Masai. At one place we noticed the site of a great battle between the latter and the Wa-nyika, in which after a bloody struggle, the Masai had been defeated, though at the cost of 300 lives to the victors. Over a considerable area the ground was literally strewn with skulls. We camped at a miserable M-kamba village, named Makuti. In the orders for the night Kachechè reminded the men that they had left their wives behind them, and that it was necessary to regard their guns as their best bed-companions for the wilderness, and as though they were their wives to keep a good look-out after them. Prompted by me, he recommended them to keep close together, and always ready, as there were

numerous bands of Masai roving about, who would like nothing better than to stab stragglers, just to keep their hands in.

This night, despite of all my expedients, two men contrived to desert, and, as it would have been quite useless to attempt to find them, we had to leave without them, only doubling our vigilance and circulating stories about Masai in our rear, which had more effect than bushels of threats.

The country we had now entered is called Duruma. It is occupied by a sub-tribe of Wa-nyika, who drag out a miserable existence, ever facing death from the fell scourge famine, or, what is to them still more terrible, the Masai spear. Hard indeed is the lot of these poor wretches, toiling "from morn till dewy eve," clearing away the dense jungle, and sowing the grain, only too frequently to find no return from want of rain.

The bush of the Duruma country is a perfect marvel of vegetable monstrosities; shrubs in which great thorns seem to replace the more grateful foliage; several species of euphorbia; aloes with their forbidding, thick, spiny representatives of leaves; cycads, and a great variety of forms with whose place in the flora I am totally unacquainted. The trees and bushes are notably distinguished by the possession of the smallest quantity of green foliage compatible with the existence of the largest number of gnarled, ugly branches, through which the struggle for existence seems to be carried on in this stern battle-field of vegetable life. Yet, curiously enough, splendid cycads, with their noble palm-like crowns of leaves, rise in all directions, contriving to get larger elbow-room than even their more formidable rivals, and not infrequently managing even to keep their leaves from the intrusion of neighbouring branches. This remarkable jungle is made infinitely more impenetrable by great, apparently leafless, creepers, which wriggle along the ground, their giant arms suggesting colossal snakes as they clasp trees and bushes in an iron embrace, and form by their interlacing a mass of tangle as difficult to describe as it would be to clear away. It is not, however, without its uses. In the centre of one of these jungles, the Wa-duruma can snap their fingers at the Masai. There is no possible entrance but by a narrow, tortuous lane, into which no savage who valued his life would for a moment venture. Without some such natural protection, Duruma would at this day be a totally uninhabited waste.

The fourth march took us out of Duruma, and into the unpopulated desert beyond, which stretches to Teita. The country begins to rise considerably, and we pass from the dark-coloured stiff loam to a more sandy, reddish-grey soil, due to the change from shales to coarse, gritty sandstone. This leads us through a succession of scrub and bush patches, alternating with more open, low, forest tracts. Everywhere the sandstone may be seen cropping out, till the *ungurunga* of Taro—or, as it is also sometimes called, the *Ziwa* (pond) Ariangulo—is reached.

The rocks of this district present some very noteworthy features. They are extremely coarse, grey in colour, and show almost no trace of bedding. By two sets of joints at right angles to each other they are divided into enormous blocks from thirty to forty feet square. The water lodging in these joints, and vegetable substances rotting in it, seem to have acted chemically upon the sides, weakening or eating them away, till what have only been simple lines of division are transformed into deep trenches eighteen inches to two feet broad, and so remarkably regular and even as to suggest the idea of an artificial origin. In these trenches the rains of the wet season collect, and form natural reservoirs of water which are about the only sources of supply for the whole Duruma country. But for these, indeed, it would be quite impossible for a loaded caravan to reach Teita.

But it is not in these joints alone that nature forms reservoirs of an exceptional kind. The sandstones seem to have a peculiar tendency to weather into pot-holes of all sizes, exactly similar to the holes formed by mountain torrents in the solid rock where swirls or miniature whirlpools cause stones to gyrate, and by a constant erosive process literally drill holes in the solid rock. In the cases, however, to which I refer, this mode of origin does not seem applicable, unless we imagine that here we have actually the original bed of the sea, unaltered by time and the elements. My own opinion is that they have been formed by the joint action of nature and man; the former operating chemically, the latter mechanically. Nature formed slight rock hollows in which water lodged, attracting the formation of vegetation. This, rotting, supplied acids with which the water acted upon the rock, loosening the component particles by dissolving the cementing material, probably lime. Man, in the search of the precious fluid in these sterile tracts, found the hollows, and seeing them full of loose sand,

naturally scooped it out. Thus, year after year, the process went on, the water continuing to loosen the sand, and thirsty men clearing it away to expose fresh surfaces, until holes in many cases eighteen inches to two feet in diameter, and of all depths up to eight feet, were formed. As a rule they are quite circular, and extend downwards quite perpendicularly. They are known technically by the natives as Ungurungas.

At Taro we for the first time in four days enjoyed the glorious luxury of a wash in good water. So far we had only met water that had been characterized by an amount of "body" and a "bouquet" that required all the pangs of thirst to make us drink it, even after much boiling and filtering through grass and cloth—for our pocket filters were absolutely useless in this liquid mud, the colour of road washings or sepia ink. Though we drank this decoction, the idea of washing even our feet in it was looked upon as rather too good a joke. We therefore had to take it internally and sweat it out, and the perspiration was copious enough, with the aid of our handkerchiefs, to keep us from becoming literally encrusted.

From Taro a difficult, waterless march was before us, which would tax all the strength and stamina of my men, and all my patience and influence to get them along. Starting at daybreak, we traversed an undulating region which seemed wonderfully fertile, and was covered with a pleasant, open forest, under the shelter of which grew a rich carpet of tender grass. Five hours' march through this agreeable tract, and we to our delight came unexpectedly upon a small hole filled with filthy water. Uninviting as the liquid seemed, it was a perfect god-send to several of our men, who, with the characteristic recklessness of the negro, had already drunk up all the water they had brought with them for two terrible marches. There was just sufficient to give each man a mouthful, and after draining it to the dregs, or to the mud,—for it was all dregs,—we resumed our march.

From this point an abrupt change took place in the geology and botany of the country. So far, the geological basis had been a series of shales, flaggy sandstones, and the same of coarse, gritty, compact material, forming the representatives of the carboniferous series in East Africa, which extends in a narrow strip continuously from near the Equator to the Cape. These here gave place to metamorphic rocks which bulk so largely in the formation of the African continent. Schists and gneiss, greywacke and hornblende were now the

prominent rocks, and as these contain numerous minerals, rich in iron, the soil formed by their decomposition was found to be of a glaring red colour, most painful to behold, and strikingly deficient in fertilizing ingredients.

This change in rock and soil is accompanied by a marked difference in the surface features of the country. The agreeable alternation of ridge and hollow is exchanged for an apparently dead level plain, parched and waterless as if no drop of life-giving rain refreshed the iron-bound soil. The dense jungle, the grassy glades, the open forest disappear, and their place is taken by what may be called a skeleton forest. Weird and ghastly is the aspect of the greyish-coloured trees and bushes; for they are almost totally destitute of tender, waving branch or quivering leaf. No pliant twig or graceful foliage responds to the pleasing influence of the passing breeze. Stern and unbending, they present rigid arms or formidable thorns, as if bidding defiance to drought or storm. To heighten the sombre effect of the scene, dead trees are observable in every direction raising their shattered forms among the living, unable to hold their own in the struggle for existence. Hardly a spot of green relieves the depressing landscape, and, though it was now the wet season, only here and there could a tuft of grass be seen. A dreary silence reigned supreme, unbroken by the chirp of insect or the song of bird. No grass rustled, no leafy branch sighed or pattered like dropping rain. The wind, hasting past fresh from the ocean, raised only a mournful whistling or dreary creaking, "eerie" and full of sadness, as if it said, "Here all is death and desolation!"

Through this dreadful wilderness our route now lay. The porter, wearied already with a long march, and parched for want of water, presses on panting and perspiring under a broiling sun, made worse by the glaring red soil which reflects the rays as though they came from the mouth of a furnace. In vain does he look for a bit of refreshing shade. Doggedly he throws down his load, and sinking his head in his hands, and doubling himself over his knees or stretching himself full length on the ground, he requires not infrequently something more than moral suasion to hurry him on. Thus urged, he attempts his weary best, and, weak and trembling about the limbs with the unusual exertion, he staggers on, now bending to pass under a bare, over-hanging branch, anon extricating himself from the clutches of a wait-a-bit thorn, leaving behind him fragments of his flimsy clothing, or

carrying away with him nasty scratches from which the blood oozes and trickles down his legs till they blend with the runnels of perspiration. Such were the characteristics of our first march in the true "Nyika" of East Africa.

At six we camped for the night, to await the rising of the moon, and rest the exhausted men. In the hope of falling in with some pool of water, I then set off with Brahim through the scrub. After wandering about, seeking for the precious element in vain for nearly an hour, we attempted to return to camp, darkness having fallen upon us. But it soon turned out that return was not to be so easily accomplished. For the first time in my life I had to confess myself lost. Brahim and I differed as to the direction we should take. In the end we wandered aimlessly. We fired our rifles, but got no response. A feeling of awe took possession of us, and we were getting into the condition of seeing lions in every waving bush. We had heard that the dreaded animals were frequently to be seen here, and soon a distant roar told us that his brutish majesty was out for a night of dissipation. It is not easy to conceive any more uncomfortable sensation than that of finding yourself lost in such a forest as I have described. The wheezing and creaking of the branches, the indistinctness with which every object is seen, and the knowledge that, somewhere about, there are fierce and dangerous creatures, all excite the fancy and sternly try the strength of one's nerves. At last I became utterly tired. My feet were sadly blistered, my clothes nearly torn to tatters, and my skin was most painfully scratched by forcing my way in the dark through thorns and branches. I gave up in despair, and resolved to lie down and take my chance, though I was drenched with perspiration, and the night was becoming chilly. But at that moment a sound broke on our ears that made us jump to our feet with renewed animation. "Bunduki! Bunduki!" (A gun!) cried Brahim. Reckless of consequences, I fired off my sole remaining cartridge, and then stood in that perilous waste defenceless. For that, however, we cared not. Our gun had been heard, and an answering shot enabled us to fix accurately the direction of relief. Forgetting blistered feet and tired limbs then, and heedless of thorns and tearing clothes, we went pell-mell through all obstruction till we stumbled upon Makatubu and some others who were on the search for us. We reached camp at midnight. I had

thus been on my feet for eighteen hours without food and with very little water.

As the result of this episode our intended night march was put off till 4 a.m., and then so lame was I with blistered feet, that for the first time in my African experience I mounted a donkey.

I hesitate to describe the terrible work we had in pushing on the caravan to the next watering-place at Maüngü, in Teita. The men had used up all their water, and the worst part of the march was still before them. Till midday I did my weary best to get them on, but perceiving that matters were becoming serious, and the men breaking down on all sides to such an extent that the Askari and head-men were occupied every one of them carrying loads, I determined to force my way ahead and get water. Selecting one or two head-men and some Wa-teita, we laid hold of as many calabashes as possible and set off. At 2 p.m., we reached the saddle-shaped mountain of Maüngü, to the very summit of which the men had to ascend before water could be got. This attained, they were despatched immediately to the rear to relieve the most exhausted. By four the leading porters began to struggle in, thoroughly worn out. The last did not get in till sunset. A heavy storm of thunder and rain gave the culminating touch to the misery of the poor fellows; and there they sat, half dead with cold, shrivelled and shivering, as if seized with ague. I was supremely thankful, however, in reflecting that we had now passed the worst of the wilderness. The Masai were now behind us as well as in front—a fact which relieved me of further anxieties about deserts. From the pass of Maüngü we had a full view of the picturesque mountain of Ndara in front of us, and past the end of it we could catch a glimpse of the still more noble range of Bura.

Maüngü is one of a line of isolated mountains and peaks running nearly north and south, of which Kisigaü is the southern termination—a peak which forms one of the most striking and grand features in the whole of this region. There is a large *ungurunga*, or natural rock-reservoir, at the top of Maüngü, which never dries up, and which formerly supplied the necessities of several villages of Wa-teita, who occupied the mountain when Krapf first visited it on his way to U-kambani. There are no inhabitants now in the neighbourhood.

Leaving Maüngü, after being kept in camp for several

hours by heavy rains, we crossed the thorn-clad level plain which separated us from the mountain of Ndara. The men were considerably broken down by their two previous hard marches, and got on very badly, though now, with a recruiting station directly before us, we could afford to exercise more patience, and let them march as they pleased. After five hours' march we emerged suddenly from the thorn jungle, and entered a series of magnificent plantations which extend round the base of the entire mountain, forming, when the crops are springing, a charming light green setting to the dark mountain mass. We here met the Wa-teita women in considerable numbers, and we moved up to camp amidst the firing of guns and the wondering cries of the native damsels and married women, who recalled former scenes of a similar character as they ran alongside with curious stares and excited laughter, their pendant breasts flapping against their bosoms like half-empty, loosely-attached leather bottles. We soon crossed these cultivated fields; and in a short time we found ourselves camped under a shady sycamore, drinking deep draughts of clear water from a cool rill which splashed and tumbled down the rugged face of Ndara, and invited us by its merry music to the luxury of a bath. Unfortunately we had to restrain our ardent desire to strip at once, not on account of the feelings of the Wa-teita, but in consideration for our own, which had not yet become quite hardened to the idea of appearing *in puris naturalibus*. As the shades of evening set in, the natives ascended to their mountain homes, and then we disported ourselves to our heart's content under splashing waterfalls, with delicious cool mountain breezes to fan us dry, and a beautiful scene before us as the moon rose over the top of the mountain, and shed a silvery sheen athwart the land, here softly lighting up the tops of the rocks, there glittering on the dew-laden surfaces of the tree leaves.

To recruit the men after their trying marches through the Nyika, we did not strike our camp on the following day. Too restless myself, however, to remain doing nothing, I resolved to ascend to the top of the mountain and afterwards visit Mr. Wray, the C.M.S. agent recently stationed there. Leaving Martin to take the caravan round to the opposite side, next day I commenced the ascent of the mountain, accompanied by Brahim and two Wa-teita as guides. The excessively steep face of Ndara tried the power of both my limbs and lungs as we scrambled up among the rocks and the great boulders of gneiss which lie on the face of the moun-

tain by a very precarious hold. We found that on every available spot in the scarred sides, and wherever water trickled, sugar-cane and bananas were cultivated. Every here and there water might be observed running to the less favoured spots along artificial canals, or conveyed by tiny aqueducts of banana stems along the faces of rocks and other places, where a channel could not be cut. On reaching about a thousand feet above the plain, we entered the inhabited zone and found that the whole of the upper part of the



TEITA HUT.

mountain was thickly populated, with the exception of the actual summit, which is too cold and wet to be comfortable. The *shambas* or plantations are all at the bottom of the mountain, except those of cassava, sweet potatoes, sugar-cane, and bananas. The cultivation of the fields is the work of the women, who descend daily in the proper seasons. To this doubtless is to be ascribed their fine development of limb, and general appearance of healthiness compared with the men, who are thin and unmuscular. Their huts we found to be

beehive-shaped, with very low walls. The daylight is entirely excluded, owing to a partition which runs a considerable way round the inside of the house in the manner of a spiral, thus forming a narrow passage from the doorway, and sheltering the sleeping-place from a direct current of air. A fire is kept burning night and day in the hut, supplying their sole illumination. In the part cut off by the partition, their firewood, which has to be carried from the bottom of the hill, is stored. Inside, on the rafters overhead, the calabashes—of which the Wa-teita are celebrated growers—are placed along with their winter stores of food. The chickens, the goats, the sheep find odd corners in which to stow themselves and fraternize with their masters, thus helping to make the interior more comfortable and cosy according to native ideas.

After a three hours' stiff climb we reached the top of the mountain, which is called Mrumunyi, and while I boiled my thermometer to ascertain the altitude, and paused to recover my breath, I looked about me to form some notion of the topographical features of the extensive landscape that lay before me. The view well repaid the toil of climbing—indeed when does not a mountain prospect repay the adventurer? I found myself on a long narrow ridge suggesting the roof of a house running nearly north and south. The east side presents little irregularity and rises up with great abruptness to a height of 5050 feet. On the west side there is a deep, irregular indentation in the upper half of the mountain, forming a sort of lower ledge, along which a small stream flows till, reaching the edge, it tumbles by a series of cascades down to the bottom. Numerous villages of Wa-teita here find shelter from the force of the monsoons, and securely graze their small herds of cattle on the upper pastures. Luxuriant patches of sugar-cane, dark green plots of sweet potatoes, and groves of banana vary the scene. On the edge of this platform or ledge, the iron mission-house could be descried arising from a small grove of trees. Turning our eye from what was immediately at our feet, a magnificent picture revealed itself. To the north, over the end of Ndara, a series of small isolated peaks appeared extending far away towards U-kambani. To the north-east a boundless light green plain stretched out towards the ocean, and lost itself in the haze of distance. Through this the course of the river Voi was conspicuously marked out by a winding line of dark green, where the trees, fed by the waters of the stream, grew in greater

luxuriance. To the east lay the saddle-shaped ridge of Maüngü, which by a series of low hills and small peaks carried the eye away to the south-east, where, looming through stratus clouds, could be seen the grand symmetrical mass of Kadiaro (Kisigau) like a truncated cone. Far in the distance to the south and south-west appeared the U-sambara, the Parè, and Ugono mountains. As we turned to the west the splendid range of Bura burst upon the view with its rugged outlines and massive divisions of Kibomu, Sungululu, and Mbololo. At the southern end could be seen the course of the Matatè stream, and from between Mbololo and Sungululu the Vôi emerged, crossed the intervening plain, rounded the north end of Ndara, and wandered towards the bosom of the ocean. The whole appearance of the Teita highlands is strikingly suggestive of an archipelago of islands rising with great abruptness from a greyish-green sea, as the great weird plain which I have described surrounds it on all sides. The few low peaks and ridges that do here and there crop up are relatively so insignificant as to appear only as shoals and jutting rocks.

My observations for altitude completed, and feeling somewhat cold on the exposed heights, I descended to Mtera, and soon had the pleasure of greeting Mr. Wray, who has the honour of pioneering the way into this region of African savagery. From the house we look down almost perpendicularly to the base of the mountain, a depth of nearly 2000 feet. Here I spent the night in a civilized manner, feeling it deliciously cool up in those airy heights.

In the morning at daybreak I peeped out to get a fine view of the clouds rolling in ever-changing massive shapes from off the sides of Bura, the rising sun tingeing the top with a warm glow, and lighting up every irregularity in the face of the mountains. Shortly after breakfast my caravan was espied marching up to the stream at the bottom where they camped, and I at once went down.

Next day Mr. Wray joined me, and for the first time in the latter's short experience of African life he enjoyed a scare. The occasion of this was a little episode of a lively nature. The Wa-teita we had engaged at the coast to carry our supplies of food for a certain amount of cloth, had declined point-blank to take the kind offered, and demanded a superior quality. This I refused, and now on my return, finding that I was not inclined to give in, they and their friends began screaming and yelling themselves into a mad state of excite-

ment. At last one man, unable to restrain himself, and probably hardly knowing what he was doing, drew his sword, and began prancing about as if getting up the steam to run amuck. As he gyrated about he suddenly stabbed through the tent which covered the goods, and almost finished one of my men. It was like striking a match among gunpowder. In a twinkling my men raised a warning cry and guns were seized. The Wa-teita, raising their war-cry, also drew their swords or bent their bows, but carefully withdrew to the outskirts of the camp, where they sheltered themselves behind rocks and trees, yelling like madmen and bidding us defiance. The women, on the other hand, who had crowded down to sell food, fled screaming to the mountains. The war-cry raised below soon spread through the forest and up the mountain sides, rising ever higher, till the very clouds seemed to give forth unearthly sounds. For a few minutes the position was critical, and Mr. Wray, unaccustomed to such scenes, prudently retired into my tent. The slightest accident, such as a gun fired, would at once have precipitated a fight, which it is true would have been a comparatively harmless matter to me, but would have placed Mr. Wray in a most awkward position. At all hazards such a consummation had to be avoided, and, putting myself unarmed between the two equally excited parties, I ordered my men to return to their tents, and then, turning to the Wa-teita, let them know that we wanted peace, but were prepared, as they saw, for war. If they were of the same mind, they must stop the diabolic row they were raising, and send a few of their elders, with whom I would try to arrange the dispute. This had the desired effect, and by mutually making concessions, the difficulty was finally smoothed over, much to Mr. Wray's relief, who, not unnaturally, somewhat exaggerated the importance of the demonstration. The Wa-teita never dreamed of a real fight; they were obviously only trying a little bravado to see if it would frighten us. Still, as I have said, such a demonstration might easily have turned into a most serious affray, and I have no doubt, if it had happened while I was out of camp, nothing could have stopped my men from shooting.

This little disturbance being satisfactorily quelled and matters placed on the most friendly footing, the women came back to camp, and the scene became lively and noisy, as the men flirted boisterously with the young maidens, or haggled and yelled vociferously over the price of food. I was anxious

to obtain some photographs of the natives, and I tried hard to win their confidence. Putting on my most engaging manner, I exhibited tempting strings of beads as bribes. In vain, however, did I appeal to their love of gaudy ornaments. With soothing words, aided by sundry pinches and chuckings under the chin, I might get the length of making them stand up; but the moment that the attempt to focus them took place



M-TEITA OF NDARA.

they would fly in terror to the shelter of the woods. To show them photos, and try to explain what I wanted, only made them worse. They imagined I was a magician trying to take possession of their souls, which once accomplished they would be entirely at my mercy. They would not in the end even look at a photo, and the men began to drive the

women away. I spoiled several negatives, and finally gave up the attempt on finding that I was "wasting my sweetness on the desert air."

Let me attempt a brief description of these Wa-teita. The men, as in all lands, do not merit many words. They are rather below the average size, lean and spare, though wiry and capable of considerable endurance. Their absence of muscular development betokens a want of strength. Their features may be described as a cross between the low development of the negro physiognomy and that of such a tribe as the Galla or Somali. The jaws are somewhat prognathous, and the skull is narrow. Their dress is a scanty cloth, indifferently wound about the loins or hung from one shoulder to flutter in the breeze. A few ornaments of brass, small native-made chains, and beads are noticeable round the neck and arms. Their weapons are a knife, a long, spatulate-shaped sword, and the bow and arrow. All of these are badly made, and indicate a want of pride in their equipment. Accustomed to their precipitous, rugged mountains, they find that the spear is comparatively useless. They therefore trust more to the bow and arrow used from behind a sheltering rock. The Masai, armed with heavy spears, and accustomed to the plains, have no chance with the Wa-teita in their native haunts.

And now let me ask the gentle reader, who is sufficiently curious and not too bashful, to assist at the toilet of a swell M-teita damsel. On entering the low circular hut and seating ourselves on whatever object may be made to serve the purpose of stools, we gradually, by the glimmer of the fire, and through the stifling heat and choking smoke, descry our fair friend, who intends to give a demonstration of how they "gild refined gold, and paint the lily" in Africa. As our eyes become accustomed to the gloom, we observe that she is very short in stature, unusually round in the face, and with a somewhat projecting facial angle. The figure, for a negress, is not bad, though wanting in that pleasant curve at the waist which more accords with our idea of female beauty. She has a magnificent development of limb, and is as active and supple as a snake. The expression is pleasant, and the glance of her bright eye and the smile on her lips are lively and "knowing."

These "points" we take in at a glance, and become still more at our ease on being speedily made aware that the *real clothing* of the demonstrator is already on, or rather has never been off. This is a coating of lamp black and castor-oil,

which emits an aroma that gallantry compels me to call pleasing, but which, as an "aside" to the reader, I confess to be simply awful. She adds a new coating for the conquests of the day, and shines, in the glimmering of the fire, like a snail fresh from its shell, and bent on an evening stroll. The reader will here take note, that this coating of grease and dirt is the only protection the M-teita has against the excessive heats of the day and the chills at night. It prevents too excessive perspiration, and wards off chills. Before receiving her visitors, the damsel has (it will be observed) donned a small piece of hide, about the size of a



WA-TEITA WOMEN.

lady's pocket-handkerchief, and literally covered with beads. Behind she seems to have got possession of the tails of a missionary's dress-coat. These she has lengthened out a little and also covered with beads, in various patterns, and now they dangle and flap about her legs in the most airy manner. Some, however, vary this fashion, and in place of the two tails they rejoice in the posterior half of a highland kilt. Our equanimity being now quite restored, and decency being satisfied, when we see an opportunity to assist, we do so with alacrity. The hair of the head is shaved all round the temples, till only a circular patch three to four inches in

diameter is left on the crown of the head. With much labour this is twisted into strings, till it assumes the appearance of a mop. Upon each string separately beads of various hues are threaded. Round the shaven part a band of beads, two inches broad, is bound, and from these three long loose strings depend over the ears to below the shoulders. The ears, pierced all round the outer auricle, are laden with heavy glass rings, till, unable to bear the weight, they fold over into an unsightly lump. An inspection of the eyelids reveals the fact that the lashes have been carefully removed. A slight rub here and there with a file puts a sharper point to the crocodile-like teeth, and the head is finished off. From a neighbouring peg about thirty large strings of beads are taken down, put over the right shoulder and underneath the left arm, depending to the waist and crossing between the breasts, which it may be remarked are firm and well shaped. A similar number depend from the opposite shoulder. Above these, round the neck, and hanging over the breast, are next placed from 150 to 200 strings. Over all a huge ruff, composed of a solid mass of beads, three to four inches in diameter, is tied round the neck, actually causing the chin to be elevated, and filling up the whole depression under it. The waist is next attended to, and we view with admiration and astonishment the physical strength displayed, and the determination to be in the height of fashion at all costs, as she lays hold of from 200 to 300 more strings, with a variety of bead belts and bands, and bestows them in that region which sentimental youths in other lands like to encircle with their arms. We draw a breath of relief as we observe that the main masses of beads are disposed of and only the arms and legs require to be sheaved in closely-fitting bands. Thus having contrived to stow on her person from twenty to thirty pounds' weight, she turns herself round, to receive the tribute of admiration plainly depicted in our faces, and then squats down to rest, after the serious labour of dressing. Having no other excuse to prolong our interview, we lay our offerings at her feet, and "kwaheri" ourselves out, drenched in perspiration, and as sooty from the smoke as sweeps.

The "private view" being over, our pleasant friend fills her bag with Indian corn, and proceeds to receive public tokens of admiration at the camp and enjoy the excitement dear to the female heart of haggling over the price of her store.

The manners and customs of the Wa-teita need not be specially dwelt upon, as they do not differ in any notable respect from those made familiar to us by all writers on East Africa, with the exception probably of their marriages, which show a trace of a former mode of obtaining a wife by capture—a custom which I have noticed nowhere else among the tribes I have visited. When an M-teita marries he settles the preliminaries with the father in accordance with the usual negro custom; that is to say, he buys her for three or four cows. This important matter settled, the girl runs away and hides among distant relatives until such time as her betrothed finds out her hiding-place and catches her. He then gets some of his friends, who carry her back to her future home, two men holding her up by the legs and two by the arms, shoulder high, amidst much singing and dancing. The four men who carry the girl are said to be rewarded in a very peculiar fashion. On arrival at the house the newly married pair are shut up for three days without food, at the end of which time the bride is thoroughly lubricated, and loaded with beads and other ornaments. Then she is conveyed back to her father's house by a bevy of dancing and singing girls. After the lapse of some time she returns, and the whole affair is over.

There is a very great disproportion between the sexes, the female predominating greatly, and yet very few of the young men are able to marry for want of the proper number of cows—a state of affairs which not unfrequently leads to marriage with sisters, though this practice is highly reprobated.

In some of their religious practices they may also be said to differ from the negroes further south. Over the Teita mountains, where cultivation and the great need of fires have combined to clear off almost every bush and tree, there are every here and there groves left untouched, which appear to be consecrated to the shades of their ancestors, and probably represent a relic of a former worship of the spirits of Nature. Here the dead are buried; and in the privacy of the dense bush, and the fitting gloom of the checkered shade, the M-teita retires to pray either to the ghosts of his departed relatives, or to the Supreme Being. Such are the more prominent characteristics of the Wa-teita.

Bidding Mr. Wray adieu, the men being now somewhat recruited, we resume our way westward. After a very long and tiresome march over a low range of hills, by a footpath, more an irritating tunnel than an open way, we reached the

Matatè stream, near the south end of the Bura Range, in the district of Javia, so called from the ruling elder—chieftainship not being a well-recognized form of government among the Wa-teita. We camped among very rich plantations, and enjoyed nibbling green cobs of Indian corn.

Next day we rounded the Bura mountain, by a precipitous and rugged pathway along the mountain side. We here found the "hongo" (or, as it is here called, "fingo") system of extorting black mail developed in a most annoying manner. The ruling elder of every village passed demanded his tribute with so much boldness and arrogance, that in one case my bile was raised, and I "went for" the extortioner in such a manner, that in his fright he lost his footing, and had a narrow escape of being pounded into jelly by rolling down the hill.

The rocks we passed we found to be chiefly schists, with some thick beds of beautifully white crystalline limestone, which dip north at an angle of about 15°. It is noticeable here that the strike of the rock does not coincide with the major axis of the range.

After a trying march, we finally reached a beautiful little valley, running deep into the mountain, and quite up to the base of the commanding dome of Kilima Kibomu. Two days were spent here, collecting food for the march to Taveta, across the desert plain, from which, as I have already explained, the Teita mountains rise up like an archipelago of islands. An attempt to ascend to the top of Mount Kibomu failed through the stupidity of our guide, who took us the wrong road, and landed me finally at the bottom of a steep precipice, 1000 feet from the top. I here, for the first time, noticed the wild banana growing most luxuriantly in the rich damp watercourses, at a height of 6000 feet. There was also a glorious profusion of tree ferns, brackens, club mosses, orchids, heaths, and other plants of a temperate aspect. The trees acquired a weird and venerable look from the abundance of waving grey-beard moss which covered their branches.

The necessary food collected, and I having "made brothers" with the principal elder of the district, we prepared to start. Before doing so, however, we had a narrow escape from committing bloodshed. In the hurry of preparing to leave, the Wa-teita took advantage of the confusion, seized two guns in the middle of the camp, and made for the bush. Before I knew what was up, bang, bang, went

several guns, loads were thrown down, the Wa-teita fled screaming, and in the twinkling of an eye we found ourselves on the verge of a fight. Fortunately nobody was hurt, and I soon put matters right, though perhaps after all it would have been not a bad thing if one of the thieves had been killed, as they have become notorious for their plundering propensities. The Wa-teita, however, having been aroused by our shooting, and the war-cry having brought several hundreds



M-TEITA GIRL.

from the hills, we had to move with every precaution, expecting every moment the whiz of an arrow or a rush upon some more or less unprotected part. We, however, looked too bloodthirsty, and were too well armed, so we reached the camp of Mikome-ni safely.

This place appears in the map as the name of a district, but that is a mistake, as it is only a Swahili name for a camp, meaning, in fact, the place of the mikomen-trees. A slave

caravan from Chaga, hearing of our approach, fled in terror into the jungle, to avoid meeting us.

We were to have started at 2 a.m. next morning, to make a forced march over the waterless area in front, but during the night the Wa-teita gathered about in such numbers, and made so many attempts to steal, that we gave up all intentions of going on. Clearly they meant mischief, and would to a certainty attack us, or in some manner cause a stampede the moment we got on the road.

During the march on the following day, I shot two hartebeests, a giraffe, and a zebra. I felt somewhat proud of my achievement, and my men were exceedingly happy, as they gorged themselves with meat over the camp-fires after a very hard march.

We resumed our tramp at 3 a.m., and pressed on through the chilly morning air. We were startled every now and again by herds of zebras dashing across our path, and raising their curious half-whistle, half-bark, and not infrequently in the dim light we were awe-struck by the re-echoed roars of lions "saying grace" after meat. The day soon dawned, and through a terrific heat, we plodded on, determined to reach Taveta that day. It was not, however, till 6 p.m. that the main body of the caravan bade adieu to the horrid wastes and burning heats of the Nyika, and found grateful shelter and cool water in the shady depths of one of the most charming forest tracts in the whole of East Africa.

CHAPTER III.

A FORTNIGHT IN A FOREST FASTNESS.

It is impossible to describe the delicious feelings of relief which we experienced on suddenly exchanging the burning heat and the barren wastes of the Nyika for the leafy labyrinths and bosky bowers of the little African Arcadia of Taveta on that eventful evening of the 31st of March. It was as if we had passed from a purgatory to a paradise, and our recent ordeal had prepared us to appreciate our happiness to the utmost. We made our way through an outer barrier of dense, impenetrable forest and undergrowth of bush, by a narrow winding tunnel, squeezed ourselves through the small gateway, and stood within the charmed circle. Here we

first gave voice to our guns, the reports of which echoed and re-echoed through the forest, and told the natives in well-understood language that a weary caravan had entered their precincts, and claimed their hospitality. As we moved on through rich banana groves, we presently heard the answering bang of guns which roared out hearty welcomes, and soon the very trees seem to thunder forth their salaams, as from all sides was kept up a continuous firing. We found ourselves in the midst of a very network of purling rills and artificial channels, and we slaked our thirst in the clear, cool water



‘MEN’S QUARTERS, TAVETA.

with intense enjoyment. Then natives began to appear, confirming their more fiery welcome with pleasant “Yambo, Yambos.” They were followed by more excited and demonstrative Wa-swahili traders, who, as they seized and kissed my hand with their salutation of “Sabalkheir,” opened a running fire of questions, amazed at the totally unexpected appearance of a white man’s caravan, of which they had heard no news. Thus convoyed amid the renewed thundering of guns, which in the leafy depths of the forest sounded like cannon, we threaded marvellously rich planta-

tions, and finally emerged at a clearing which we found to be the headquarters of the Wa-swahili traders, over which presided one Dugumbi, a noted "mkuginzi," and "mganga." A number of houses like those familiar at the coast had been built here, and as it had now become dark, we, amidst much confusion, camped for the night. The men, deadbeat by their killing march, were only too glad to throw down their loads anyhow, and, regardless of empty stomachs, stow themselves away out of sight. However, by dint of much yelling and shouting, we got the tents put up provisionally. In these the goods were stowed safely away, and before we finally turned in for the night sufficient food was got together to stay the cravings of hunger.

Next day was devoted to rest. To get clear of the noise and clamour, and the many unlovely sights and smells of the general camp, I removed my tent some distance off, and embowered myself in a charming nook of the forest, leaving Martin to superintend the men.

I now found I had a work of no small magnitude before me, which I had not anticipated. The whole of my beads had to be restrung into the regulation lengths of the Masai country. Unless in this form, they would not be accepted, and there would be absolutely no opportunity for doing them on the march. Before I could leave Taveta, therefore, 60,000 strings had to be made up. But this was not all. Cloth was accepted by the Masai only in the shape of ready-made war-dresses, known as *naibèrè*. These consisted of about six feet of cotton, down the centre of which a strip of crimson or checked cloth is sewn, the cross threads of the ends being taken out to form a fringe. Of these *naibèrès* 300 had to be prepared. Besides all this, a variety of other preliminary arrangements had to be made. It thus became very clear, much to my annoyance, that a detention of some length was before me.

After settling the question of tribute or *hongo* with the elders and the young men, and making my complimentary presents to Dugumbi and the headman of a caravan which had just reached Taveta from the Masai country after losing 100 men by disease, I set myself seriously on the second day to the pressing work of preparation. Those who were expert with the needle were started on the war-dresses, and the rest set to string beads. Some were sent to bring the leaves of the *Mwalè* palm (*Raphia*). Others from the fibre prepared strings, and the remainder did the stringing. To have some

check upon the men, the beads were measured out to each one, and all the headmen employed as detectives to minimize as far as possible the stealing. Fearful penalties were threatened to backsliders, and rewards promised to the honest and the diligent, and then, after emphasizing both with the proper scowl for prospective thieves and encouraging smiles for the better class, I set them to work. In the evening, when the work was finished and brought back for examination, I was thrown into the depths of despair. I had had some faint hopes that their moral regeneration had advanced a step since they left the coast. I was doomed to bitter disappointment. Not a man brought back the amount he received. Out of about four loads distributed, nearly an entire load was wanting. What was I to do under the circumstances? I could not thrash the entire caravan, and yet something must be done if I hoped to check the stealing. In the end I selected two men from each *khambi* (mess), and made Brahim give each one several sound strokes with a stick. Their rations also were stopped for the day. After a disgusting rumpus all round, the day's work ended with loud-voiced protestations of innocence from the men, and threats of desertion. Though externally calm and smiling, I was boiling with rage and mortification. I was determined, moreover, that on no account would I give in, as it would never do to have it an open question as to whether or not my authority was to be respected.

That same evening I took possession of the men's guns, and placed a strong guard, with the usual bloodthirsty orders. With much ostentation, I loaded my heavy express rifle, and, in the hearing of some of the men, arranged with Martin to divide the night in keeping a look-out.

Next day matters were very much improved, and I saw that I had become master of the situation, though I may mention that out of about thirty loads of beads, two were stolen in the process of stringing, in spite of every precaution.

Life at Taveta, however, was not all worry and toil. Indeed, it was in many respects quite the reverse. Agreeable strolls in the cool of the evening were pleasingly varied by native *levées*, and by *séances*, in which, in the character of the "Wizard of the North," I aroused profound admiration by my galvanic battery, evoking cries of consternation, or producing fits of laughter, according as the people were being operated on, or only spectators of the tortures of others. As

for food, fish, fowl, eggs, mutton or goat, tomatoes, sweet potatoes, yams, manioc or cassava, green maize, sugar-cane, golden bananas, and vegetables of various kinds supplied our table with an agreeable diversity and a rich profusion such as I have nowhere else experienced in Africa. Our life here might have been described as perfection—for Africa—but for the troubles with the men, which certainly were a considerable alloy to our pleasure.

Having thus become well acquainted with our surroundings, and got the work of preparation fairly set a-going, with some idea of discipline and a higher moral tone persuasively instilled into the men, we may relax the fixed scowl with which we have made the delinquents quail, and, putting on our holiday look, proceed on a circular tour of investigation in the forest and suburbs of Taveta. Let me invite my readers as a select party to accompany me.

It is an April morning, and we are up with the dawn. Before the sun has passed the horizon we have demolished our breakfast with a capital appetite. Our guns are taken in hand; all the necessary array of knives, belts, bags, &c., buckled or slung about our persons, and with the due following of "boys," we are off on our expedition. We pass through the camp, and see that the men have commenced work, and after giving the manager directions for the day, we leave behind us the filth and ugliness of the Swahili village, and plunge into one of those ideal, leafy labyrinths with which the popular imagination inclines to clothe the equatorial regions, but which the toil-worn African traveller so seldom sees.

As we hie merrily along the bower-like pathway we are soon lost in admiration of the glorious masses of vegetation which everywhere meet our eye. Nature wantons in the production of magnificent trees, which in many instances spring up branchless eighty to one hundred feet before spreading out in a splendid umbrageous canopy. The branches interlace with those of the surrounding trees till only a faint checkered light passes through to dance and quiver below in the manner of innumerable will-o'-the-wisps. Though the trees are unbranched to those heights, yet you will perceive that we are not wandering in a forest of stems only, like the masts in some crowded harbour. Far otherwise; from every point of vantage pliant creepers, loaded with foliage, swing from tree to tree or hang in graceful dark masses down the sturdy trunk. Beautiful palms,—the

raphia, and the hyphene, or wild date—flowering shrubs, a profusion of ferns, and here and there a flowering plant, fill up the interspaces till the eye becomes bewildered by the crowding and the rank profusion. Monkeys give animation to the scene, and by their lively movements and incessant barking attract attention. Flocks of hornbills fly from tree to tree, jarring the ear with their unmusical calls. Squirrels, now hiding behind a tree-trunk or climbing with wonderful celerity, anon pausing with wondering gaze, according as alarm or curiosity has the ascendancy, are noted among other sights. Numerous foot-prints tell of the hyæna hidden away in the dense bush till the shades of night allow it to commence its ghoul-like rounds. From the forest we hear the pleasing ripple of water over a stony bed, and pushing forward, we emerge at last, to find ourselves on the banks of the snow-fed Lumi, which rising at the base of the Kimawenzi peak of Kilimanjaro, after a subterranean passage from the shattered cloud-sucking pinnacle, finds its way south to Lake Jipé, and, spreading under ground, nourishes the glorious Tavetan forest and ensures fertility throughout the year. Its banks, bedecked with maiden-hair ferns and creepers, and its noble arboreal arch invite us to pause and refresh ourselves. Its gentle murmuring finds an echo in our souls, and under its soothing charm we become lotus-eaters, and rise above this prosaic world of ours to visit in our imagination some restful, idyllic dreamland, and sip the essence of the golden year.

Tempted by the delicious coolness and the crystalline purity of its waters, we resolve to try its liquid depths and are soon revelling in a glorious bath. Resuming our perambulations, we find fresh and ever-varied scenes to attract our attention. Here a zigzag pathway leads us to a native compound hidden in extraordinary masses of verdure, perfectly impenetrable except by a very narrow pathway, and a still more narrow, strongly built gateway. Behind this the natives can bid defiance to the Masai, who have on one or two occasions contrived to penetrate inside the forest, though few have ever got out alive again to tell the tale. We find the compound to consist of two or three huts of bee-hive shape, and thatched with banana leaves. As we peep inside our nostrils are suddenly assailed by a powerful odour. Pushing in, we find the cause of it to be two cows stalled within. They are beautiful fat animals, and are never allowed outside, their food being cut and brought to them. Behind the cows

are a few poles over which is stretched a dressed bullock's-hide. This forms the bed of the lady of the house and of her lord, when he takes a fancy to sleep there—for he, having several other huts and wives, each with her own cows, has no fixed residence, though he naturally pays more attention to some favourite wife.

There is little inside worth description beyond the customary collection of cooking utensils, water and beer pots, calabashes for milk, small, hollowed-out cylinders of wood for honey, and baskets for the various kinds of grain. In odd nooks, beads, cloth, &c., are stowed away. The cooking is performed outside, where also may be observed a number of gambolling kids and goats, mixed with the more sedate sheep. Cocks establish themselves on the housetops, while the less venturesome hen clucks with her chirping brood on lower levels.

After some pleasant chat with the inhabitants, we bow ourselves out to continue our exploration. Scarcely have we resumed our walk when our attention is attracted to a strange object. Pushing forward, we find an illustration of a curious burial custom of the natives of Taveta. After death the body is buried in a sitting posture, the left arm resting on the knee and the head supported by the hand, the contrary arm and hand being used by the women. When they have remained sufficiently long to be reduced to skeletons, the skulls of the man and his chief wife are taken out, and placed in deep, oval-shaped pots. These are laid on their sides at the base of dracæna-trees in the centre of his plantation, where, in the shape of good spirits, they keep watch and ward over the welfare of the crops. A more queer and ghastly thing cannot be imagined than the sight of these skulls grinning inside the dark pots. Why dracæna-trees should be selected I do not know, except that they take root easily and grow quickly, besides always remaining green, and not taking up too much room or growing too large.

From this strange sight our attention is now diverted by the sounds of tinkling bells, and a jingling sound as of loose iron bangles striking against each other. Looking around to see the cause, we observe an elderly female with an austere and severe aspect slowly emerging from the banana grove, with measured tread, and carrying a wand fitted to inspire respect in the bosoms of mischievous urchins. Behind this ancient dame (in whom the striking absence of charms is not compensated by a profusion of either clothes or ornaments)

marches, with ambling step, a plump female, tender and twenty. Round her head is a band of leather, ornamented with cownie shells. From this hangs a perfect veil of iron chain, which almost completely hides the face, and falls over the bosom. Round her neck and waist are disposed heaps of beads and iron chains, almost rivalling the Teita ladies in amount. A dressed skin forms her clothing, while arms and legs are loaded with iron and brass wire of the thickness of telegraph wire. About her person are disposed a number of bells, and round the ankles are numerous iron bangles, which herald her approach for some distance ahead. We greet with due respect the grim *duenna*, smile more knowingly at her charge, and let them pass, slowly picking each step as if they were among thorns. You ask "What is the meaning of this display?" "Has Spain transferred its system of female espionage to Africa?" By no means. The secret of the mystery is simply this. The young lady has been lately married, and is now in—I blush to mention it—an interesting condition. Proudly she struts forth in all the pride proper to such a situation—delighted doubtless to announce to the world at large, or at least to some hated rival, by the music of the bells, her pleasing expectations. She is at this period fattened and pampered like a fowl for the market. She is not allowed to exert herself in the least, and if she must go out to receive the congratulations of her friends, she must be accompanied by a staid *chaperon*, who, marching in front, watches over her welfare, and prevents her being startled or otherwise inconvenienced. On these occasions she is always loaded with all the ornaments that can be got, more especially the iron veil and the bells, which are the distinctive marks. The appearance of a second child is not heralded in the same manner; little notice, indeed, is taken of the event.

I may here mention that marriage among the Wa-taveta is a matter of so many bullocks. When a young man takes a fancy to a girl he arranges the matter with the father, and agrees to give so many head of cattle. If he is able to give the requisite number at once, then the marriage is consummated without delay. This, however, seldom happens. On the actual presentation of the first bullock, the girl is henceforth "sealed" to him. She is not allowed to go outside the house till after dark, and may on no account see a man, not even her betrothed. If the man is poor, the engagement frequently extends over a term of years, till the last bullock is paid up. After marriage the most astounding

laxity prevails. Conjugal fidelity is unknown, and certainly not expected on either side; they might almost be described as a colony of free lovers.

Continuing our walk, we hurry on through charming glades, and rich plantations irrigated by artificial canals, and as we look around on the more open prospect, we cannot but conclude that though it may be ridiculous excess for man to paint the lily, yet he may assist nature in letting the lily be seen to advantage—and so indirectly improve its beauty. Here we see single trees rising in stately grandeur, and showing off their fine proportions; there, a pleasing group set on green soft grass, offers grateful shade without discomfort. Rich crops of golden maize or grey millet wave to the passing breeze, while great bunches of splendid bananas bend down the soft and cellular stems. The whole place seems to be kaleidoscopic in its infinite variety of changing scene, in its wonderful combination of the grand and the graceful, of form and colour. It wants but a few more brilliant hues, a greater abundance of flitting, iridescent butterflies and dragon-flies, some more gorgeously coloured birds, and a few monstrosities in beetles to make the picture ideally perfect.

But now, lest these scenes get too great a hold upon my imagination, and lay me open to a charge of eastern extravagance of thought, or of "exuberant verbosity" allied to the rank profusion we have just left, let me ask my readers to gather round me under the shade of the palaver-tree of the natives, while I try to convey some further general ideas about Taveta and its inhabitants.

Lend your imagination as well as your ears, while I ask you to climb up, to some neighbouring peak or point of vantage, to take in a bird's-eye view of your surroundings. You perceive that Taveta—the invulnerable and impenetrable—is a slight depression near the south-east corner of the great snow-clad mountain of Kilimanjaro, and lying, as our barometric observations show, at a height of 2400 feet. This depression is covered with the dense forest which we have just described, and covers no greater an area than a mile broad, and seven miles long from north to south. It may, however, be better described as delta-shaped—the apex being towards the north, and the base subtended by Lake Jipé. The line of demarcation between the most remarkable tropical luxuriance and utter barrenness and sterility, is one of astonishing abruptness. There is no gradual alteration,

but with a couple of steps you change the entire scene. This is not difficult to explain. The forest covers an almost level strip of rich, alluvial soil, brought down from the mountain by the perennial Lumi, which runs through the centre to the lake on the south, and probably has thus silted up a former creek-like extension. The Lumi, however, is not entirely confined to the limits of its banks. On the contrary, it spreads away underground by many subterranean channels, and thus ever keeps the ground moist—so much so that at almost any point water can be reached at from one to two feet in depth; hence the remarkable fertility. Where the ground begins to rise the water, of course, does not come near the surface, and, as but little rain falls throughout the year, only plants which thrive in the most arid soil can there contrive to exist. The Lumi also marks the line of contact between two very different geological formations, namely, the volcanic lavas from Kilimanjaro, and the schists and gneisses of the metamorphic area.

The people are a mixed race, a blending of the Bantu races of Central and South Africa with the Hamitic tribes of the Nile and North Africa, the Bantu races being represented by the Wa-taveta, who are closely related to the Wa-chaga and the Wa-teita; the Hamitic tribes by that clan of the great Masai nation (known to the Wa-swahili as Wa-kwafi), who, after a series of disasters, were driven from their original homes in the plains around Teita, Jipé and U-sambara, and scattered over the country. In the sequel I shall take occasion to enter more particularly into the history of this clan. I need but say at present that a few Masai (Wa-kwafi), having lost all their cattle, and being threatened with starvation, laid aside their deep-rooted prejudices against the menial task of cultivating the soil, as well as various cherished customs and traditions, and threw in their lot with the Wa-taveta. And now, so thoroughly amalgamated are they in ideas, customs, &c., that it has become difficult to distinguish the two different races.

The Wa-kwafi are characterized by a finer physique (which indeed is sometimes well worthy of the admiration of the sculptor), a superior physiognomy, more prominent cheek-bones, and a tendency to a Mongolian upward slant of the eyes. The young men dress in the manner of their ancestors, though the older men have to some extent approximated to coast notions. The peculiar manner of circumcision proper to the Masai has also been retained. In

most other respects, however, they have altered their ideas to harmonize with the pure-bred Wa-taveta. Perhaps one of the most remarkable changes is in the matter of honesty. From being the most notorious and audacious thieves in all Africa they have become distinctly the reverse, while without loss of their original bravery they have laid aside their bloodthirsty ideas and fondness for war. Though a mere handful of men, yet, secure in their arboreal fortress, they have bid defiance to great hordes of Masai, and even snapped their fingers at the more crafty Mandara, the warrior-chief of Chaga, who has long dreamt of seizing their stronghold, and thus getting command of the caravan route. I can safely say that nowhere have I met such pleasing and manly natives over the whole extent of country I have yet traversed in Africa. We struck up a very great friendship, which remained unbroken by a single incident and forms one of my most agreeable recollections.

I have spoken of Taveta as an Arcadia in respect of its charming scenes. I may now say that the natives hardly detract from the poetical picture. True Arcadians they are in their peaceable habits, their great hospitality, their manly, pleasant manners, and surprising honesty.

To the traders from the coast, Taveta has always been a place of great importance. Situated at the very threshold of the Masai country, offering perfect security to whosoever would enter, and further recommended by its abundance of food and the character of its natives, it has most naturally been made a resting and recruiting station for caravans proceeding to or coming from the Masai country. No caravan can pass without a stay, on one pretext or another, of from a fortnight to a couple of months, and as all such visitors are fed almost entirely at the expense of their numerous native friends, it is an agreeable and cheap way of spending the time where time is no object.

Such, then, gentle readers, are the main facts regarding your surroundings, and the denizens thereof. And now, if you have finished eating those delicious bananas, and chewed sugar-cane till the sweet juice has palled upon you, we may resume our tramp down the few remaining miles which separate us from Lake Jipè, which we so recently saw glimmering in the distance.

As we emerge from the shady grove we stand entranced by a lovely sight which unexpectedly breaks on our view. For many days we have been at the base of Kilimanjaro, and yet

not a glimpse has rewarded our frequent attempts to view its cloud-piercing heights. We have begun almost to ask ourselves if we are, after-all, to be doomed to the mere "mental recognition" ascribed to Rebmann. Happily such is not to be our fate. The "Mount Olympus" of these parts stands forth revealed in all its glory fitly framed by the neighbouring trees. There is the grand dome or crater of Kibo, with its snow cap glancing and scintillating like burnished silver in the rays of the afternoon sun, and there, on its eastern flank, as a striking contrast, rise the jagged outlines of the craggy peak of Kimawenzi. What words can adequately describe this glimpse of majestic grandeur and godlike repose? We can only stand speechless with feelings of awe. But our opportunity is brief. The veil has merely been temporarily lifted, and now huge, fleecy-white cumulus clouds roll and tumble along the sides of the great mountain till only the black pinnacle and the glittering dome are seen projected against the pure azure, and hanging apparently in mid-heaven more impressive than ever. At last a veil of stratus mysteriously spreads itself out. In a few seconds the whole scene has vanished, "like the baseless fabric of a vision," and we find ourselves blankly staring at a monotonous expanse of grey.

Turning with a sigh, we hurry rapidly towards Jipè as if, after such a scene, nothing else was worthy of special notice. We cross some beautiful park-like country, crush our way through the outer barrier, and find ourselves in the grass jungle to the north of the lake. Here we come upon lots of game, and soon bag for the pot two pallah and one water-buck, and leaving men to cut them up, we speedily reach the object of our tramp. Jipè we find to be a shallow expanse of water lying at the base of the Ugono mountains, which rise precipitously into a picturesque range of much grandeur, though the outlines are simple, and the top flat. The height of these mountains is little over 7000 feet, and the numerous columns of curling smoke tell of inhabitants similar to the Wa-teita. The lake lies at an altitude of 2350 feet. It is about ten miles from north to south, and only some three miles broad. It is comparatively shallow, and may indeed be described as a backwater of the Lumi formed by the subsidence of the ground, due doubtless, as is so often the case in similar positions, to withdrawal of the matter ejected by Kilimanjaro in its days of activity as a volcano. It contains several schools of hippos, a few crocodiles, and a great number of capital fish, which also find their way up the

Lumi. At the point where this stream enters the lake, another flowing west gives exit to the surplus water, and conveys it to the Rufu or Pangani river.

The lengthening shadows, however, tell us that the day is rapidly coming to a close, and if we do not want to be belated in the forest midst howling hyenas and roaring lions, we must step out in no lackadaisical manner. In an hour we are once more back to the native plantations. We get another glimpse of Kilimanjaro, and have several charming peeps at the winding Lumi.

But now listen! What is the meaning of that full-voiced, sonorous song which wells forth from the depths of the forest, and echoes through the trees in ever-increasing volume? That is the music, to which the natives, following the Masai customs, tread a measure. No thundering drum or yelling native clarionet, as elsewhere, supplies the rhythmic sounds and accentuates the varying movement. A less spirited though decidedly more musical, "Ho-oh! Oh-ho!" monotonously reiterated fills the woodland with its rolling resonance. Ah! there they are! A group of young men and maidens in that pretty nook. See what splendidly proportioned athletes, with hair rolled into strings which hang like a mop over their heads, small kidskin garments flung over their shoulders or hanging by their sides, and a glorious layer of grease and clay plastered on lavishly from head to foot. The girls, with only an under girdle round the loins, and loaded with beads, clay, and grease, make a piquant element in the scene. They stop for a moment as we approach; but soon they resume the dance with fresh vigour and unabated enthusiasm. You stand with astonishment to view the extraordinary and laborious manner in which the natives enjoy themselves. A young man advances, holding a wand in his hand. His arms hang straight down. At first he hops forward like a bird, till, reaching the centre, he commences a series of leaps straight into the air, without bending his legs or moving his arms. Ever and anon he gives his head a hitch forward, bringing his long back hair over his face. After springing in this manner about a dozen times, he steps aside, and another takes his place, till all have gone through their paces. Then with wilder movement they trot round in a variety of evolutions, and so the dance ends, to be resumed again in precisely the same manner. Try to do exactly what you have seen, and you will find it is no light task to dance in the manner of the Wa-taveta.

Hurrying on, we reach camp just as the sun disappears behind the horizon. In retiring to my own corner, I find a number of venerable elders sitting stoically awaiting my return. Calling for my chair and a cup of refreshing tea, I make myself comfortable, and signify that I am all attention. After a little preliminary talk among themselves, one of the chief elders gets up, and, baton in hand, explains their errand. The season has just commenced in which the Masai go upon their usual raids to the coast regions for cattle. Their routes lie on both sides of the forest, where their continually passing to and fro has formed several large pathways, as can be easily seen. These war-parties give great annoyance to the Wa-taveta by their repeated attempts to storm their arboreal fortress, though the defenders have as yet had the best of it in every encounter. Now I have arrived, and it is not difficult to see that I am a great *mganga* or medicine-man. I have shown them wonders and performed feats which could only be done by one with supernatural powers, and consequently they have come to me for charms or medicines which will prevent the Masai entering the forest. Listening to the old gentleman's harangue with much gravity while I sip my tea, I make a suitable reply. I try my best to explain that I have no more power than themselves to ward off Masai attacks; but finding that this is only received with incredulity and is leaving a bad impression, I tell them I will do my best, but cannot think of accepting the goat which they have brought. To refuse is simply to make them believe that I do not want to assist them. For their own personal safety, therefore, I brew some Eno's fruit salt, which with fear and trembling they taste as it fizzes away. Finally they retire quite satisfied, but refusing to take back the goat. Next day I shall clench the matter by going out and with much ceremony and firing of guns photographing the various gates.

Thus ends our tour through the Tavetan forest, and now, as the deepening shadows and pleasing charms of the gloamin' gather round us, let George Eliot epitomize for us the sights of the day in these graphic lines:—

Thus generations in glad idlesse throve,
Nor hunted prey nor with each other strove.
For clearest springs were plenteous in the land,
And gourds for cups; the ripe fruit sought the hand,
Bending the laden'd boughs with fragrant gold;
And for their roofs and garments, wealth untold

Lay everywhere in grasses and broad leaves.
They labour'd gently as a maid who weaves
Her hair in mimic mats, and pauses oft
And strokes across her palm the tresses soft.

The work of the day is now over. The short twilight, like a glimpse of Eden with all its rich hues and exquisite softness, is past and gone. The beds of grass and leaves have been made up, and after a hard day's toil each one seeks oblivion and needed rest, leaving the fires to sink and die; and soon nothing indicates the presence of man but the silent, ghost-like sentinel keeping watch and ward over the white-robed figures lying around. We ourselves have retired to our bosky corner, and, taking up a book of poetry, try to forget the scenes around us in the beautiful thoughts of a favourite author. But no oblivion of that sort will come to us to-night. We are soon made aware of "sounds which give delight but hurt not," and, like Caliban in the enchanted isle, we give ourselves up to the sweet influences of the hour. Through the open door we see the canopy of heaven lighted up with its thousand constellations, shining with surprising brilliancy in the clear ambient atmosphere. The winds sigh through the forest and wake the weird spirits of the night. But these are only subordinate voices in the sweet chorus of more wonderful sounds which soon breaks forth with astonishing volume and harmony. A flood of fairy notes from myriad cicadæ pervades the air, as if Titania and her lively crew held high revel around us, the whole blending so sweetly with the muttered music of the leaves and the murmuring of the Lumi, that it seems as if an angelic conductor led some celestial band. In the intervals of the swelling music we cannot fail to note in the darker recesses of the forest, myriads of fireflies acting as fairy lamps, and flashing meteor-like incessantly from bush to bush, contrasting with the numerous tiny glow-worms steadily emitting their rich, soft glow. But now, hark to the horrid laughter of the hyenas as they discover some filthy carrion and ghoulish gorge their fill! And there—grand and awe-inspiring rises with resonant thunder the roar of the lion, a nightly visitor to our neighbourhood. With a cold shiver and a creeping of the very flesh, we find the charm of the night gone. Closing the tent door, we are soon in bed, cool and comfortable through the agency of a refreshing breeze from the icy heights of Kilimanjaro, which not only sends sound sleep, but drives off the troublesome mosquitoes.

Next day we rise to the prosaic labours of our ordinary life.

To proceed with my narrative. My conversation with Dugumbi and other traders, some of whom had just returned with a large caravan from the Masai country (with a loss of 100 men from disease) gave me a juster view than I had hitherto formed of the difficulties before me. They enabled me to realize for the first time that the conditions of travel in this region were very widely different from those of the country farther north, and they confirmed my previous belief that my caravan was much too small. I was assured that these traders never dreamed of entering the Masai country with less than 300 men, and that they always took more if circumstances would at all permit. I learned also that as there were no recognized footpaths, and as watering-places were few and far between and the population migratory, it would be simply courting defeat to go with only one guide, however honest or trustworthy. Then I was told that the Masai were tremendous talkers as well as fighters, and that the transaction of the necessary business would require several interpreters with nothing else to do. In short, I acquired sufficient ominous information to make any one not possessed of a particularly sanguine temperament despair of ever passing the threshold, or at most of getting many days beyond it. It almost seemed as if it could only be by a series of lucky accidents that I could have hope of ever getting through, or, if once through, of ever getting back. I was not cast down, however, for though I saw good reason for being anxious in a situation so full of hazard, I had great faith in my lucky star, and determined to mould fate to my own ends.

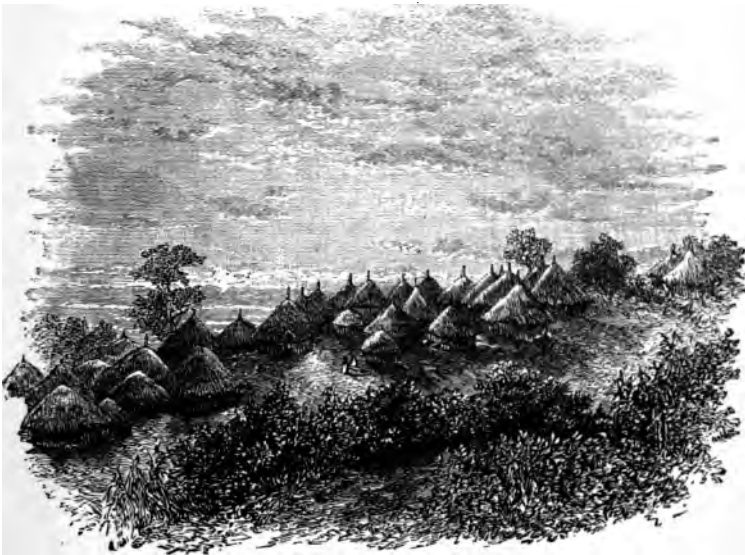
I could not see my way to add to the numbers of my caravan, as I had been made clearly to understand by the Geographical Society that on no account was the sum to be exceeded, — a rather curious injunction, it must be confessed, seeing that I could not consider myself master of my own movements when once fairly in the country. An attempt to add three more loads of iron wire to my slightly deficient stock of that important commodity did not encourage me to do anything more in that line. I, however, took a very important step in the engagement of a new guide and interpreter in the person of Sadi. I have already alluded to this personage as the caravan leader and guide of Baron von der Decken and eventually, through his cowardice and

treachery, the ruiner of the latter's hopes of penetrating into the Masai country. He also acted in the same capacity on New's first visit to Mandara, and on his second co-operated with that notorious chief in plundering the missionary. Since then he had gone from bad to worse. He had been unsuccessful in some small trading trips. Finally, having fallen deep in debt to the Hindus at the coast, and being unable to find credit or get an employer, he had fled to Taveta to escape imprisonment. Here he had ever since lived like a pauper, supported by the hospitable Wa-taveta or any trader who would give him a present of cloth. This, then, was the man I now engaged, after a series of extremely slippery negotiations, at \$15 a month. To do him credit, however, it should be stated that he had a commanding and venerable presence, a not unimportant qualification in the Masai country, and that without exception he had the most thorough knowledge of the Masai language of any man on the coast. Even the Masai had to admit they were no match for him in power of talking out a subject. I never knew any one with such a singular "gift of the gab." He would have been a perfectly invaluable acquisition to the Irish irrepressibles in Parliament! How I got on with this formidable gentleman will presently appear.

During our stay at Taveta we for the first time opened up communication with Mandara. A messenger arrived from that powerful chief, bringing a bullock and a goat as a present, along with salaams and compliments, and expressions of a strong desire that I should go and visit him,—declaring that anything he could do for me would be at once performed. As the bullock was small and a male, I refused to accept it. I was certain that Mandara must have sent a different animal, for it is the custom to send the male only as "a feeler" in case of doubt, it being understood that if one accepts such a present, he has warlike intentions. It proved, as I suspected, that this had been the messenger's own little game, a fine fat cow having really been sent, but exchanged for the other animal, with an M-taveta, for a consideration. The proper cow having arrived, I made up a present of a gun, a government sword-bayonet, a piece of cotton, two coloured cloths, and two flasks of gunpowder, and sent them off with the proper expressions of regret that my numerous engagements would not permit me the pleasure of calling upon him.

On my first arrival at Taveta I heard that, only some two

days before, Dr. Fischer, the German, had arrived at Arusha wa chini from Pangani. But for the enforced delay that had befallen me, it is not improbable that I might have preceded him into the Masai country, or at least entered at the same time. However, the information I received both there and at Zanzibar, from his agent and his head-men, led me to believe that my plans would not be interfered with, and that there would be more than elbow-room for both of us. My own intention at that time was to keep straight across



WA-TEITA VILLAGE, NDARA.

country *via* Ngurumà-ni to Kavirono, on Victoria Nyanza, while I understood that Fischer would cross my route nearly at right angles, and, keeping away north, try to reach Mount Kenia, and afterwards Lake Baringo.

My position, then, at this period may be briefly summarized in the following manner. I had arrived at the threshold of the Masai country with a caravan of men only about one-third of the proper number, and these, with few exceptions, of the weakest and most villainous type. For the

important positions of guides and interpreters I had but two men, neither of whom bore the highest character; while properly I should have had not less than six, experienced in the duties of the office. Then I was considerably short of the proper supply of iron wire (technically known as *senengé* by the natives). This came about, not through any forgetfulness of my own, but from the fact that I could not carry more, so many men being occupied carrying the customary *impedimenta* of a European traveller. Under these various disadvantages I was called upon to attempt one of the most difficult undertakings, and to face a tribe whose very name carried fear to the hearts of all who knew it, and among whom numerous trading caravans had been annihilated, rarely a year passing without some disaster or other.

I may say, however, that never for a moment did I shrink from the task before me. I counted the cost, and saw clearly the difficulties and the dangers attending my project, but it was only to smile at them, and to become more fixed in my resolve to master them. Temporary clouds might envelope me, but as to my ultimate success I never once doubted.

Before closing this chapter it remains but to be said that besides exploring the Tavetan forest, and visiting Lake Jipè, I made several excursions to the base of Kilimanjaro, to examine the numerous small parasitic cones and craters which spring up at the base of the parent volcano, besides making an examination of the charming and romantic little crater lake of Chala. These, and other geological observations, I will set aside at present, and in a chapter more immediately devoted to an account of Kilimanjaro give the results.

CHAPTER IV.

THROUGH THE DOOR OF THE MASAI.

At last, much to my relief, we found ourselves ready for the road. Most of the men were looking longingly back towards the coast, and I with equal eagerness towards the setting sun and the unknown. The beads had been all strung, the cloths made up, and food collected for the desert march round

the base of Kilimanjaro. Goods and men were alike overhauled, with the result of leaving no less than three men behind as utter incapables. On the march to Taveta two men had been left at Bura, of whom one had subsequently died; and two others had deserted. At Taveta one of the mission boys died of some disease of a nature beyond my ken; and thus we were reduced by eight men.

On the evening of the 17th of April the last paragraph was added to my letters, and the final farewells written. After a night of constant watchfulness over my men, and a short snooze in the early morning, I sprang out of bed, and feverishly plunged into the bustle of striking camp. There was the usual worry over the light loads, and the usual obstinate resistance to carrying the boxes and more unpleasant packages, necessitating the application of the birch in more than one instance. At last matters were finally arranged, and in the still dewy morning we left Taveta amid many expressions of regret. We squeezed ourselves once more through the narrow gate, and after passing the outside leafy tunnel through the sombre forest, we emerged on its western side. We could only cross the Lumi and camp. Time would not allow us to proceed further that day; besides, there were a few final touches of preparation which could only be done after striking camp.

By way of a little relaxation, I strolled up the bank of the Lumi in the hope of shooting something for the pot. The country, however, was too open, and the game too wild. Though I sighted a bush-buck, a herd of hartebeest, and a wart-hog, I did not succeed in shedding blood. A slightly ridiculous episode, however, gave us a spurt of excitement. Sighting some large animal in the bush, which in the gathering darkness I took for a rhinoceros, I proceeded warily to stalk it, paying all due attention to the wind. After much crawling and creeping from bush to bush with sundry scratches, I got pretty near to my quarry. My excitement was rapidly rising over the dangers and anticipated triumph, when suddenly a loud "Hee! haw! hee! haw!" broke with extraordinary effect from my supposed rhinoceros. I felt decidedly foolish, and inwardly confessed that I must be as stupid as the venerable animal which thus saluted my approach with heaving sides and elevated ears, as it poured forth its asinine ridicule. I returned crestfallen to camp, only to hear roars of laughter from my men as the story got afloat

I now called a council of war with Martin and my headmen, as to the steps to be taken to prevent desertion. The most anxious night of all had now arrived. Those who might have resolved to desert would certainly do so to-night, as they well knew that if once they left Taveta one or two marches behind, there would then be no chance again. During their stay in the forest the men had heard so many dreadful stories about the murderous propensities of the Masai that they were electrically charged with fear. It required therefore but a leader, or the occurrence of some slight accident, to cause a general stampede. Thanks to the stories about the Masai being on the war-path, the seizure of their guns, and our constant watchfulness, we had hitherto not lost more than two men through desertion. If we could only put a couple of marches between us and Taveta, we were safe. Till then we were relying on a breaking reed, which might give way at any moment, with irretrievable ruin as the consequence. We adopted the same precautions as those we put in force on leaving Rabai, and happily next morning, after a night of incessant care, we found ourselves on the march with the loss of only one man, though a general stubbornness and sulkiness told the feelings of a large number who resentfully felt that I had been "one too many" for them this time.

Full of buoyant hopes and sanguine expectations, I pushed on merrily through the tall grass, laden with the dew of the morning, till we struck the proper road which leads to Chaga, and thence round the southern aspect of Kilimanjaro to the Masai country.

On nearing the base of the mountain, we passed between two small hills of metamorphic rock cropping out from beneath a series of beds of volcanic ash. Keeping almost due west, we traversed a stony tract from which protruded every here and there trachytic lavas, light in colour, but dense and compact, along with beds of the fragmentary volcanic materials.

The men moved on with excessive slowness, requiring the utmost patience on my part. They took nearly eight hours to accomplish what they should have done easily in five. At last, however, we reached the Habali stream at a point where it forms a pretty cascade. This waterfall has been caused by the occurrence of an easily weathered volcanic agglomerate overlaid by a hard and very compact lava. We camped in the small gorge formed by the wearing back of the rocks.

The day, however, which commenced so hopefully, ended in gloom. The astounding news reached our ears that a great war-party of Masai, about 2000 strong, were in front of us. This alarming intelligence produced no small consternation in our minds. It would be bad enough, in all conscience, to come in contact with them in their own country. But to meet them on the war-path, with heated blood and without any restraint, was a matter still more serious. How were we to meet the emergency? To retreat meant the desertion of the men. To advance would be to fight and be dispersed like so many hares, if nothing worse happened to us. The only other course open was to stand our chance with the notorious chief, Mandara. This course was obviously not without serious risks of its own, but as it seemed to involve the least of three evils, I resolved to adopt it.

No time had to be lost in preparing to camp. Every man seized the axe with alacrity, and soon the thud of the iron, the swish of the falling trees, and the half-suppressed calls told that the men were working with a will. In less than an hour we were safely surrounded by a strong *boma* or thorn fence, behind which we could bid defiance to as many Masai as pleased to come up against us, and (what was just as important) through or over which none of my own men could go in the darkness of night.

Next day I took care to send a few of my best head-men forward as an advance-guard, to warn us in time if the Masai were seen, that we might retreat into the jungle. Early in the morning we reached the fine river known as the Himu, at a point where it runs through a deep channel cut out of very coarse volcanic *débris*—many of the ejected blocks being several tons in weight. A little farther on we crossed the Mto-Kilema, a smaller stream. At this point there are noticeable three small, parasitic, volcanic cones. At 10.30 a.m. we reached the Kirua stream. There we met with our scouts, who reported that as yet they had seen no signs of the Masai. We pressed on through an open, much broken forest country to the Chora, our fourth stream for the day, and there we camped at midday. After seeing the *boma* (thorn fence) constructed round our camp some distance from the pathway, I determined to interview Mandara, of whom I had heard so much both favourable and unfavourable.

Taking only Muhinua and Brahim with me, and going empty-handed, I started off. After a hot march of four hours through a dense bush, where we lost our way, we entered

upon a cultivated part, and were put in the right road. Reaching a blacksmith's shed, we fired the customary three guns which announces a stranger from the coast, and then waited till told the chief was ready to receive us. After a short time we were called. Traversing a rich banana grove, and crossing an open space, in which were several cows feeding, we found ourselves face to face with a group of fine-looking, aristocratic Wa-chaga. They were sitting under a shed, enveloped in voluminous lengths of cotton dyed in ochre. As no one spoke when I entered, or rose to shake hands with me, I uttered a general salutation, and sat down on a log of wood. Compelled at last to relieve my awkward reception, I asked which was Mandara. A powerfully-built man, of princely bearing, was pointed out to me. With a face which for a negro might be called intellectual and capable of expressing every emotion, he had an eye like an eagle's but only *one*—the other had lost its light for ever. These characteristics I noted in a glance, and then commenced my speech. I explained where I had come from, and where I was going; I stated that, having been compelled to leave the trade-route owing to the Masai, I proposed to camp at the boundary of his domains, and that, having heard so much about his great achievements as a warrior, of his princely character, and his delight in receiving strangers from the coast, I could not possibly pass so near him without giving myself the pleasure of coming to see him.

In the midst of this eloquent harangue, I was rather taken aback by seeing his eye suddenly becoming fixed on my foot. Then his mouth took a well-known shape, and I was startled to hear a familiar sound generally employed by vulgar little boys to express unbounded astonishment or incredulity. In short, Mandara emitted a long-drawn whistle. Thinking he had discovered a snake in unpleasant proximity to my foot, I suddenly drew it back, and began also staring at the same place. Seeing nothing, I looked up. Then we both laughed—why, I don't know—and a period was put to my speech by a series of questions about my boots, which had drawn forth the expression of astonishment. Whistling in that manner was his customary expressive manner of showing wonder or admiration. Our interview, which turned out pleasant, was accompanied by continual ejections of saliva, squirted with great skill from between his teeth, and by a continual quaffing of beer. I was much impressed by Mandara's evident intelligence. Our interview did not cease till

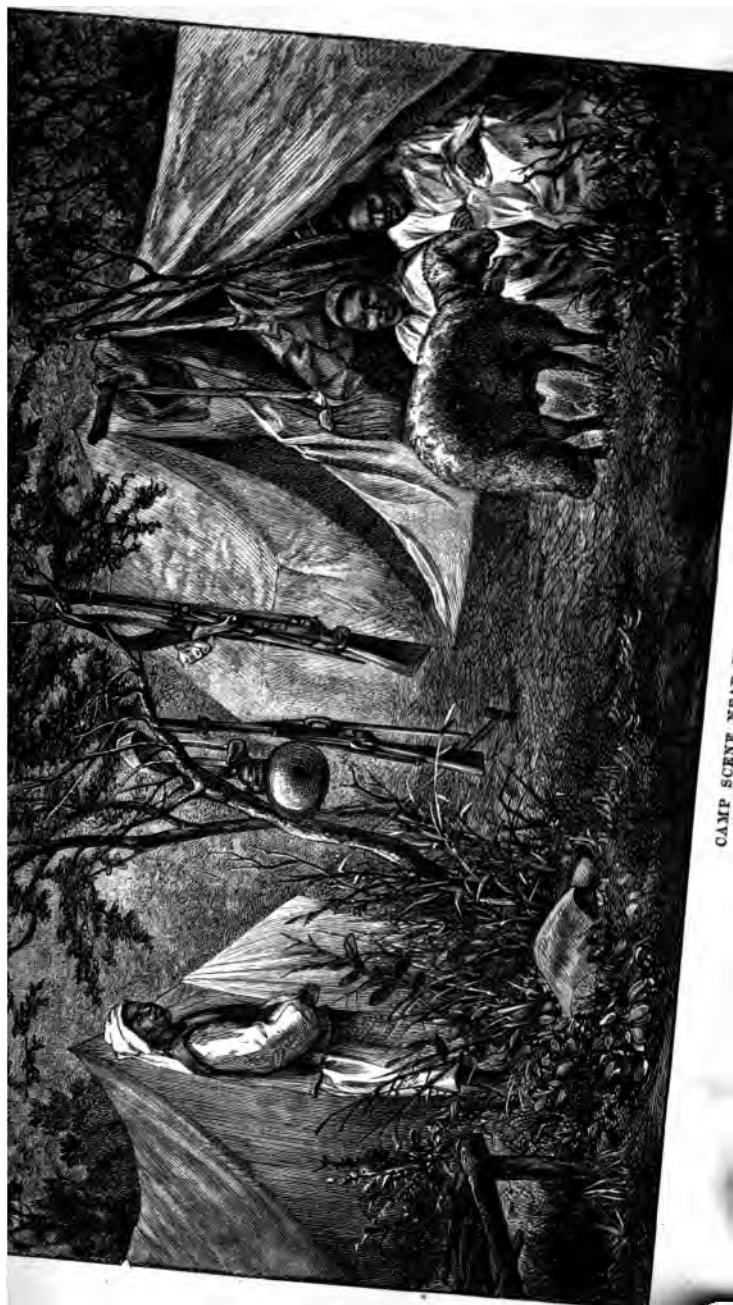
after sunset, when we were left alone to pass the night in the shed, amply provided with all the good things that Moschi (the country) could produce.

Mandara's residence consists of a number of conical, well-built huts, in which are housed his fifty or more wives. His own private abode is a quadrangular house built after the Swahili type, and plastered with dung and clay. Here it is that he receives his favoured guests and stows away his valuables. These buildings, together with a number of sheds for sheep and goats, and enclosures for fowls (which the Wachaga will on no account eat), are surrounded by a triple palisade of tree trunks of great strength, while outside are about eight more large huts, each holding eight young women, who form his stock in hand of damsels for the slave-market, or as rewards to the soldiers for services done. When the moon is bright, and the chief's spirits high, and his heart glad some within him, these damsels dance on the dewy grass, wakening the echoes of the neighbouring glens with their weird, ear-piercing screams, and looking witch-like in the ruddy glare of the bonfires. Mandara, however, does not depend entirely upon his palisades. A hundred warriors nightly keep watch and ward round the compound, ever ready to raise the war-cry, and rush upon all intruders.

The village occupies the top of a narrow ridge formed by a deep glen on either side. From the upper part of the small streams miniature canals, constructed with great skill, lead off the water and spread it over the entire ridge, thus supplying moisture throughout the entire year. A more rich and varied scene I have nowhere looked upon in Africa. The rich carpet of grass alternated or intermingled with banana groves, fields of beans, millet, Indian corn, sweet potatoes, yams, &c. Here and there, like sentinels, stood small groves of stalwart trees. The banks and the irrigation channels were rich with tender maiden-hair ferns, and others of familiar aspect. Lazy cattle lay about the huts, or browsed knée-deep in the succulent grass. Goats, lively and frisk-some, skipped about the banks, or with fierce aspect tried the mimic fight. Sheep loaded with enormous fat tails wobbling about their legs, looked as if awearied of existence, and ready to welcome the knife. Moschi, as it lay before me, had all the rich fertility and pleasing aspect of Taveta, with the advantage of a beautiful interchange of hill and glen. There was an unbounded prospect towards the south, east, and west; while to the north towered, sovereign,

majestic, awful in its silent calm, the snow-clad peak of Kibo. There was no feeling of confinement, and the blood coursed more warmly through the veins, stimulated by the bracing mountain air, till one felt inclined to shout "Excelsior!" and climb the mountain heavenward. In Moschi one had none of that spirit of delicious lotus-eating indolence induced by the dreamy, poetic life of Taveta: yet it was not without its pleasing *nature-music* in the distant sound of the cascade or the dreamy "sugh" of the stream deep down in the glen, brought to our ears on the downy wings of the cool wind. Such were our more immediate surroundings. But let us look somewhat afield from our point of vantage on the Chaga platform.

Gazing eastward, the eye roams over the Tavetan forest, and over the yellow, burnt-up plain beyond, till the view is bounded by the range of Bura and the peak of Kadiaro rising above the horizon like dangerous black rocks from a muddy sea. Turning to the south-east, we note in the foreground the hills and dales at our feet, carved out by numerous noisy torrents. Here a "gallery" forest arches over a rushing stream; there a bush-clad ridge. Now a beautiful glade, anon a piece of park-like country. Such is Chaga, if you add curling columns of smoke, and parti-coloured plantations. In the same direction, but beyond the base of the mountain, the eye takes in a rich expanse of forest and jungle, dotted here and there with strange little sugar-loaf peaks, which tell of former fiery vents of Vulcan's forge below. Attention is finally arrested by a glimpse of the silvery, shimmering sheet of Jipè seen past the edge of the Ugono Range, though far away beyond, in the haze of distance, may faintly be traced the Parè and U-sambara mountains. To the south the view extends over the well-watered depression of the Kahè country to the interesting mountains of Sogonoi. This whole district, one of the richest in Africa, is practically uninhabited, except in some dense forest patches, owing to the terror with which the Masai are regarded. The expanse towards the west is most picturesque and varied, for there, looking over Machamè (a Chaga state), we see the clear sweep of the sunny slopes of Kilimanjaro from top to bottom, with the Shira flanking its shoulder scarred and rugged, its black gloomy rocks and narrow gorges contrasting with the smiling aspect of Machamè at its base. Behind are the magnificent though simple outlines of the wonderful volcanic cone of Meru, which springs



CAMP SCENE NEAR MANDARA'S.

up to a height of nearly 9000 feet from the surrounding plain, and stands in all the severe and placid dignity of a cyclopean pyramid. Of the scene on the north, which closes in this glorious panorama, I will not attempt to give any description, so inadequate is my vocabulary to convey any worthy conception of the effect which the sight of Kibo and Kimawenzi have on the mind.

In the calm stillness of the night, however, as I lie awake in my open shed, wrapped cosily in my blanket, and as I see, under the mild effulgence and mellow light of a full moon, Kibo standing out clear and bright, it seems to me in no way strange that the untutored savage, ever waging a fierce war with nature, and with a strong tendency to the worship of nature-spirits, should see in this majestic mountain something more than a material existence, or, at least, should recognize it as the chosen abode of the Supreme Being.

Next morning I hurried down to camp, and was pleased to find all right. We then moved on to the base of Moschi, and, after we had once more strongly fortified ourselves, I resolved to utilize this new delay in making an ascent of Kilimanjaro, as far as that could be done in a single day, for the purpose of making a collection of plants at the higher altitudes, which botanists considered would be of great value in elucidating certain puzzles regarding the distribution of African plants. Accompanied by some of my best men, I set off in the afternoon for Mandara's, where we were once more treated hospitably, being housed in one of the gourd sheds, and mindfully supplied with a roaring fire—for the nights on the mountain were cold. Next morning, guided by an M-chaga, who was most annoying in his behaviour, we set off at a killing pace up the mountain side. In a couple of hours we had reached the limit of cultivation. Then we crossed a small stream blocked up with several dams, intended to carry the water along the narrow valleys at higher levels and to spread it along their slopes. We then plunged into the forest region, principally composed of a provoking tangle; trees doing duty largely as supports to creepers, and being covered with moss, various kinds of ferns, parasites, and orchids. The occurrence of brambles, bracken, male and lady ferns, various spleenworts, maidenhair, and mountain polypody, would have made us imagine we were in Europe, but for the unusual profusion and rank luxuriance.

By 9 a.m. we had got little over 5000 feet, for we had to traverse a great distance horizontally as well as vertically.

THE FOREST REGION OF KILIMANJARO. 81

The men were lagging fearfully, and were sadly blown. Waiting to rest ourselves, we saw that we had reached a great rib or buttress of the mountain, formed by the deep gorges of the Kirua on the one side, and that of the Uru on the other.

We could now see to much advantage the great platform of Chaga, which forms a basement to the mountain. From 9 to 9.30, after leaving all but three of the men quite done up, we by another grand spurt succeeded in reaching a small open space where a war-party of the Wa-kwafi of Arusha-wa-juu (Mount Meru), in company with Mandara's men, had camped on their way across the depression between Kibo and Kimawenzi to attack Uséri. Here we found arborescent heather and splendid tree ferns. The greater amount of moisture and rainfall is here plainly evidenced by the great abundance of the long grey-beard moss which weirdly envelops every branch and twig, waving to every breeze, and giving the trees a most venerable appearance. The trees also are much larger, and vegetation still more luxuriant. We had now reached a region of almost continual cloud. The manner in which the sides of the mountain at this height are cut and carved into deep gorges and glens, compared with what is seen in the lower platform, strikingly suggested the idea that we were now on a very much older part of the mountain, and that Chaga proper has in reality been formed at a later date by the breaking out of numerous parasitic cones and craters when the height of the main crater became too great for the underground agents to force the molten material or ashes to the top.

From the camp of the Wa-kwafi we again pushed on; but we found it difficult and killing work to force our way through the forest. Now we were climbing over huge fallen trees, anon sinking up to the ankles in marshy hollows, and almost sticking in the mud. At last we reached the upper waters of the Himu, which we had crossed as a fine stream at the base of the mountain. My three remaining men now finally gave in, and I had to resume my weary climb with the guide alone. At 1 p.m., finding myself rather short of 9000 feet in altitude, after seven hours of climbing, the most severe I have ever experienced, I myself was reluctantly compelled to desist and give up my intention of penetrating above the forest region.

As I had made no preparation for camping on the mountain, I had to lose no time in making a small collection of the plants around me. These included *gladiolus* and *tritoma*

heaths, and various species allied to our buttercups, docks, &c. There was little in the aspect of my floral surroundings to suggest that I was in the tropics, a fact difficult to conceive with a wind blowing from the mountain with freezing influence.

So hurried was I that I had not even time to set up my George's barometer, or to find the altitude with my hypsometer. I had therefore to be content with the approximate reading of my aneroid, and to rush down the mountain at a headlong pace, picking up at intervals my broken-down followers, who, now that their faces were towards Mandara's, stepped out with alacrity. As the sun set we reached the village, to find that the chief, with a thoughtfulness beyond all praise, had provided for our delectation eggs, goats, fresh milk, bananas, &c., and soon with rare enjoyment we were making havoc on these comestibles as we gathered round the grand roaring camp fire. These little excursions, when I could get away from tents and the worries of a caravan and rough it in the most thorough fashion, were always the most enjoyable and romantic. If I had my choice, and circumstances would permit, and enjoyment only was to be aimed at, I would infinitely prefer a very few followers and almost no *impedimenta* of any kind. The best sauce to my meat that night, however, was the news that the Masai had broken up camp and passed out of our way.

Next morning, with a thoughtlessness for which there could be no excuse, I pressed Mandara to come down to camp and see my guns, &c., in which he took so much delight. Up to that time he had never asked me for a single article, and I was so charmed by his princely ways, his great intelligence, and other unusual qualities, that I could not resist the desire to show some little attention to him. He had not intended to go down, but after some importunity on my part he consented. Going off in front to prepare for his reception, I found all well in camp. The Wa-chaga, on hearing that their chief was coming, scuttled off in great trepidation, as if it was his habit to chop off the heads of all who came in his way—and indeed, it *was* one of his greatest delights to see the abject terror of his subjects, over whom he wielded the most absolute authority. On his arrival I showed him all my guns, instruments, &c. The galvanic battery threw him into fits of astonishment, till his eagle eye gleamed with covetousness, and he spat and whistled

himself dry, requiring incessant libations of pombè to sustain him. He intensely enjoyed ordering his chiefs and warriors to submit to the electric current, and he simply gloated over their evident though suppressed terror, while they with difficulty kept themselves from yelling out or wriggling on the ground. They stood the trial, however, admirably, with the self-control proper to warrior chiefs. Mandara himself refused to experiment, afraid of being bewitched. Neither would he stand to be photographed,



MANDARA'S WARRIORS.

although he ordered his warriors to submit to the operation. These warriors affect the weapons of the Masai—namely, great shovel-headed spears, the simè, knobkerry, and the large elliptically shaped buffalo-hide shield ornamented with an heraldic device in colours. These were all beautiful specimens of native workmanship, the Wa-chaga of Moschi being quite unrivalled as blacksmiths in Africa.

Now, in making this exhibition, as my knowledge of the native character might have told me, I was simply arousing

Mandara's cupidity, and soon I found I had to reckon with mine host. Of course I quite understood that in bringing him down I could not possibly send him off empty-handed ; so I made up a present, consisting of a Snider, a revolver, four flasks of gunpowder, one piece of American cotton, one of blue cloth, and several gaudy-coloured cloths. Thinking I had done very handsomely, I called him into the tent and with much satisfaction showed him my present. An ominous whistle, as he brought his eye to bear upon my treasures, and an expression of contempt on his face soon brought me to my senses. "Were these," he scornfully inquired, "the presents for his askari who had accompanied him ? or did I mean to offer him a Zanzibar-made gun only fit for a porter ?" Having thus unburdened himself, he turned his back and marched out of the tent, leaving me staring blankly at the rejected gift. To my men outside he said, "Why had I shown him all my things, if I did not mean to give him some ? What did he care for coast goods ? He had plenty of them ! What he wanted was European articles befitting his greatness !" I sent Muhinna and Makatubu after him, with a government Snider and some more cloth, but though they returned without these articles, they brought only veiled threats that unless he received satisfaction he would play the deuce with us in a manner that would not please us. He had brought down a fat bullock with him in the morning, and he took care to let us know that we had better not touch it.

Here was a proper quandary to get into ! For well I knew that Mandara's threats were not empty words. He could without a doubt irretrievably "smash up" the caravan in the dense forests of the Kahè if we attempted to go on without his leave, and without a guide. At that moment he had over 1000 Wa-kwafi, his allies from Mount Meru, staying with him, preparing for an attack on a neighbouring state ; combining his own men with these, he could place over 2000 of the most daring warriors in all that region in the field.

Next morning, therefore, perceiving the gravity of the situation, I with much reluctance got out my own trusty double-barrelled smooth-bore, which I had carried on my two previous expeditions, a steel box, a suit of thick tweed complete, a pair of shoes which I mentally wished I could compel him to wear, and a few more articles. Feeling in a very unamiable mood at thus being made involuntarily the instrument for introducing the manifold blessings of European civilized

garments and good weapons, I started off for Mandara's, and, on reaching his residence and remonstrating with him on his high-handed proceedings, I was fortunate enough to smooth matters over, and to part on friendly terms, getting from him his own spear and simè (sword) besides several minor articles, all splendid specimens of Wa-chaga workmanship. As we were leaving, some of his scouts returned, and on their firing their guns from the opposite side of the Chora valley, in token of success, he jumped and danced about like a boy released from school, yelled out his war-cry, and, twirling a knoberry in the air, looked the very incarnation of war. Laden with presents, amongst which was an enormously fat sheep, with a tail of abnormal dimensions and huge dewlaps, we returned to camp and prepared to start on the morrow, having lost four days by the Masai scare.

In the evening three guides arrived from Mandara, and Muhinna consulted the oracle to find out what awaited us ahead. Taking eighteen small sticks about two inches in length, he placed them on a piece of paper in a particular order outside the camp. After sprinkling some flour and reciting an incantation in Ki-zeguha over them, he put some bushes on the top to prevent their being disturbed. After a certain interval, if two have advanced forward, then the road is good, and there is nothing to fear. If they have remained as they were laid down, the oracle has nothing good or bad to say about the route or prospects; but if they are all scattered, then the look-out is gloomy in the extreme.

In the morning we found that the oracle had remained neutral, though the rain came down in torrents, and the guides struck for prepayment. Not to be deterred by either rain or guides, I struck camp, and hurried away from the hateful place more lightly both in a mental and physical sense, for had we not been relieved of a load of care as well as one of very valuable goods?

This was the first march in drenching rain we had yet experienced. It was made all the worse by the tall grass through which we had to force our way. An hour after leaving camp we crossed a small stream, and then plunged into a gloomy forest, made dangerous by the numerous treacherous game-pits, into which one or two of the men got some nasty falls. Though Muhinna's oracle had predicted nothing bad, we speedily lost our way among the numerous bewildering paths, and were hieing merrily towards Uru of Chaga, when our refractory guides, who meanwhile had re-

turned to their senses, stopped us, and, taking the lead, conveyed us through the labyrinthine forest, preventing what might have been a very awkward mistake. In fact it would have been quite impossible to get through without a guide, as I was forcibly reminded by the adventures of Rebmann, who, running away from the chief of Machamè, when plundered by him, lost his way in this very same forest, and wandered about for several days nearly starved.

At 10.30 we reached the Kahè river, where it is formed by the junction of the Rau, from the north of Moschi, and the Uraru, which rises at the base of the mountain. With some difficulty we crossed, and then, seeing the men looking excessively miserable in the wet morning, I took pity on them, and gave orders to camp.

In the evening I went out hunting, but only saw one giraffe. In other respects, however, the stroll was very enjoyable. I have never seen a more charming, park-like scene. It makes one quite melancholy to see such rich tracts lying thus deserted, when tribes like the Wa-teita on their barren mountains, and the still more miserable Wa-duruma, are ever struggling with but poor success to eke out a wretched existence.

On the following day we crossed the river Karanga where it is formed by the junction of three streams, the Ukambari to the east, the Karanga in the middle, and the Umbo to the west. Ten minutes farther on we crossed the Shili stream from Kindi, then a fine large stream, the Seri, and a few minutes later the largest river we had yet passed, the Weri-weri. We found the country literally ploughed up by the tracts of enormous herds of buffalo. Two hours' tramp through a more bush-clad, broken country (strewn with prodigious ejected blocks of a trachytic rock, composed to a large extent of sanidine crystals an inch long, porphyritically dispersed through the mass), brought us to a rapid river-torrent of considerable dimensions, flowing in a deep channel cut in coarse agglomerate. The Kikavo (for such is its name) was crossed with much difficulty, owing to the rapidity of the current and the stony character of the bed, and we again camped. On reaching camp I was seized with a violent fever, which, after passing through a cold and dry, and then a hot and sweating stage, left me considerably done up, and unable to eat.

The country next day was characterized by astonishing numbers of game, especially buffalo, pallah, and a species of

hartebeest, which I take to be new. These last gave much pleasing animation to the scene, as they were observed playing or grazing in the grassy plots, or scuttling away with great leaps through the bushes on our approach. The buffaloes added a not inconsiderable element of danger to our movements, as they galloped excitedly across our pathway. Roused from their deep midday sleep, in some dense clump of bush, they would rush wildly out, heedless where they were going. More than once they tree'd several of the men, and caused a general scatter. My fever would not allow me to hold the gun firmly, so I prudently kept out of the way. Besides, at this time we were compelled to observe the utmost caution in all our movements, as we might at any moment stumble upon another Masai war-party. It behoved us, therefore, to attract no danger unnecessarily, and to keep a strict look-out and allow no stragglers. On camping, also, we had to be careful at once to rush up a *boma* of great strength, and always be ready for any emergency.

This evening I had again a violent return of the fever; and during the night a lively chorus of hyenas, followed by a concert of lions, added to the amenities of the situation.

On the 28th of April we reached the eastern flanking buttress of Kibo, forming the district of Shira, though on its southern aspect lies the important state of Machamè. From the manner in which this great buttress is carved into deep, gloomy gorges running north and south by the Karanga, the Weri-weri, and the Kikavo, we may assume that it is one of the older parts of the mountain.

At one place we observed an ejected block which would weigh little less than twenty tons. It was here noticeable that the agglomerate of this district contained fewer blocks of sanidine rock, and more of a very compact, black, basalt-like rock, usually with glazed surfaces.

We crossed this day two small streams and camped at a third, the Fuoko, after a seven hours' march. Next day we moved up to the camp, near Kibonoto. Here all the caravans bound for or coming from the Masai country stop to collect food, as it is cheap and abundant, whereas once the frontier is crossed, no more vegetable food can be procured, and cattle, sheep, and goats are only obtainable at exorbitant prices.

We found a *boma* and huts ready prepared, and we were thus soon in a state to receive the Wa-chaga of Shira, who

speedily arrived to settle the question of a present before granting liberty to buy food. I was much struck by the decorous way in which the matter was discussed, there being none of the fierce wrangling like cats and dogs, so characteristic of such proceedings among the natives further south.

I now learned, to my great annoyance, that after all I had fallen on Fischer's route. The very line I had marked out for myself, on the assumption that he was going to proceed *via* Matumbato to Kenia, was appropriated, and I must now either follow in his tracks, or attempt the extremely hazardous route by Donyo Erok. This, however, was a small matter compared with the further news, that only a few days before he had had a fight with the Masai, with the result of bloodshed on both sides, and that the country had been thrown into a state of profound excitement.

This unpleasant news awoke in my men the utmost consternation. The look-out was gloomy enough in all conscience. The problem presented to us was one of remorseless hardness. How should we be able to get into the country with only 150 men, when Fischer, with some 300, in company with a second caravan of 200, had had to fight? I could give no satisfactory answer. Only one thing I was clear about. Though determined on no account to enter upon a policy of adventure, I yet must make the attempt to pass the threshold before I turned my back and confessed myself beaten.

On the day after our arrival, a Swahili runaway came as a messenger of the chief to make friends and brothers with me. A goat was brought, and, taking it by one ear, I was required to state where I was going, to declare that I meant no evil, and did not work in *uchawi* (black magic), and finally, to promise that I would do no harm to the country. The other ear was then taken by the sultan's ambassador, and he made promise on his part that no harm would be done to us, that food would be given, and all articles stolen returned. The goat was then killed, and a strip of skin cut off the forehead, in which two slits were made. The M-swahili, taking hold of this, pushed it on my finger by the lower slit five times, finally pushing it over the joint. I had next to take the strip still keeping it on my own finger, and do the same for the M-swahili, through the upper slit. This operation finished, the strips had to be cut in two, leaving the respective portions on our fingers, and the sultan of Shira and I were sworn brothers.

Fortified by this ceremony, the chief visited me in the afternoon, and proved to be a tall, lubberly fellow who had not a word to say. Our interview was not, therefore, very diverting. We sat and stared at each other, till, losing patience at the irksome solemnity of the interview, I had to devise means to get rid of him. In this I succeeded, after giving him a dose of Eno's fruit salt, backed up by a shock from the magnetic machine, as an infallible medicine of a kind more commonly asked for at home than in eastern countries.

We were now kept in expectation of hearing from the Masai as to what reception they proposed giving us. It was not, however, till the evening of the third day that any reliable news was received.

Several Masai women who had been to Kibonoto to buy food from the Wa-chaga, came into our camp on their return. They entered with a mincing, half-dancing step and peculiar motion of the body, chanting a salutation all the time. Each one carried a bunch of grass in the hand, in token of peace and good-will. On seeing Sadi with his venerable aspect and attractive manner, they ambled up to him and seized his hand, still chanting away with a curious, undulating movement of the body. The men had crowded out to see and hear this to them new and unwonted sight, and they literally roared with laughter at my embarrassment, as the women laid hold of me, on being informed that I was the "big man" of the caravan. The chant finished, we were informed that the Masai had been holding many consultations about us, but that after much quarrelling, they had concluded to send a deputation to interview me on the morrow. Next day, therefore, we were kept in an excitable and anxious condition till we learned our fate. In the afternoon this reached its climax, when from the labyrinths of the surrounding forest a fine musical chant was raised. The word was passed round that the Masai had come. Seizing a tuft of grass in one hand, and our guns in the other, in token that we meant peace, but were prepared to fight, we proceeded outside to hear our fate. Passing through the forest, we soon set our eyes upon the dreaded warriors that had been so long the subject of my waking dreams, and I could not but involuntarily exclaim, "What splendid fellows!" as I surveyed a band of the most peculiar race of men to be found in all Africa.

After a most ceremonious greeting performed with much

gravity and aristocratic dignity, their great shovel-headed spears were stuck in the ground, their bullock's-hide shields rested against them on their sides, and then the oil-and-clay-bedaubed warriors assumed a sitting posture, with their knees drawn up to their chins, and their small neat kid-skin mantles enveloping them. We on our part took position opposite them, holding our guns in our hands. I, of course, as became my dignity, occupied a camp-stool.

After a few words among themselves in a low tone, a spokesman arose, leisurely took a spear in his left hand to lean upon, and then using his knoberry as an orator's baton, he proceeded to deliver his message with all the ease of a professional speaker. With profound astonishment I watched this son of the desert, as he stood before me, speaking with a natural fluency and grace, a certain sense of the gravity and importance of his position, and a dignity of attitude beyond all praise. With much circumlocution, he sketched the story of Fischer's arrival, of the fight, its causes and results, more especially laying stress on the fact that a woman had been killed, an unheard-of event in the annals of their quarrels with the Lajombè (Wa-swahili). He then went on to tell how the news of our arrival reached them, and to describe the excitement produced thereby; how a meeting of the married men and the El-moran or warriors was called to discuss the way in which we were to be received; and how, finally, they came to the conclusion, not without blows among themselves, to allow us to pass peaceably; in consequence of which decision, he with his companions were sent to bid us welcome and conduct us to their kraals. During this harangue the knoberry was not idle, but employed with much oratorical effect to emphasize his remarks.

Sadi on our part, taking also a knoberry, and with hand resting on his gun, proceeded to reply, and as he has an unrivalled knowledge of the Masai language and modes of speech, besides a natural "gift of the gab," he—inspired by me—told our story. Two or three others of the Masai then spoke to the same effect as their leading orator—no two, however, rising at once, or if they did so, a few words between themselves settled who was to have the ear of the meeting, while not a word was said by the others beyond inarticulate expressions of assent or dissent.

Till the formal speech-making was over each one had sat with unmoved countenance, betraying by neither word nor sign a consciousness that the second white man they had ever seen

in their lives was sitting before them. On the completion, however, of that necessary preliminary, their features relaxed, and they allowed themselves to show as much curiosity as the dignity of Masai El-moran (warriors) would permit.

We now adjourned to camp on the best of terms. There, though greatly delighted with everything we showed them, they still carefully preserved their aristocratic demeanour. They indulged in none of the obtrusive, vulgar inquisitiveness or aggressive impertinence which make the traveller's life a burden to him among other native tribes. Of course a present was given to them and they stayed in camp all night.

In the evening we got a fine glimpse of Kilimanjaro, alternately hidden or revealed as great massive *cumulus* clouds rolled and tumbled across the face of the mountain. The snow extends much farther down on this side of the mountain than on any other. This is probably owing to the fact that the prevalent winds are from the east. These arriving warm, melt the snow, but get cooled in return, so that on reaching the western aspect their melting powers are considerably reduced. There seem to be many precipices on the upper region, for numerous black patches assert themselves among the snow, as if the latter was unable to find a footing. The Shira shoulder of the mountain appears here as a distinct range running across our line of view, and northward rises to a height of little short of 14,000 feet.

On the 3rd of May we proceeded to take the important step of crossing the threshold of the dangerous region, carrying with us about eight days' food. Leaving the forest country round the base of Kibonoto, and traversing a rich and varied scene, we suddenly emerged, at a height of 6000 feet, on a great treeless plain covered with a close and succulent coating of grass quite undistinguishable from the pasture of more temperate climates. In the immediate foreground the country spread out before us in gently waving plains diversified by low, rounded ridges, small humpy hills or volcanic cones, well described in the lines of Bryant, extending as they do—

"In airy undulations far away,
As if the ocean in his gentlest swell
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fix'd,
And motionless for ever."

Such is the country: but see its inhabitants! There, towards the base of Kilimanjaro, are three great herds of

buffalo slowly and leisurely moving up from the lower grazing-grounds to the shelter of the forest for their daily snooze and rumination in its gloomy depths. Farther out on the plains enormous numbers of the harmless but fierce-looking wildebeest continue their grazing, some erratic members of the herd gambolling and galloping about, with waving tail and strange uncouth movements. Mixed with these are to be seen companies of that loveliest of all large game, the zebra, conspicuous in their beautiful striped skin,—here marching with stately step, with heads down bent, there enjoying themselves by kicking their heels in mid-air or running open-mouthed in mimic fight, anon standing as if transfixed, with heads erect and projecting ears, watching the caravan pass. But these are not all. Look! Down in that grassy bottom there are several specimens of the great, unwieldy rhinoceros, with horns stuck on their noses in a most offensive and pugnacious manner. Over that ridge a troop of ostriches are scudding away out of reach of danger, defying pursuit, and too wary for the stalker. See how numerous are the herds of hartebeest; and notice the graceful pallah springing into mid-air with great bounds, as if in pure enjoyment of existence. There also, among the tall reeds near the marsh, you perceive the dignified water-buck, in twos and threes, leisurely cropping the dewy grass. The wart-hog, disturbed at his morning's feast, clears off in a bee-line with tail erect, and with a steady military trot truly comical. These do not exhaust the list, for there are many other species of game. Turn in whatever direction you please, they are to be seen in astonishing numbers, and so rarely hunted, that unconcernedly they stand and stare at us, within gunshot.

Look, now, farther ahead. Near a dark line of trees which conspicuously mark out the course of the Ngarè N'Erobi (cold stream) in the treeless expanse around, you observe in the clear morning air columns of curling smoke, and from the vicinity strange long dark lines are seen to emerge like the ranks of an advancing army. The smoke marks the kraals of the Masai and the advancing lines are their cattle moving towards the pasture-ground. If you will now imagine a long line of men moving in single file across this prairie region, carrying boxes, bales, packages of iron wire, &c., headed by myself, and brought up in the rear by Martin, while a cold, piercing wind blows with the freezing effect suggestive of an early spring in Scotland, you will be

able to form a picture of the scene which presented itself on that memorable morning in April. In order to find a frame for the picture, just glance round at the circle of mountains. There to the right rises Mount Meru, now seen in all its simple but grand proportions, forming a fitting pillar to the "door" of the Masai. On your left stands the second great pillar, Kibo. From these circles an apparently almost unbroken range of mountains, rising into the picturesque masses of Donyo Erok and Ndapduk in the north, and finally sweeping round in the less conspicuous ranges of the Guaso N'Ebor (white water) in the direction of Nguruma-ni and the cold heights of Gelèi, behind which lies unseen the still active volcano of Donyo Ngai.

Let us now hurry forward, for the day is big with fate ! As we stride on, continually tempted to try our shooting skill, the Masai begin to appear. First a woman, well-dressed in bullock's hide and loaded with wire, beads, and chains, appears driving a donkey before her as she wends her way fearlessly towards Kibonoto to buy the vegetable food eaten by the married people and children. It is war to the death between the male Masai and Wa-chaga, but a treaty allows the women to go unhurt and without protection. Next, two or three poor men are descried engaged in the menial task of herding and tending the cattle. As we near the kraals the El-moran (warriors or unmarried men) begin to turn out in parties to see the "latest thing" in men. They do not hurry themselves, however. They survey us leisurely, and by neither word nor sign betray any feelings of astonishment. As we pass them in succession we pluck some grass and gravely shake hands. Addressing them as El-moran, we wait till an inarticulate sound intimates they have ears. Then we say "Subai," to which they reply "Ebai," and our introduction is over. Greatly struck by the unusual manners of these savages, so different from the notion we have formed of them, we move on, not a bit inconvenienced by crowding or annoyed by rude remarks.

Before noon we had all reached the ice-cold waters of the snow-fed Ngarè N'Erobi, which rises in its full volume at the base of the mountain. We camped in a sharp bend of the stream where it almost surrounds a bit of level sward. Our first care, of course, was to make the *boma*, and thoroughly fortify ourselves. So far everything had gone on swimmingly, though I was quite bewildered by my unexpected reception, and felt as if there was something portentous in the whole affair.

The news of our arrival soon spread. The Masai men and women began to crowd into camp, and we mutually surveyed each other with equal interest. The women had all the style of the men. With slender, well-shaped figures, they had brilliant dark eyes, Mongolian in type, narrow, and with an upward slant. Their expression was distinctly lady-like (for natives), and betrayed their ideas in more ways than one. Obviously they felt that they were a superior race, and that all others were but as slaves before them.

I purposely do not enter at this point into any special details regarding this remarkable people. A full description of their appearance and manners and customs will fall more naturally into a later chapter. At present we have to deal simply with events.

Tents having been pitched, and goods stacked, properly covered from peering eyes, and surrounded with a strong guard, the more serious business of the day commenced. Wire, beads, and cloth were taken into the tent, so that we might prepare to dole out the black mail—the “chango” of this district, the “hongo” of the region further south. We had not long to wait. A war-chant was heard in the distance, and soon a party of El-moran, in all the unctuous glory of a new plastering of grease and red clay, appeared, marching in single file, and keeping step to their song, their murderous spears gleaming in the sun as they gave them now and then a rotatory movement. They carried their heavy shields by their side, on which was seen the newly-painted heraldic device of their particular clan. As they neared our camp they halted, and proceeded to go through a variety of evolutions distinctly military. This finished, Muhinna advanced, and held a consultation with them in the decorous manner already described.

This conversation settled the amount we were required to pay. For each party (and there were six of them) we had to make up six senengè (a senengè is a coil of twenty rings of iron wire about fifteen inches in diameter, which forms one leg ornament when coiled round from ankle to knee), five cloths (naiberès), thirty iron chains, and one hundred strings of beads. The scene that ensued on the division of the spoil was more after my preconceived notion of their ways, but was not encouraging. The El-moran, having laid aside their spears and shields, stand ready in a hollow group. My men, advancing with the hongo, suddenly throw it into the midst, and run for their lives out of the way. With a grand

yell the warriors precipitate themselves upon the articles, on the principle of "every one for himself and the devil take the hindmost." A few of the boldest get the lions' share. In some cases two have seized the same article. It may be a bunch of beads, and the matter is settled by the strings being torn in twain, each one carrying off a handful, leaving a large number strewed on the ground. If, however, the disputants have seized a *senengè*, then the matter becomes more serious. They rave and tear like a couple of dogs over a bone, and if somewhat equally matched the blood gets heated and *simès* are drawn, or knobkerries wielded. Two men thus received some very ugly flesh-wounds, which, however, did not draw forth any comment from the on-lookers. A pack of half-starved wolves suddenly let loose on small animals could not have made a more ferocious and repulsive exhibition.

Party after party, each from its own district, arrived and received this tribute, and my spirits sank as I saw load after load disappear. How could we ever hope to travel many days further, if such was to be our fate? Then the *El-morūtū* (or married men) had to receive their share, which was much smaller and more peacefully divided. Finally the important *Lybons* (medicine-men), *Lengobè*, *Mbaratien*, and *Lambarsacout*, had also to be attended to individually.

Towards evening the camp was crowded, and in response to repeated cries for the white *Lybon*, backed up by insolent attempts to tear open the door of my tent, I had to step out and bow my acknowledgments, though inwardly muttering maledictions upon them, as I was still weak, ill, and irritable from the repeated attacks of fever, the effects of which still hung about me. Submitting to the inevitable, I sat down on a box, the cynosure of every eye. They had now lost their calm and dignified bearing, and had become rude and obtrusive; the *Ditto* (young unmarried women) being the most insolent, and not showing the slightest trace of fear.

For some time I endured with patience their annoying attentions, let them touch me on the face, feel my hair, push up the sleeve of my coat, and examine with intense curiosity my boots. At last, however, growing bilious and irritable, especially at the repeated attempts of one ferocious-looking warrior to turn up my trousers to see the natural integument below, I gave him a push with my foot. With fury blazing in his face, and presenting the most diabolical aspect, he sprang back a few steps, drew his *simè*, and was about to launch himself upon me. I slipped aside, however, and was speedily surrounded by the

guard, while some of the El-morūū laid hold of him, and, as he would not be pacified, led him away.

Matters were further enlivened by a Masai picking up an axe in the centre of the camp, and clearing off with it. This caused a dangerous rush, which, being misunderstood, made my men seize their guns. A very slight accident would have caused bloodshed and a general fight at this moment, but I contrived to yell out to them in time not to fire; and so ended the events of the day, the summing up of which did not increase my cheerfulness, though I was of too sanguine a temperament to despair.

On peeping out of the tent next morning with the bracing feeling incidental to a temperature of only 61°, I was much impressed by the sight of Sadi marching round the camp with gun held at the salute, and a white flag raised aloft, on which were written some verses of the Koran, which were supposed to have some magical influence. As he moved along in the stilted manner of an army recruit learning his paces, he recited aloud in the Masai language intimation to all whom it might concern that we had peaceable intents, but, if they stole or did us any harm, we had medicines of such a potent kind that they would not escape scathless, as disease would decimate them and their cattle, and manifold evils fall upon the country.

Taking a peep outside the camp, I got a view of Kilimanjaro—now almost due east of us—in the clear morning air. The great eastern shoulder of Shira now bulked largely in view, springing abruptly from the Sigirari plain, with black, uninhabited forest at the base and upper barren region, fluted and scaured into the appearance of a cyclopean file. The snow cap of Kibo could be seen away behind, like an enormous truncated cone rising from some more ancient remnant of an immense crater ring. Before the Masai cattle left their kraals, I went out and supplied our larder by shooting two fine zebras. On my return to camp after this risky step, I was thunderstruck by the unexpected news that the whole country ahead of us was up in arms to oppose our further progress, and to take revenge on us for the Fischer affray. They had accepted blood-money from him, because he was too strong to be fought with, but now their opportunity had come, and they resolved to take full advantage of it. The young men of the surrounding country, ever ready for a bit of military excitement, flocked to join their friends, though the chiefs and soldiers of Ngarè N'Erobi were against

any such action,—a fortunate thing for us, as we were made aware what was going on. The comfort of my position was not enhanced by a strong suspicion which now forced itself upon me that Muhinna and Sadi were not acting in good faith, but were in fact doing their best to ruin the caravan. With bitter feelings of disappointment and chagrin, I saw no other course open to me but to retreat to Taveta. We were quite equal to any number while we were in camp; but what could we do, spread out in single file, and loaded with goods before an enemy like the Masai? Then to fight at one place, even if we were successful, would mean fighting ever after, with the result of finding ourselves in a very few days irretrievably *hors de combat*. This would be a fine chance for sensationalism and adventure, but that was not what I was sent out for. I had great faith also in the Italian proverb, "He who goes gently goes safe; he who goes safe goes far," and I never doubted for a moment that, to use Mr. Micawber's sanguine words, "something would turn up."

An ominous silence pervaded the camp, contrasting with the hubbub of the previous day. Spies were set to watch us, but we put on a bold face, and talked coolly about going on next day, declaring that if we were not allowed to pass peaceably we would try the persuasive influence of gunpowder. Prompt action, however, was required. Information was brought us that an attack would probably be made on us next day, and therefore, to avoid a fight, I resolved to anticipate them by retreating during the night. All the usual preparations were made in the way of lighting fires, cooking, &c. Nothing was disturbed till darkness set in, and the last Masai out of camp. Word was then quietly passed round that for the first time we were about to run away, and that all preparation was to be made without bustle. The night set in gloomy and dark. A black pall of clouds overspread the heavens. Some rain sputtered, and with intense satisfaction we saw that a storm was brewing.

Two hours after sunset, the word was given to pack up. Not a sound broke the stillness as each man buckled on his belt, caught up his gun, and shouldered his load by the light of the numerous camp fires. Then, when all was ready, more wood was thrown on the fires, and we glided out into the blackness of night. Not an object could be seen to guide our steps, so I had to take the lead, with compass in hand and a bull's-eye lantern under my coat to enable me to

read the card. The men kept touch of each other, while Martin with the head-men and a party of Askari brought up the rear.

The first half-mile was the most dangerous, as we had to pass close to the kraal of Lengobè, and if our donkeys should take a notion to bray, it was impossible to foretell the consequences. As I led the way, I got the worst of it, in the matter of tripping over stones, tearing my legs among the thorns, or getting sad shocks to the system, as more than once I dropped into holes. On these occasions the word "Mawè!" (stones), "Miiba!" (thorns), or "Shimo!" (hole) passed quietly along the line, to direct those behind. The anxious moment at last arrived when we must pass close to the kraal, and if the caravan had been one of ghosts it could not have moved more silently, though now and then a half-suppressed exclamation of "Allah!" told that a man had fallen or got a thorn in his foot. We passed safely; and then we stepped out quicker, though in the intense darkness our onward progress was one of painful straining and stumbling. Now and then we stopped, to let the men close up and make sure that all were safe, as it was now impossible to see a yard ahead.

The amenities of the night were not enhanced by the occasional glare of lightning and the muttering of thunder near Kibo. Game started away almost from our very feet. Zebras thundered past in squadrons. Hyenas raised their horrible yells, or made us feel still more "creepy" by their laugh. We did not know but that we might run at any moment into the very centre of a herd of buffalo, or have to encounter the charge of some wild rhinoceros. The bull's-eye now proved of great service, and directed the men how to go. About midnight we reached the forest we had left three days before. Here our perplexities became worse, and it seemed as if we would have to wait till daylight. Rain, however, now beginning to come down, and the thunder to approach more near, while the lightning was perfectly dazzling, we made a determined spurt, and finally, limp, footsore, scratched and torn, we groped our way into camp just as the storm broke with terrific violence. We crawled into any huts that came handy, feeling devoutly thankful that we had escaped such imminent danger to the lives of the men and the fortunes of the Expedition.

Next day the men were in such a state of panic that at daybreak they were actually for continuing the flight to Taveta

without a particle of food. This I would not hear of, and, after adding some additional thorns to the boma, I took a party of men, and visited the people up the mountain, where I collected sufficient food to keep us alive.

On the following morning, though it was raining heavily, no one proposed to remain in camp, and we started off accordingly; but it proved to be so cold, and the men had become so benumbed and paralyzed that I had to halt sooner than I had intended. Several of the men were so devoid of stamina that they would actually have laid themselves down and died rather than exert themselves, but for the warming influence of a stick.

Continuing our march, we reached the Kikavo, not however without adventure. I had got separated from my men, and was pushing on alone, when suddenly I emerged from a clump of bush, and stood facing a rhinoceros. In a twinkling my gun was at my shoulder, and bang it went, followed by a yell from myself—caused by the trigger-guard striking in its recoil a finger suffering from whitlow—a matter which I had at the moment forgotten till reminded in this painful manner. As I squirmed about in pain, I was heedless of rhinoceros or any other thing; I could only notice that like myself the animal twirled round as if dazed by the effect of the ball, till, recovering itself, it made slowly off. I did not attempt to follow it, but went on with twitching face, to rejoin my men, who on seeing my lugubrious expression, and my arm in nursing, thought some more serious mishap had befallen me.

On nearing the Kikavo our attention was absorbed, and my finger forgotten, by a sound, so completely resembling the low growling of lions that we all stood transfixed, plainly saying "Lions!" by our features. Fired at once by the thought of shooting one of their majesties, we proceeded to stalk them with all due caution. Nearer and nearer we got as we dodged from stone to stone, or bush to bush, our faces streaming with perspiration, and our hearts palpitating with excitement.

At last we seemed to be within a few feet of the royal animals, but we began to think this was rather too good a thing, as we could not see our quarry. I was canvassing my companions with inquiring looks as to what should be done, when we were instantaneously upset by a tremendous rush of over a hundred buffaloes. We had almost got right among them without seeing them. Disappointed in our expecta-

tions, and unable to get a shot in the dense bush, we proceeded to camp.

In the evening Beduè, when out hunting, saw and fired at a small herd of elephants. Taking Brahim with me, I started off next day in the hope of coming upon the elephants. Following their tracks made on the previous day, we wandered about for over an hour without seeing anything. We sighted a buffalo, however, and I gave it one shot which was evidently sufficient for it, as it went off slowly, with low, deep moans. We had to follow it very warily, as there is no more dangerous animal when wounded. At last we lost its spoor among the numerous new tracks, and having no time to devote to it, I went on to the Weri-weri, where I found my men had encamped. I made them, however, strike at once, and forward we hastened again. At the crossing-place of the Karanga I shot a waterbuck dead through the heart, and half a mile farther on a hartebeest by a ball in the eye from a distance of 200 yards.

We camped at the Kahè river, which we found nearly neck-deep. The day before it had evidently been swollen to the brim, and must have been quite impassable. The next march brought us to the Himu, and on the 12th of May we re-entered Taveta.

CHAPTER V.

PREPARATION FOR A NEW ATTEMPT.

It was no easy matter for me to assume a calm exterior on entering the forest, and facing my Wa-taveta and Wa-swahili friends, from whom I had parted less than a month before, full of such joyous anticipations. But I had to make the best of it, and appear unconcerned, though filled with the gall of disappointment.

If I had allowed myself to reason out my position, and state the matter frankly, I would have been compelled to admit that my case was desperate, and that with the caravan I had, and guides such as Sadi and Muhinna, there was little hope of my ever getting beyond the threshold of the Masai country, or, if once past, of ever getting back. I had, however, not yet lost confidence in my lucky star, and I battled

with the dark hosts of doubt and uncertainties which threatened to close around and paralyze all action. One thing I saw clearly, that it would never do to sit down and mope over my misfortunes. Prompt action was required. More goods must be got, and a few more men ; Muhinna, who, I was convinced, had acted traitorously, must be taken to the coast, and, if a substitute could be got, left there. At first I thought of sending Martin to do this work, as I was afraid of the consequences of leaving my now demoralized men in his charge ; but on second thoughts, I concluded that I should be able to do the work quicker and more satisfactorily, while I was convinced that inaction at the present low ebb of my affairs would kill me.

The trials of my situation were considerably aggravated by the action of my men. They became insolent and mutinous, and demanded to be led to the coast when they heard that I was going there. They threatened to desert, and altogether acted in a most outrageous manner. I remained firm, however, and would not give way one iota. The guns were once more taken possession of, and locked up, and by prompt punishments I brought them to their senses in a manner they little expected.

Two days sufficed to put my affairs in order, and, selecting four porters, two askari, and four head-men, Muhinna, Makatubu, Brahim, and Beduè, I started on May 15th. Two marches brought us to the Matatè stream, a distance by the road of little short of seventy miles. The third took us to Ndara, where I revisited Mr. Wray in his mountain sinecure, looking healthy, and evidently not becoming thin over his missionary labours.

Leaving Ndara, we performed a pedestrian feat which probably has never been equalled in the annals of African travelling. We had been informed that there was plenty of water on the road, and that we should certainly find the precious element between Maüngū and Taro. Acting on this assurance, we started at daybreak, with only a little drop of water in my bottle. We reached Maüngū shortly after 10 a.m., and rested for half an hour to eat a bit of fowl. We here finished off our water, and did not think it necessary to waste time ascending the mountain for a new supply. We had not, however, got well clear of Maüngū, before we saw abundant signs that the country was much drier than when we passed before. In fact the entire region was literally burnt up, and hardly a blade of green grass was to be seen.

Filled with apprehension, and regretting our thoughtlessness in trusting to native reports, we hurried on with a quickened step. By midday we began to feel thirsty, from the effects of the sweltering heat, and the consequent excessive perspiration, but doggedly we pushed on with steady but rapid tread. As the afternoon wore on, we had to resort to bullets and stones in our mouths as a slight temporary relief to our tortures. The men—the best of the entire caravan—began to lag sadly behind, and to complain of weak limbs, as well as of thirst, from the, to them, unusual pace we were going at. Nobody, however, stopped for his neighbour, and he might have been left to die for any assistance he would have got from his companions. We were still in hopes that a little drop of liquid mud might be found in a puddle which we had seen on our previous passage. It would be necessary, however, to reach it before darkness set in, or we should probably miss it. As none of the men had loads, I felt no compunction in putting my best foot foremost, and I stepped out at a pace that soon left every man behind me with the exception of Beduè, who, though the laziest man I had, could, when it pleased himself, make a splendid spurt. Even my rarely beat Brahim fairly caved in, and soon no one was to be seen, and no sound to be heard but the mechanical, crisp rasping of my heavy boots in the loose dry sand. My feet were at the boiling-point with the intense heat, the weight of the boots, and the incessant friction.

About sunset we neared the hole where we expected water, and we almost broke into a trot, so thoroughly parched were we, and so eager to know whether there was water or not. A few more steps—a brightening of our faces, as we saw a pleasing ring of delicate green grass, which seemed to betoken water, and then our hopes utterly collapsed, as we stood in the deluding circle and stared blankly at the empty hole. “Goodness! there is not a drop!” “Allah! Hapanna maji!” broke simultaneously from our lips, as I sank down on the ground to rest, while Beduè dug into the soil with his hands, to see if there was no water beneath—a labour performed in vain. I ordered him then to fire his gun, to make the stragglers believe we had found water, so as to hurry them up.

In about half an hour, just as darkness set in, they trooped in, thinking their troubles were over. I was ashamed of my ruse, on seeing the intense disappointment of my men, who seemed to feel thirst more than I did; for, though they

drink as a rule very little water, yet they break down with surprising rapidity if that little is not forthcoming: and with regard to that, as well as to most other trials of endurance, I have come to the conclusion, from a considerable experience, that any hardy Englishman can beat any ordinary coast negro in the long-run. The latter seems to begin at his best, the former seems always to improve. I have never yet met a negro who could walk with me, either for a short, quick spurt, or a long, steady trial of endurance.

The expression of dismay having subsided, we took counsel with each other as to what we should do. We unanimously decided that as the rest of the road was fairly open, though somewhat thorny, it would be better to go right on, as it would be killing work to wait till next day, and tramp on in the terrific heat without a drop of water.

On coming to this conclusion, we started at once to our feet, and proclaiming a *saue qui peut*, every one strode forward according to his abilities. We thought not of lions in the path, nor heeded the hideous cries of hyenas,—for to these wilds did they resort during the day, going long distances during the night in search of meat and water. Through the deep darkness we pressed on silently, feeling our way by means of the rut worn by the feet of yearly caravans, rather than by anything we could see. Overhanging branches struck our faces, and thorns scratched the outstretched hands held out to protect them, but stoically we suppressed all expressions of pain, only warning those behind to be on the look-out.

About midnight the gathering clouds which now overcast the sky began to drizzle out a dripping rain, which mightily refreshed us, and shortly after, a great sighing and moaning from the distance told us that a storm of some kind might be expected. Gradually it advanced, the drizzle gave place to big drops, which raised a noisy pattering on the trees, and we hailed with delight a drenching torrent of rain. Putting my handkerchief over my head, it was speedily soaked, and then I sucked it with intense enjoyment. Greatly relieved inwardly, though uncomfortable in other respects, we floundered on, ever imagining that we must be near Taro, only to find our hopes disappointed.

At 3 a.m., to our great joy, however, we found we were descending a ridge, which I knew must be near Taro. With husky voice I shouted out the fact, only to get a sepulchral response from Songoro, “my boy,” who was now my only

follower. Beduè had fallen behind; Brahim had been nowhere all day, much to his mortification; and Songoro had unexpectedly come to the front. My feet, now fearfully tender, soon further convinced me that we were near water, as, on stepping on to the firm bare rock of the *ungurunga* I could hardly endure the excruciating pain. I felt as if I was walking on thorns, so acute were the sensations. A little farther on I stumbled into a joint, nearly breaking my leg, and giving myself a painful shock. Recovering myself, I staggered forward a short distance, and literally flopped down in a pool of water; there I drank till I reached the bursting-point, and then seeing the futility of trying to get any better shelter in the dense darkness, or of raising a fire in the drenching rain, I threw myself down on the bare rocks, heedless alike of the elements and the imminent risks from wild beasts, and was only roused from a deep sleep by one or two of the men falling over me, as they groped their way to the water.

In the morning I awoke, feeling, to my astonishment, nothing the worse for my exposure, or for the enormous draughts of water I had drunk. These I resumed at once, and then was further refreshed by finding a nice rocky pool, where I stripped, and washed myself all over; Brahim and Beduè had reached the water during the night. With great difficulty they contrived to raise a fire, at which I managed to dry my clothes piecemeal, as I sat and munched some boiled Indian corn with much satisfaction. The other men, who had stuck on the road when the rain came on, now appeared one by one or in pairs, and soon we were all convened, looking rather seedy after our twenty-two hours' march, during which we could not have covered less than the—I may say—unique distance of at least seventy miles. In a *straight* line, the distance from Ndara to Taro is forty-five *geographical* miles, which makes fifty-three English miles; and those who know the marvellously serpentine course of an African pathway will see how clearly within the mark I am in speaking of a seventy miles' march.

After some food and rest we resumed our tramp at 11 a.m.,—in a very gingerly manner, however, from the extreme tenderness of our scalded feet. Late in the evening we halted at an *ungurunga*, where we spent another night in the rain, worse off than Rebmann under his historical umbrella. On the following day we went on with wet clothes through a drenching rain without any food. In our now fagged con-

dition, the slippery, muddy pathways made it more difficult to go on. The whole country presented a remarkable contrast to its appearance when we passed two months before. Then everything was burnt up, and in the sere and yellow leaf. Now the country near the coast was literally soaked. A fresh clothing of delicate green grass covered the ground. Trees were bursting with new life and shooting forth new leaves and sprouts. Numerous flowers to diversify the landscape and plantations, promised rich yields of the native cereals and vegetables. The Ngombè *nullah*, which had been dry when we passed previously, was now a rushing stream scarcely fordable.

At 12 a.m. we halted to cook some Indian corn-cobs, and then resumed our march till, passing Kwalè, we heard the distant roaring of the ocean breaking on the coral reefs, and shortly after 4 p.m., we entered the Rabai mission station, to be greeted with expressions of alarm and astonishment. We had thus in six marches cleared a distance of 138 English miles in a *straight* line, &c. ; adding one to every two (an exceedingly low estimate) as an allowance for *détours* and windings, the actual walking would be 202, or nearly 34 miles a day. My men were all well-nigh exhausted. In myself the chief effect was tender and skinned feet, from marching so incessantly in a broiling heat or with wet boots.

My first business on reaching Mombasa was to despatch a note to Zanzibar by Brahim, who for this purpose had to walk on to Pangani, a feat he performed in five days.

I shall not inflict upon the reader a tedious recital of all the events which marked my weary stay at Mombasa ; how I failed in my attempt to get another man fit to replace Muhinna (who meanwhile was ignorant that I suspected him) ; of the almost complete failure to enlist new men, some to go to Taveta, some to the Masai ; of the irritating behaviour of those I did enlist almost driving me mad, though making me profoundly thankful that I had not attempted to raise my original caravan at the coast. My temper was not improved by a plague of boils, which gave me no ease, whatever position I might assume. The one green oasis in this sickening work was the generous hospitality of Messrs. Lane and Taylor, who not only treated me as a favoured guest, but also did everything in their power to assist me.

On the 5th of June I was surprised to hear the rattling of an anchor chain, and running out to Taylor's verandah, I

had the rare satisfaction of seeing my old friend H.B.M. Steam Tug No. 11, otherwise known as the *Suez*. Colonel Miles, on receiving my letters, had at once attended to all my requests, and in the course of a day had got everything together, and as no dhow could go north at that season of the year, he got Captain Luxmore to lend the tug. There were also kindly remembrances from Mrs. Miles, who made up a special box of good things and a bundle of newspapers. The most pleasant thing of all, however, was letters from both, expressing strong belief in my ultimate success, and encouraging me to another attempt. I was sorely in need of some such stimulant, and they had all the effect they were without doubt intended to have. I was more surprised at receiving the Sultan's salaams, a present of three boxes of gunpowder, and a letter from him to Dugumbi of Taveta, which I may here transcribe in English:—

"From H.H. Sayyid Bargash bin Said.

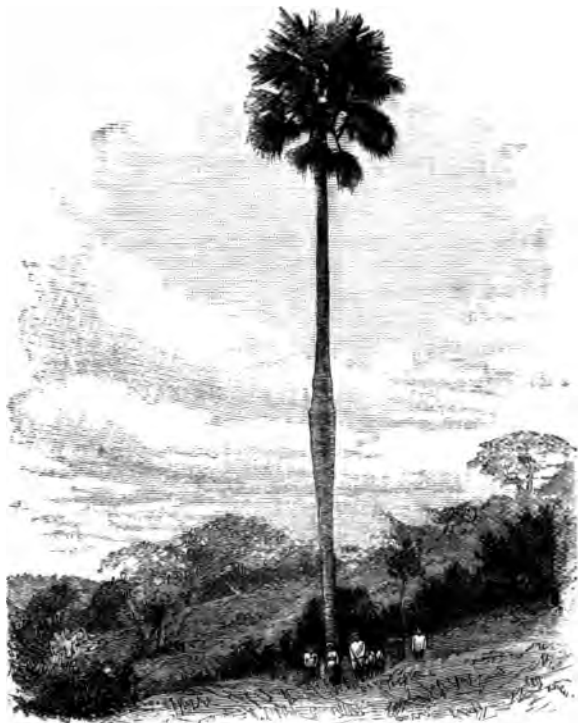
"To Dugumbi, the slave of Saleh bin Salem.

(After compliments.) "Our friend Mr. Thomson is travelling in the interior, and will probably pass through your district. I desire you to be ready in his service, and treat him with perfect respect. Allow no one to interfere with him, and take care that he receives no injury, for he is our respected friend. Salaams, &c."

I now hurried on my preparations more rapidly, finished off my correspondence, and might have started in a couple of days, but for the annoying behaviour of almost every man. They struck for more wages, or they deserted or they got drunk for days together. Muhinna, I am certain, helped to make matters worse, and did all he could, without running the risk of being directly found out, to retard or make my start impossible. I was getting rapidly reduced to a condition in which I was afraid I would blow some culprit's brains out. Some I captured and shut up in a house. Others who had deserted, were brought to their senses in the fort. The houses of those who could not be found I took possession of, and, after bundling out their families, put them up for sale. These high-handed proceedings had a most salutary effect, and in the end, after manifold trouble, I found myself for the second time at Rabai, on the 19th of June, ready for a start, with the following remarkable collection of men. There were 25 Mombasa men, 8 mission boys from Frere Town, 12 ditto from Rabai, 8 Zanzibar (original lot), 7 Waduruma, 7 Wa-teita, and 1 M-nyika. These carried 21 loads

of senengè (thick iron wire), 10 loads of cloth, 5 of beads, 3 of gunpowder, 2 of stores, the rest miscellaneous.

I shall not ask my readers to follow me in detail on our way back to Ndara. Our experiences were similar to those characteristic of the first march; only we were much more heavily laden. Before reaching Gorah, two Wa-duruma



BORASSUS PALM.

deserted. Past Taro, three Mombasa men cleared off, favoured by a night-march. Before reaching Maüngū, head-men and all were carrying loads, while I rushed off ahead by myself to the mountain, and returned loaded with water to relieve the most distressed. I then carried in a load of goods on my own shoulder. As it was, some lay out all night without water.

On reaching Ndara, I for the third time revisited Mr. Wray,

and found him looking as stout and fat, though not quite so jolly, as any typical English farmer. I soon learned that he felt himself anything but safe and comfortable among his primitive flock the Wa-teita, and was allowing his thoughts to run riot on the most disastrous possibilities. He had a revolver always handy, and had laid in an extra supply of guns. He talked about closing up some holes in his house where arrows might be shot in, and of prospecting the road in case it should become necessary to retreat. The elders of the place had discovered his weak points, and were making the most absurd demands. On my arrival, they had just gathered in solemn conclave to lay down a tariff of prices at which he must buy whatever they pleased to bring him. What did he want there when he would not buy their ivory or slaves? "We see you do nothing!" was their constant remark. All this very much exercised Mr. Wray's spirit, though fortunately it did not disturb his appetite, and he was glad to see me appear at this crisis.

Next day matters came to a climax. They gathered once more to blockade the house and renew their demands. I ordered them out of the way. They then moved along the pathway a bit, and sat down, not allowing the mission boys to go and draw water. So far I had not thought it necessary to interfere in the ridiculously comical affair, but now, seeing my dinner threatened, I thought it was time to show Mr. Wray how these things should be taken in hand in Africa. Seizing a stick, and putting on my most awe-inspiring expression, I promptly "went for" the hoary-headed old sinners. On my approaching and opening fire upon them, they shrank in terror before the uplifted stick and the bloodthirsty threats. I told them if they wanted to fight I was ready to meet them, as I thirsted for their blood. I then seized the ringleader and gave him a good shaking, applying my foot to his beam end to hasten his departure. I yelled out to them that if I saw one of them come near the house again, I would shoot him like a hyena! They all fled with dismay, while Wray betrayed his admiration of the proceedings. He has, I believe, proved a most apt pupil, having become the very incarnation of the church militant on Ndara, and consequently acquired the respect of the inhabitants.

The hyenas in Ndara are described as excessively voracious, and frequently drag children out of the houses and kill people at night. Mr. Wray showed me a lynx which had been caught on the mountain.

On returning to my men, I found I had to tackle the mission boys from Rabai. They demanded either an increase of their wages or their loads reduced, declaring that if I did not yield, they would desert. I laughed at them, and told them they might try the latter course; only, if they escaped my bullets, they might expect to spend a few months in the fort. They succumbed at once when they saw that my method of dealing with malcontents was somewhat different from the mild rule of the missionaries who spoil them utterly by their mistaken methods of kindness, and treat them too much as equals.

At Gnambua (Maina's) I was surprised at the respectful reception I received, so different from the robbery and trouble which marked my previous visit. I soon learned the reason. One of the men who stole the two guns from the camp, died a day or two after, and this was ascribed to some dark magic of mine, which so frightened the other thief that he had actually carried the gun to Taveta and given it up, a proceeding which then very much puzzled me. I was now looked upon as a M-chawi or powerful professor of black magic, and respected accordingly.

While we stayed here to collect food for the march to Taveta, I resolved to hasten on myself to Taveta, for the purpose of sending back a detachment of men to carry water and relieve the recruits, as there would be no water as far as Lanjora.

Taking with me Brahim and Songoro as my sole attendants, I started at noon on my hazardous journey across the desert. About sunset we reached our former camping-place of Mbuyuni, where we rested for half an hour, discussing a grilled fowl and drinking some water from our calabashes. Resuming our march, we tramped on in a fine starlit night. We were occasionally startled by galloping zebras, or by antelopes bounding out of our way, and more than once the distant, awe-inspiring roars of lions made us feel rather queer. However, on we stumbled, and tripped along what had once been a footpath, though succeeding rains had transformed it into an irregular drain that was infinitely painful to traverse, causing our feet to knock against our ankles, or our ankles to be almost twisted out of joint, and bringing us several times down on our knees. At last, however, about 2 a.m., we reached Lanjora, but in the deep darkness that now prevailed, we lost the footpath, and could not find water. We therefore resolved to halt till morning, though in far from a pleasant position. There were nothing but thorns about,

and the attempt to find out a little firewood only resulted in painful scratches and the discovery of a few small pieces. These, to our great relief, we after some difficulty contrived to light,—for we were beginning to feel extremely uneasy as a lion was roaring in our immediate neighbourhood. At last the flame flared up, only to reveal nervous apprehension in each face. On looking at each other, the same thought seemed to go through our minds, and we laughed somewhat idiotically and painfully.

The lion still continued to roar at intervals, and it was evidently moving in a circle round us. This kept us awake for a time, for as our fire was of the smallest, and would soon burn out, we dared not go to sleep. At last our fire began to glimmer fitfully, and we felt we must try to find more firewood. The proceeding was one we all shrank from in that dark wilderness. Some, however, had to be got, and so we agreed all to sally out together. Brahim and Songoro groped about among the bushes, and I stood over them with gun held ready, peering into the intense darkness, while "Toby," a small terrier half-breed, a present from Mr. Taylor, clung to my heels apparently in mortal terror. On securing a few sticks we returned in great trepidation, feeling somewhat electrically charged. It was now arranged that one should watch while the others tried to obtain a snooze. Songoro took the first watch, and in our worn-out state we were soon sound asleep.

But people do not sleep in such situations as they do in a comfortable bed at home, and well for us it was that we had one ear open. A curious, terrified whine suddenly made us all jump to our feet, and with a common impulse stir up the fire till a shower of sparks sprang into the air. Our guns, never from our hands even in sleeping, were held ready, as, turning our backs to the fire, we peered with suppressed breath, body held down and face forward, into the darkness. Not a creature was to be seen; but a faint rustling from the grass beyond, told us that we had had a dangerous visitor, without a doubt the lion. Looking round, we found that the whine had proceeded from Toby, who was shaking in every limb, and still emitting a terror-laden noise. He had certainly saved some one of us from a horrid death, as Songoro had succumbed to his weariness and fallen asleep, leaving the fire to die almost out. Brahim now took his turn, and soon we were again asleep, heedless of everything; but happily we remained undisturbed till a

twilight-like light passing into a deep crimson glow told us morn had come.

Three hours more, and we re-entered for the third time the Tavetan forest's shady depths, awaking the thundering echoes by our guns. We were speedily surrounded by the porters and the Swahili traders, who ran about like madmen, firing off their guns, shaking and kissing my hand amid vociferously expressed salutations. I soon had all anxiety laid aside, as on every hand I was told that all was well. Presently I met



NEW QUARTERS AT TAVETA.

Martin, looking pale and thin, and too much overpowered by his feelings to do anything but press my hand, as he conducted me towards our quarters. To my astonishment and admiration, I was led into the centre of a pretty rustic village, where once had stood the rankest jungle. In the midst of the circle stood a fine baraza or palaver house in the fashion of the Arabs, and beside it a well-built dwelling. From a tall pole waved the English flag, flaunting its colours proudly in mid-air. I could hardly believe my eyes when told

that this magical transformation was Martin's work, and that these were our quarters. I was now conducted inside our cosy grass-built house, and while refreshing the outer and inner man, I listened with intense interest to Martin's tale of trial and trouble.

And now that we have once more got settled down in comfortable quarters, let us enjoy the luxury of "easy-chair geographers," and in imagination take a comprehensive view of the main geographical features of the Coast Region, and Kilimanjaro; for without such a survey we should feel that there was a want of back-bone to our narrative; in other words, our tale would be scientifically without a moral.

It must have struck the most casual reader of African travel, that the glimpses I have presented to him of the characteristics of the country traversed as far as Taveta, exhibit a region totally different from what we are accustomed to as sketched by the hands of Burton and Speke, Cameron and Stanley, or even such as I have myself depicted in the records of my first expedition. We read in all these narratives of a narrow strip of coast lowlands suddenly terminated westward by a splendid mountain range, or more properly plateau escarpment, which, springing abruptly from the plains, towers cloudward, and seems to raise a barrier against all approach to the interior. Whichever may be the route attempted, the main features are still the same. Pass by Saadani through U-zeguha, by Bagamoyo through U-kami and U-sagara, or through U-zaramo, U-khutu, and the Rufuta Mountains, or still farther south through U-zaramo, U-khutu, Mahenge to U-hehè, and you still meet with the low, gently rising coast strip and the picturesque and abrupt mountain barrier before the true interior can be reached. This more southerly region has also other characteristics. We might imagine in the manner of our old romances that some all-powerful evil genius held sway over the land, and kept some lovely damsel or great treasure deep hidden in the interior, surrounded by a land teeming with horrors and guarded by the foul monsters of disease, of darkness and savagery. That land is the pestilential coast region whereso many adventurous modern knight-errants have been doomed to die in their attempts to reveal to the world the fair spirit of Africa. Whichever way the traveller chooses, he finds foul swamps and marshes, swarming with horrid creeping, slimy things, and through these he must wade by the hour together. He leaves the

swamp, to slip and flounder over black fetid mud from which rise unpleasant exhalations. Rain falls frequently in torrents, and numerous almost unfordable streams obstruct his way. Rotting vegetation fills the air with poisonous gases, and the water he drinks is charged with the germs of disease. It would be well if he had to encounter only such physical difficulties, but, alas! such is not the case. The spirits of disease, like hell-hounds let loose, seize hold of him. They present no shape to the material eye, but from every swamp, marsh, and mud-stretch they rise invisible. They are drawn in by every breath, or drunk in each drop of water. Ague shakes him with its mighty hand till his teeth rattle together, dysentery strikes agonizing darts into his most vital parts, or fever clings to him like the shirt of Nessus, burning into his very heart. You may think that this picture is overdrawn, but such is not the case. I speak from dire experience, and I need but refer the reader to the works of almost every traveller to find my description substantiated. It is true, however, that it is not *always* thus; and doubtless a more thorough knowledge of the seasons and of the best times to travel may have modified the experiences of some later explorers.

The thoughtful reader, acquainted with these familiar facts, will have noticed that the country traversed as far as Taveta presents none of these features. We have met with no pestilential coast region, and though travelling in the height of the wet season, we have found no swamps or marshes. On the contrary, we suffer hardships for want of water, as we traverse upon the whole a singularly arid region. Neither have we been called upon to ascend any plateau escarpment, or cross any mountain range. A gentle rise, not noticeable to the eye, has carried us over a smooth or slightly undulating country culminating at Taveta in a height of 2350 feet. We have crossed, it is true, a narrow, low-lying area close to the coast, and made a sudden ascent of some 700 feet to Rabai; but this is in no sense comparable to the features we have described further south. Geologically it has no connection; and geographically a short examination shows that the Rabai hills are a mere local excrescence, with no earthly resemblance to the continental feature of coast mountains succeeding to lowlands.

From Rabai of U-nyika we cross the slightly broken country of Duruma till the Ngombè *nullah* is reached. Here the country breaks into a more varied landscape, and a

second slight step is made in elevation. Then before reaching the Ziwa Ariangulo or Taro a steady, gentle ascent brings us at an elevation of 2000 feet to the *ungurunga* or rock basin of that place. After Taro we leave behind us the sandstone and slightly broken area which geologically represents the coast lowlands further south, and enter the metamorphic region, here not marked by a towering mountain barrier, and indeed showing no surface indication beyond the glaring red of the resulting soil, and the more barren and sterile aspect of the uncultivated waste. We have at this point reached an elevation of 2100 feet, and over the next eighty miles to Taveta the rise is so slight and so imperceptible that we require the aid of our instruments to tell us that we have ascended nearly 300 feet.

An unbroken plain, however, does not lie in dreary monotony before us. Far from it. The Teita mountains diversify and somewhat restrict the view, and form pleasing oases in what would otherwise be a dreary scene. They have, however, little connection with each other, and cannot be compared to the U-sagara mountains, as they rise in isolated masses from the plain and have no background of plateau to which they lead up. They are simply as I have already described them, an archipelago of islands rising from a muddy or a light green sea, according as you view them in the height of the dry or in the wet season. They are, however, picturesque in outline, with craggy masses protruding on their surfaces, precipices making certain parts inaccessible, peaks, and domes, and ridges of the gneiss and garnetiferous schists which compose their mass. The peaks of Bura reach a height of considerably over 7000 feet, Kasigao or Kadiaro 5355, and Ndara 6633 feet.

From Rabai to Taveta the traveller is not called upon to flounder through a single marsh or swamp. On the contrary, he would thank God to see such a feature to the east of Maungū or to the west of Bura. Over a distance of 120 geographical miles in a straight line, he crosses but one stream, the Matatè, which in the wet season is little more than ten feet broad and four feet deep. It rises on the side of Bura, and flows south. Some say it goes to Wassin; others, that it joins the Umba river; while a third party hold that it disappears in the wilderness. Probably the last are correct. Near its head-waters a second stream, the Vôi, of somewhat larger dimensions, rises, and flowing east, past the north end of Ndara, reaches, though not always, the sea a little north of

Takaüngū. On the eastern side of Bura, in the district of Gnambua and Maina's, rises another small stream, which, flowing westward, speedily becomes absorbed in the desert.

This state of things puts the traveller frequently to considerable straits for water, and causes him to depend largely upon the *ungurungas* or rock-basins such as are found at Taro and Gorah, or, still worse, upon small hollows after the rains, which assist the passage of the wilderness to Taveta. Yet it removes to a large extent the sources of the fevers and other diseases which have been so long the greatest barrier to African research. With a little precaution in his drinking, no traveller need fear to face up-country travel. He will find he has to make some very hard marches, but that is nothing to any man of robust health. On the other hand, he will find that the air is exhilarating and almost bracing compared with that of the damp, moisture-laden coast. Mosquitoes are almost unknown, and with cool nights he will be able to enjoy refreshing sleep.

Speaking of the climate leads me to remark on the very abrupt line which limits the regions over which the interior rains and the coast rains fall. On my first journey to Taveta, no rain had fallen at the coast, and as far as Taro water was procured with much difficulty. At that place, however, and beyond it, we everywhere saw evidence of rain having fallen, though only in showers, to be speedily sucked up by the arid soil, leaving little trace behind, except one or two puddles and a greater freshness of foliage. In March and July the rains were falling at Teita. On our way back in May we found the rains practically over in Teita, and the short-lived period of showers rapidly giving place to the sere and yellow leaf which marks the normal condition of the surrounding plain. On reaching Taro, however, and between it and the coast, we had a drenching daily. The country was soaked with the heavy fall, and everything was bursting with renewed life.

Now, *why* Taro should mark so distinctly the point of change, it would be difficult to say, for it has no prominent hills or other features which might account for the curious fact. Such, however, is the case. I leave others to suggest an explanation.

Let us now turn our attention to the "Mount Olympus of those parts." But at the very outset let me confess that I shrink from the task of attempting to convey any idea of this colossal mountain. I feel that the subject is beyond the power of my puny pen, and that here, after all, I am very

much on a level with the untutored Masai savage, who simply stands awe-struck before the sublime spectacle, and tells you it is the "Ngájé Ngái," or house of God.

The term Kilima-Njaro has generally been understood to mean the Mountain (Kilima) of Greatness (Njaro). This probably is as good a derivation as any other, though not improbably it may really mean the "White" mountain, as I believe the term "Njaro" has in former times been used to denote whiteness, and though this application of the word is now obsolete on the coast, it is still heard among some of the interior tribes. Either translation is equally applicable, and we need raise no dispute on such a trivial question. By the Wa-chaga the mountain is not known under one name, the two masses which form it being respectively named Kibo and Kimawenzi. By the Masai, whose proper names are almost always descriptive of some essential feature, it is known as Donyo (mountain) Ebor (white), from the eternal snow which forms such a striking phenomenon on the dome or crater of Kibo.

Kilimanjaro, in its horizontal and vertical extension, may be described as a great, irregular, pear-shaped mass with its major axis in a line running north-west and south-east, the tapering point running into the heart of the Masai country. On this line it is nearly sixty miles long. Its minor axis, running at right angles, reaches only to some thirty miles. As we have already had occasion to remark, the mountain is divided into the great central mass of Kibo, and the lower conical peak of Kimawenzi. Towards the north-west, it shades away into a long ridge which gradually tapers horizontally and vertically till it becomes merged in the Masai plain.

The southern aspect of this stupendous mountain (which Von der Decken by triangulation has ascertained to be little short of 19,000 feet at its highest point on Kibo) forms the country of Chaga, which may be described as a great platform, basement, or terrace, from which the dome and peak abruptly rise. This platform may be described as rising from 4000 to 6000 feet, over ten miles of rounded ridges, and characterized by deep glens at its broadest part. The features of this region, though in themselves rich and pleasing in the extreme, and presenting a smiling aspect with variegated plantations, yet somewhat detract from the imposing grandeur of the mountain, as the eye has to wander a distance of more than fifteen miles, before Kibo, at a height

of some 12,000 feet, springs precipitously heavenward. The features of the lower aspect are disappointingly even and monotonous. You look in vain for rugged rocks, or overhanging precipices, for striking angularities, or for inequalities in the shape of peaks or other excrescences. Rounded outlines everywhere meet the gaze. There is nothing savage. There are no striking effects of light and shade: a dull monotone rules both in form and colour. The scene is entirely suggestive of solidity and repose, of serene majesty asleep. The finest effects, indeed, are to be seen when great cumulus clouds tumble and roll across the face of the mountains, now closing in the scene, anon breaking up and whirled into fragments, throwing a checkered shade over the mountain slopes. Such is the aspect of the mountain across the greater part of Chaga. Towards the great western ridge, however, the scene is more striking, for here the clear sweep of the mountain may be seen unbroken from top to bottom, the Chaga platform having disappeared, or at least bulking but little in the view. The ridge itself, as it circles round Machamè, presents a view more in accordance with our idea of mountain scenery—a series of gloomy gorges, and black rocks carved out by the ceaseless erosive action of the Kikavo, the Weri-weri, and the Karanga. It is here also that Kibo presents its most imposing phase, as with great abruptness it springs from the Shira ridge, and hardly permits the accumulation of snow on its steep western face.

It is from the north side, however (and here we must anticipate the course of our narrative), that the grandest view of the whole mountain can be obtained. Standing a short distance off on the great Njiri plain, we see the entire mountain horizontally and vertically, without moving the head. Rising from the almost level sandy plain at an altitude of about 3000 feet, it springs at an even angle to a sheer height of 15,000 feet, unbroken by a single irregularity or projecting buttress. No cones or hills diversify its surface. Neither gorge nor valley cuts deep into its sides. You see on your left the great cone of Kimawenzi with only one or two slight indentations sweeping round in a saddle-shaped depression, to spring up into a dome of the most perfect proportions, curving over as if projected by an architect's hand, rather than that of nature, which abhors unbroken lines.

The snow-cap shows here to great advantage, forming a close-fitted, glittering helmet artistically laid on the massive head of Kibo, and at times looking not unlike the aureole, as

represented in many old pictures of saints, as it scintillates with dazzling effect under the tropical sun. The resemblance to an aureole is made all the more complete by the manner in which long tongues or lines of snow extend down the mountain side, filling up a series of seams or flutings, formed, doubtless, by the erosive action of the melting snow, which, going on incessantly, counterbalances the continuous fall. Here still more than on the south side is Kilimanjaro lacking in the picturesque. You are not startled or bewildered by a multiplicity of detail. The magnificent mass only suggests a divine repose and grandeur. It impresses you by its stupendous size. In contemplating it you experience much the same sensations as when you stand by the sea-side on a calm day, gazing into the boundless distance, filled by that dreamy, pleasing melancholy, rising into awe, with which many aspects of nature inspire its votaries. Nature, indeed, seems to consider this spectacle too sacred to be always seen, and keeps it, as a rule, enveloped in soft, grey mists and *stratus* clouds. Occasionally its god-like presence is revealed as it greets the dawning sun and bathes in the rich hues and crimson glow of the early rays, to be immediately after hidden by a weird, ghost-like haze, which suddenly springing up no larger than the hand, spreads with remarkable rapidity, till nothing but a blank expanse of grey meets the gaze. And yet the scene does not always close thus; for not uncommonly the upper part of Kibo is descried away up in mid-heaven, cut off apparently from all earthly connection, shining clear and bright with dazzling effulgence, suggesting a sight of the very heavens opened, a marvel of whiteness, and most fitting emblem of ethereal purity. This certainly is the most striking spectacle presented by Kilimanjaro. As seen projected against the upper sky like a mirage, it gives the spectator the notion of stupendous height, and as I have already said, all that he can whisper to himself is the awe-struck words of the Masai warrior, "Ngajé Ngai!" (The House of God.)

The most remarkable physical fact about the entire mountain, however, is that not a single stream descends its sides, except on the southern aspect. A score of streams may be counted in Chaga, many of them of very considerable size, but all rise on the southern side of the mountain, and joining in the plain below, form the Pangani river. It is true that the Lumi and the Tzavo rise on the eastern side, but then they appear in their full volume *at the base* of the mountain.

They without doubt come down from the upper regions, but by underground channels. On the west side there is but one small stream, the Ngare N'Erobi, which also rises at the base. On the north there is not a single stream either descending or welling forth below, and the only signs of any such are a few small springs which rise in different parts of the Njiri desert, where they form small pools, or supply the more extensive swamps of Njiri itself. The explanation of this very striking phenomenon is beyond my ken. All I can say is that there seems to be no geographical reason to account for it, and we must simply suppose that some peculiarity of internal structure determines the direction of the drainage.

Before dismissing the geographical features of the mountain, it remains but to be added that the only inhabited part is the Chaga platform, which offers favourable conditions for agriculture in the projecting terrace, its rich soil, and the numerous streams which lend themselves profitably to irrigation (one of the features of the land). It is only, however, the centre and lower slopes of the terrace that are cultivated, as the climate is too cold and trying for the aborigines above 5000 feet. Though the terrace does not extend round to the east side of Kimawenzi, yet we find it occupied by the Wachaga of Rombo, Useri, and Kimangelia, who cultivate the lower slopes, and are very numerous. Chaga, it may be observed, is all broken up into a number of small states, which would hardly make a gentleman's estate in this country. The inhabitants, however, fight like bull-dogs for hearth and home, and are incessantly at war with each other. There is absolutely no intercourse, and it is war to the knife whenever they meet. Mandara, the most noted of all the warrior chiefs, has long had imperial views, and has murdered and devastated hard to carry them into effect; but though he has, time after time, laid waste the neighbouring states, he has as yet reduced none to submission, though many to starvation, so tenaciously do they stick to their districts and mountain freedom.

The whole of the northern side of Kilimanjaro is a solitude, owing to its extremely precipitous nature, there being no projecting platforms, and no streams; and, indeed, even though it were otherwise, the proximity of the Masai would of itself be sufficient to deter any one from settling there.

We can hardly dismiss the subject of Kilimanjaro without saying something about its origin. It requires a considerable stretch of the imagination to turn from the contemplation of eternal snows to the consideration of a state of things in

which fire was the dominant feature; yet that is what I ask you to do now. Can you realize the fact that the placid repose of that majestic mountain, heaven-piercing in its icy heights, was at one time non-existent, but that here was the scene of the most fearful and sublime manifestation of nature's fervid forces—that where the snow now falls softly and noiselessly, weaving a dazzling crown of marvellous whiteness, the molten rock was once belched forth in glowing streams, or hurled amidst terrific thunders and clouds of steam heavenward, to fall in crashing ruins around the orifice? Can you imagine this colossal mountain shaken and rent to its very centre by its mighty birth-throes, waving and quivering in fearful pulsation, like the slender reed before the breeze? Yes, all this has taken place, and that recently in a geological sense; for there stands the crater, so perfect in shape that it might have been in action the previous year, while its sides practically remain as when the last shower of ashes strewn its surface. Such is Kibo at the present day.

Let me try to trace the sequence of events which have produced Kilimanjaro. An examination tells us that in the serrated peak and rugged sides of Kimawenzi we see the original volcano, which, without doubt, existed long before there was a trace of its neighbour Kibo. Kimawenzi, after the imprisoned earth-forces found vent, rose in size and grandeur, added layer after layer to its height and circumference by a continual alternation of lava sheets and beds of agglomerate and tuff. It appears probable that it welled or belched out its contents without any of those terrific outbursts by which whole mountains are blown into the air or enormous areas submerged under a molten flood; for, curiously enough, we find no evidence that any of its lava flows ever extended beyond the base of the mountain, or ashes accumulated to any depth in the surrounding country. At the present day the metamorphic rocks are seen to crop out at its very base on the east and south-east, and we have no reason to suppose that they ever were covered by lava rocks. As this—for a volcano—gentle accumulation went on, the hypogene agents would have more and more difficulty in forcing the lava up the now elongated vent or orifice, and a time would come when the weight of the column would, in the end, balance the strength of the forces below. We can now imagine the terrible struggle that would ensue as the pent-up gases laboured mightily to relieve the pressure. Doubtless for a time they would succeed occasionally in

clearing off the incubus and getting temporary outlet. At last even that would fail, and the volcano was doomed either to become extinct or find another vent. After some grand convulsions the latter was effected, and a new volcano began its existence to the west of Kimawenzi. In process of time it soon rivalled its neighbour in size, and finally towered above it, battering Kimawenzi's hoary head—probably then snow-capped—with showers of stones, and even threatening to obliterate it under the volcanic ejections. Meanwhile Kimawenzi, now no longer under a reign of fire, with its volcanic life-work finished, began, like all things earthly, to crumble away before the slow-boring influence of apparently puny agents. Rain, snow, and frost worked on insidiously but steadily, and soon told their usual tale of denudation as they gradually loosened and washed away the loose ashes which formed the crater, undermined the more compact lavas, and hurled them to the bottom of the mountain; until finally the solid core which had originally choked the orifice, stood out a shattered, weather-beaten pinnacle, with only a slight indentation to mark the line of the original crater. The beautiful concave curve, so characteristic of large volcanoes, is still to be seen from the east, and speaks of the once handsome proportions of Kimawenzi.

The fate which befell Kimawenzi eventually came upon Kibo. A height was reached which baffled all the attempts of Vulcan to raise the lava to the surface, and, like the other, it became extinct. Evidently, however, the imprisoned forces had either spent their original strength, or they frittered away their terrible energies in the production of numerous parasitic or secondary cones, instead of uniting in another grand effort and producing a third great volcano.

These cones were spread in great numbers all along the southern side of Kibo and Kimawenzi, and set themselves to the task of strengthening or buttressing them up. An enormous mass of lavas and agglomerates was belched forth, resulting eventually in the formation of what I have called the Chaga terrace or platform, and the long ridge which penetrates far into the Masai country. These manifestations of volcanic energy were continued far into what, geologically speaking, are recent times, and the geologists may view the small cones in many instances as perfectly preserved as when they were at work.

The most interesting relic of the reign of fire is presented by the beautiful crater lake of Chala, which lies a short

distance to the east of the base of Kimawenzi, and only a few miles north of Taveta. It represents probably the latest manifestation of energy, a manifestation extending indeed into historical times, for the natives have a tradition that at one time a great Masai village stood on its site and was blown into the air, and they tell you that at times you may still hear from its liquid depths the lowing of cattle and bleating of sheep, as well as other village sounds. The shape of the lake is that of an irregular polygon, about two miles in diameter, and little short of six miles in circumference. It occupies the centre of a small hill with very irregular rim, 400 feet above the eastern plain at its lowest point, and quite 800 at its highest, where it runs up into a peak. The outer slopes are formed by beds of lapilli and tuff, which incline away all round at the same angle as the hill itself. Internally the lake is bounded by perfectly perpendicular cliffs without a break at any point, at least as far as I could discover, though the natives of Taveta say there is a place where the descent can be made; indeed, its discoverer, New, declares that he reached the water, and drank of it. I went all round it, and though I am not deficient in enterprise or nerve, I saw no place where I dared descend, not even though I could have swung from creeper to creeper like a monkey.

The water evidently lies at the level of the outer plain, which would make the precipice walls little short of 400 feet at the lowest point, and nearly 800 at the highest. A more charming scene my eyes have never lighted upon than this rock-encircled pond, away at a dizzy depth in the bowels of the hill. Dense masses of vegetation cover in with tender and artistic hand the bald, bare rocks, and hang in festoons, or spread from bush to bush, sheltering numerous feathered denizens which wake the echoes with their pleasing notes, as they flutter noisily about their nests, or speed across the gloomy expanse. Kites watchfully circle around the pretty basin or sit expectantly on some withered tree. Beyond rises the basaltic peak of Kimawenzi from its socket of volcanic débris, which suggests a Brobdignagian fosse surrounding some gigantic castle. Radiating scours lead down the side, and add variety to the scene, while lower down on the southern side numerous small cones remind us of the later manifestations of volcanic energy. It remains but to be added that Chala has probably been originated by one of the very latest paroxysmal volcanic outbursts. The volcanic vapours imprisoned far down in the bowels of the earth, and



unable to escape by the ordinary safety-valves in the neighbourhood, at last gathered such an overwhelming amount of force that they literally blasted a passage for themselves through the solid rock, hurling the fragments skyward, to fall around the orifice in crashing ruins and accumulate as a crater ring. There, however, the action ceased, probably from a want of any reserve force, or of the necessary conditions to generate that force; and hence, after a grand spurt, the volcano thus suddenly formed as speedily became extinct; and where once had stood peacefully the Masai



ALCELAPHUS COKII.

village with its lowing cattle and barking dogs, there now lie the unknown depths of a fairy lake scarce ever ruffled by the breezes which sweep over the hill, but soothingly lapping the barren adamantine rocks, and sending up to superstitious listeners the spirit echoes of the destroyed village.

Such are the main geographical and geological features of Kilimanjaro as far as I can depict them; but I feel oppressed with the magnitude of the subject, and gladly leave it, only too well aware how inadequate are my best efforts to portray it to the reader.

CHAPTER VI.

ONWARD ONCE MORE !

HAVING thus reviewed the coast region and Kilimanjaro, we may now settle ourselves down to hear Martin's narrative of his doings while I was at the coast.

His first business had been to select a spot some distance from the traders' quarters. There he cleared away the dense undergrowth, and built a comfortable house, with baraza or palaver sheds. These he surrounded at a proper distance with the huts of the men. In the centre not a bit of garbage or dirt was allowed to lie ; and a neater or more charming village could not be conceived. The Wa-taveta, who were as pleasant as ever, were delighted with it, and were never tired of contrasting it with the filth and ugliness of the traders' part. The consequence was that the market was transferred to our place, which was thus daily enlivened with picturesque groups, and with the stir and hum of business.

Meanwhile Mandara had sent down messengers with presents of sheep and goats, asking Martin to go up to him, and telling him that whatever he wanted in the way of food for the men would be forthcoming at once. But Martin was too much frightened at the idea of getting into his clutches, and only sent excuses. Mandara, however, sent again with more presents.

At last famine fell upon Taveta. Food trebled in price, and threatened to make a big hole in our stores. On this, Kachechè was sent with men to Mandara, and he returned loaded with food obtained at an almost nominal price. A second time men were sent with the same result. Finally, as Mandara was still urgent, Martin made up his mind to go himself.

On reaching Moschi, he was received with lavish hospitality. Bullocks were killed, and his men were feasted ; and loads of food were prepared to be taken back. Before Martin returned, however, Mandara unfolded a queer tale to him, which thoroughly corroborated my worst suspicions about Muhinna. That villain had invented the story about the Masai being on the road in front, for the purpose of driving us into Mandara's hands. This accomplished, he did his best to arouse the cupidity of that chief ; told him how

he did not want me to go further, and desired him to do what he could to detain and plunder me. At first Mandara had eagerly accepted the agreeable task, and had despatched a messenger to his allies the Wa-kwafi of Arusha, to come over and help him. Better counsels, however, had ultimately prevailed, and he sent off a second messenger to stop the first. The rest of the story I have already told. At Ngarè N'Erobi, Sadi and Muhinna had jointly done everything in their power to squander away my goods in huge hongos, and besides had helped to rouse the Masai against us, and, as the reader well knows, very nearly succeeded in ruining all my prospects.

Mandara continued to supply food for the entire caravan right royally all the time I was away, and quite won Martin's heart. The men were frequently troublesome, but, having no guns at their command, could not run away. A nasty skin disease also broke out among them, and some were rendered quite useless by the loathsome manner in which their ulcers enlarged. But upon the whole everything had gone on remarkably well.

There were other news, however, to rejoice my heart. My faith in Micawber's maxim had been justified ; for something *had* turned up. A large caravan from Pangani, under a noted coast *Mganga*, named Jumba Kimameta, had reached Taveta a few days previously, and were recruiting preparatory to starting for the Masai country. I could not suppress a hurrah at this good news ; for by this time I was only too glad to stoop to the idea of joining a trading caravan, as our enterprise had become pretty much a forlorn hope, depending as it did upon such a pair of traitors as Muhinna and Sadi.

I lost no time in putting myself in communication with Jumba, who proved to be a little man, deeply marked with small-pox and blind in one eye. The other eye, however, was lively, and he soon proved to be far above the average in gentlemanly character and intelligence. We quickly settled matters, and he agreed to allow me to enter into his caravan on the same footing as the traders, till we should pass fairly into the country of the Masai. He was content to accept my general promise that I would reward him if he acted faithfully by me. I had a more difficult matter to arrange with the other traders, who to a man were opposed to having anything to do with me. Yet in a few days, by the exercise of some little tact, and no end of "soft sawder," I managed to

bring them all round, and even the most prejudiced one among them declared that before he would see me beat, he would carry me on his own shoulders.

All this very much upset the plans of Muhinna and Sadi, both of whom, fortunately, were detested by the Pangani men. The former, however, determined to make one more effort—firstly, because he was afraid of going with me, and secondly, because he had made up his mind to stop us from ever getting into the country. He therefore came to me one night in the most secret manner, and, with a very long face, he told me he had found out that Jumba and the other traders were only playing with me; they had agreed to let me accompany them as far as the first Masai kraal, and there they would make me pay the entire hongo. Then, after letting me be plundered of everything, they would break off all connection with me, and make it impossible for me to get a step further. They intended, also, he said, to set the warriors upon us, to annihilate the caravan completely. On the other hand, if I would only wait a few days more, Dugumbi was going to Kavirondo, and would see me through in complete safety, as he was anxious to assist me according to the orders of the Sultan.

Now this story was very plausible. The first part agreed with my knowledge of the Swahili character; and I *had* been somewhat surprised at the promptness with which an arrangement had been effected. Without a doubt Muhinna would have triumphed, but for the knowledge I had acquired of his little game, which prepared me to believe exactly the opposite of all he said. I learned shortly after that Dugumbi was only journeying a short distance into the Masai country, and had no intention of going to Kavirondo, but, between them, he and Muhinna had agreed to plunder me. I had therefore a very strong temptation to let the knave know that his tricks had been exposed, and then swing him up on a tree—a punishment he already fully merited. I forbore both the exposure of his criminality and the act of just retribution for the simple reason that he was indispensable to me. Meantime, therefore, I only laughed at him, soothed his simulated fears, and sent him off to bed.

In joint council we now determined to proceed *via* Kimangelia, Njiri and Donyo (Mount) Erok, to Ngongo and Naivasha. That route had been long shut up, owing to the repeated fights with the ferocious Masai of Lytokitok and Matumbato, in which several large caravans had been almost

annihilated. It, however, promised to the trader a rich supply of ivory, and to me an interesting country, far removed from the route of Dr. Fischer, with whom I had no ambition to shake hands in the wilds, however much I would be pleased to do so under ordinary social auspices.

I now set about putting my affairs in order. My first business was to overhaul my men, and clear out the incapables. Of these, fifteen were selected as utterly worthless, and not fit even to carry a gun, and were forthwith despatched to the coast. All the Rabai men, eight in number, relieved me of their presence by deserting, with their guns, in spite of my precautions. When the roll was called, I thus found myself with only 140 available men. There was an appalling list of no less than fifty-eight men who had deserted, died, or been returned as useless. I can offer no more convincing evidence of the atrocious character of the *personnel* of my caravan.

My goods now consisted of 44 loads of iron, brass, and copper wire, 22 of beads, 11 of stores, 8 of cloth, 8 of ammunition, and about 20 of all other kinds. These may be accepted as about the correct proportion for a caravan of 140 men.

Mandara, on hearing of my arrival, sent down messengers with more food. To show my appreciation of his handsome behaviour, I made him a considerable present, including my galvanic battery, on which he had specially set his heart, as he was "cute" enough to see that the possession of it would immensely raise his reputation as a great Mganga, or medicine-man. I asked him, however, to give me Mr. New's gold watch. This he agreed to at once, and he forwarded it to me exactly as he received it from New. I have had the pleasure, since my return home, of restoring the interesting relic to the brother of the missionary.

It remains but to be mentioned with regard to Mandara that while I was at the coast he had been carrying out his "imperial views," with the usual course of murder and devastation. He had attacked the Wa-chaga of Useri, and swept off over 2000 head of cattle. He had also devastated the neighbouring state of Kirua, cutting down all their banana-trees with the intention of reducing them to the point of starvation, and compelling them to recognize him as their Sultan—his aim being to acquire the sovereignty of the whole of the south-east corner of Chaga, along with Taveta.

A fortnight thus variously employed brought us to the end

of our preparations. On the night of the 16th of July the men of both caravans marked their sense of its being their last day among the agreeable flesh-pots of Taveta, by holding an *ngomma* or dance round two flags. The clamour was simply infernal, and the whole scene suggested a witch-dance in the lower regions.

About 1 a.m. I was aroused by a fearful groaning from Martin, as though he were in the most terrible agonies or at his last gasp. On jumping up, I found him shaking as if he would knock the beds to pieces, and complaining of being at once freezing with cold and on fire. As he groaned, and



LAKE CHALA.

energetically invoked some patron saint of his childhood, I was very much alarmed, till it dawned upon me that it was only a case of ague. On my giving him a good "blowing up," and supplying him with some tea and quinine, he became better, and a little more calm. Never having had this ailment before, he had believed his end was come, and my laughter did him more good than any quantity of medicine. Next morning he was nearly all right.

On the following morning we, for the second time, left Taveta behind us, and, travelling north, we camped near the

base of the Chala crater, on the Lumi stream. The precautions which were required when we had left the forest on the former occasion were still more urgently called for this time, as the men were even more demoralized, and they had seen that it was, after all, possible to desert. All the headmen and half the askari were accordingly kept up all night, patrolling the camp. Thanks to our care, the day dawned without a man missing.

Leaving the Lumi, we passed the base of Chala, which I ascended, to be rewarded by a magnificent view across the lake towards Kilimanjaro, which stood out clear against the azure without a trace of haze or cloud. Our course lay almost due north, across a rich grassy reach, which here gently slopes from the base of Rombo to the Lumi. There was hardly a tree to be seen, except along the course of the stream, where a double row formed a leafy tunnel. Great herds of hartebeest were frequent, and here and there was to be seen a solitary rhinoceros. The most striking spectacle of all was the long, unbroken line of the caravan moving in single file over the rich yellow grass, striking a straight line for some small hillocks which mark the head-waters of the Lumi, or (as it is here called) the Rombo stream, from the district near which it rises.

When nearing this place, which was to be our camp, we came suddenly upon 200 natives of Rombo returning from the outer plains laden with neatly-made-up bales of grass, with which they feed their cattle, as there is little pasturage on the mountain, and they dare not let them be seen outside their huts. They were evidently in great terror at suddenly seeing us, and would have pitched their loads and fled, but for our reassuring words. Their sole dress was a band of skin two inches broad, tied tightly round their waists.

At noon, after a heavy march, we camped on the Lumi again, in a bend of the stream, pleasantly shaded by a grove of trees. As I had shot a couple of hartebeest on the way, we were soon refreshing ourselves with antelope steaks.

Kimawenzi, which is here due west, presented one of the most beautiful sights imaginable. It was enveloped in a weird, grey haze, which just permitted it to be seen. The sun, on setting behind the peak, lit up the haze with a rich glow of ruddy and yellow hues, while myriad pencils of light radiated from behind the peak with magic effect.

I had now to exercise the grace of patience in no small degree, the traders having resolved to halt here for a few

days to collect food for the passage of the Masai country, and also to await the arrival of two Mombasa traders who were reported to be on the way from Teita. In order to pass the time, I went out in the hope of "bagging" a rhinoceros, these animals being reported to be plentiful. A cool breeze, a clear atmosphere, and a glorious sunrise, filled me with such joyous feelings, and had such an exhilarating effect upon me, that I was ready to run or jump in the pure enjoyment of existence. Yet I am almost ashamed to say that I was hardly well out of camp before I smashed the skull of one of the most graceful of God's creatures, a beautiful species of antelope differing from any that I had seen. My regretful reflections were cut short by the excited, half-suppressed cry of Brahim, "Kifaru! Kifaru!" Turning quickly round, with rifle brought to the "ready," I looked in the direction indicated, and there, true enough, was the great monstrous shape of a rhinoceros moving leisurely along through the tall grass. With a glance around to take in the lie of the land and the direction of the wind, I was off with bent body and palpitating heart to intercept my victim. We were soon within fifty yards of the ungainly brute, which, as it slowly moved onward with head low down, was quite unaware of the enemy in front, or the danger it was running into. By this time, however, I began to have somewhat unpleasant sensations, and to wonder whether my game or myself was in the greater danger. I concluded that the odds were decidedly against me, and wanted accordingly to fire at once, so long as there was a chance of escape. My man Brahim, however, did not know my inward feelings, and as he had greater faith in my shooting powers than myself, he made me hold on a bit till it came nearer. Beginning to feel dreadfully shaky, though ashamed to be outdone in coolness by my servant, I waited with dread expectancy. My heart throbbed with wild pulsations, my fingers twitched, great drops of perspiration trickled down my face, and then, with a general want of "backbone," I counted each footstep. If a glaring eye can "fix" any animal, surely that dreadful creature might have been petrified by mine. Then ten yards were passed, and I began to read mischief in the monster's glance. For once I wholly lost faith in myself. The suspense was intolerable, and the rhino, seeming to enjoy the fun, lengthened the period out as much as possible. At last I could stand it no longer. Steadying my arm on my knee, I fired my "infant." The dull thud which followed told me that


I had not fired in vain. As I gathered my wits together, I saw that the lumbering creature was spinning round, evidently dazed. Immediately, however, it recovered itself, and went off at a grand, steady pace. On seeing my adversary's tail waving in the breeze, I became as brave as I had formerly been shaky, and, with nerves braced up by seeing the rhino running away, I gave it two other bullets from my express rifle. Yelling out to Brahim to follow, I went off pellmell in pursuit, with eyes steadily fixed on the game. The consequence was that I soon battered my nose and nearly broke my leg by falling into a hole. Recovering myself with an exclamation of disgust, I tore along again, to get sadly bruised a second and then a third time. The rhino soon showed signs of exhaustion, and at last I contrived to head it, and having in my excitement lost all caution, I went right for it, and gave it another ball. This, however, was too much for the monster, and it charged straight forward, I being right in front of it. This was more than I had bargained for, and I felt that the tables were turned with a vengeance. As that thought went through my brain like lightning, I gave a jump backward. The next moment I was sprawling in a horizontal position, and seeing unusual stars in the heavens, though it was broad daylight. It was a bush, and not the rhino, which had thus floored me, and I was now at that brute's mercy. I thought it was time to take farewell of life, and forgive all my enemies. The next moment there was a shaking of the ground, and a crashing of bushes. A dark body went lumbering past, and I rose from my prostrate position unhurt but breathless, delighted to see once more a tufted tail waving in the air, and to find that it disdained to hoist a fallen foe. It passed, however, only to die, and presently I was striking a heroic attitude with foot on the rhino, trying to adopt the expression proper to a man who is "accustomed to that sort of thing," and, indeed, at that moment, I was on very good terms with myself, as it was the first time I had shot one of these huge brutes. Leaving the man to cut up the meat, I sauntered back to camp as if I had done nothing worth speaking about, though in reality, I was all alert to hear the exaggerated accounts of my prowess spread throughout the camp.

After refreshing the inner man, and applying prosaically some pieces of sticking-plaster to my bruises, I set off in the evening to try my luck again. A short distance from camp I stalked two rhinos, the one lying down, the other standing.

The latter soon spied us, but not getting our wind, it contented itself with sniffing and running about a little, as is the manner of that animal when sight alone guides its movements. Getting within fifty yards, I fired at it with the right-hand barrel of my rifle, and, turning rapidly round, I gave the contents of the other barrel to its neighbour. The first one ran only a short distance, and then succumbed, the other went off as if unhurt, and it was getting too near night for me to follow it. I tried a shot at a third rhino, but missed it, the sight of the gun having been inadvertently elevated. On the way back, however, I shot a zebra. I had thus on that day shot an antelope, two rhinoceroses, and a zebra, and supplied the entire caravan with abundance of meat. I of course made a point of tasting all, and I did so with much satisfaction as far as the rhino soup. I had less pleasure, however, in the roast zebra, though it was better than the meat of its bulkier friend.

Great numbers of Wa-chaga came down to camp, though they were evidently all considerably frightened, and ready to take to their heels. The women wore small pieces of skin round the loins, ornamented by the smallest size of beads, sewn on in various patterns. A few beads and chains were suspended about the neck, while brass and iron wire, with some more beads, decorated the legs and arms. These people tan and dress goat-skin better than any other race I have met, turning it out as soft as chamois leather, the hair being left on here and there, and cut out in various designs.

The next two days I was occupied in making observations and superintending the buying of food from the natives; but at last getting restless, I started off on the third day in search for further hunting adventures. Martin, desiring to emulate my fame, and fired by my success, resolved to accompany me. Shortly after getting out of camp, late in the afternoon, we sighted a rhinoceros, and in making a *détour* round a hill to get near it, we discovered two others nearer at hand, lying asleep in the grass. I started off to stalk them, carrying my 8-bore gun, while Martin followed behind with my Express rifle. As we crept along through the tall grass, I noticed that Martin was lagging behind, and, judging from his face, troubled sadly with a sinking about the heart. Not caring, however, to carry off all the honours, and being considerably, and of course most unselfishly, desirous under the circumstances, of only sharing the dangerous glory, I impatiently beckoned to him to close up. Slowly, but surely,




we crept towards our recumbent prey, with rising excitement and half-suppressed breathing. Our senses being painfully alert, the very grass seemed to make a loud noise, as we pushed it aside. We reached within sixty yards, and then within fifty. Martin was still inclined to lag; and I being more and more anxious not to monopolize the amenities of the situation, persistently disregarded his noble inclination to hold his hand, and let me get a chance of further distinguishing myself. We got to about the forty yards' distance, and yet the rhinos slept peacefully on, while the sun cast longer and longer shadows in its progress towards the horizon. As I began to think that I had got close enough, there was a loud crack behind me, caused by Martin clumsily breaking a rotten branch. The next moment the animals were on their feet, all attention. "We are in for it now!" I thought, as I sank flat among the grass. Turning my head round, I saw Martin behind me, apparently ready to fly, and I glared and shook my fist at him to make him lie down. But too late! They had seen him, and with a loud snort like an engine blowing off the steam, they stood with defiant attitude trying to scent us, for this animal never seems to be able to make up its mind without the aid of its olfactory organs. The wind being in our favour, they did not succeed, but began making for us, running a few steps and then stopping. We were now in a proper pickle; for with their heads directed towards us, no vulnerable part was exposed, and to fire at them as they stood would only be to risk our lives. Feeling myself in a decided quandary, I began to indulge in certain very wise reflections about the foolishness of running unnecessarily into such positions, and I was prepared to make the most solemn vow never to incur the same again if brought out safe this time. I seemed to be nailed to the place, though I had sufficient presence of mind to get ready to take advantage of any opportunity. One of the monstrous brutes had now got within ten yards, and still betrayed a lively curiosity about me. Realizing that I must do or die, and being decidedly averse to coming into closer quarters, I resolved to fire and stand my chance. Just at that moment bang went a rifle behind me, and a bullet passed close to my ear. Almost simultaneously, without voluntary effort of mine, both barrels of my gun were emptied, and I was sprawling helplessly on my back. Let not the reader, however, imagine that it was my purposed victim that had thus laid me low. It was simply my own gun that had so ignominiously used

me. Recovering myself, preparatory to turning an expected somersault in mid-air, I sprang up, when bang went the rifle again. Looking towards the enemy, I had the mortification and yet satisfaction of seeing two unwieldy creatures careering away with uplifted tails, evidently unhurt. Then turning round, I dashed my hat on the ground, and danced about as I anathematized the culprit Martin, who stood white as a corpse, shaking in every nerve.

The affair had happened in this wise. On the rhino getting up I became so absorbed in the situation that I forgot all about Martin, who meanwhile would have fled, but that he was literally fixed by the eye of the monster, which, by-the-bye, was the first he had ever seen. The excitement got to be too much for him, and, unable to bear it any longer, he fired. As I was almost in a line with the game, and as he was a bad shot, the bullet passed close to my ear, causing me to wince, and draw up my shoulder. This again made me pull back my arm, with the result that both barrels of the gun went off simultaneously, promptly landing me on my back, and the bullets in the air.

Fortunately this was sufficient to frighten the creatures, and they fled; otherwise, as they had us entirely in their power, they might have had some good fun with us. Martin actually missed both times, though little more than ten yards off. After vociferously pouring the vials of my wrath on the devoted head of the culprit, I returned mightily crestfallen, as I was aware that the neighbouring heights were lined with on-lookers. Sending Martin back to camp, I went off with Brahim to try and acquire a new wreath of laurel. Fortunately, I succeeded, as night came on, in shooting two rhinos, which somewhat softened my temper. Martin concluded, after that adventure, that he was a better shot with the gun than the rifle, and contented himself thenceforth with shooting guinea-fowl and other two-legged things.

Next morning I sallied forth again in quest of further sport. After conducting the party to the game of the previous day, I left them and pushed on with Brahim and Bedué. Going south, and crossing the Rombo stream, we sighted a rhinoceros at some distance. We were in rather an unfavourable position for stalking it, as we were neither in nor out of the wind. It would have taken a long *détour* on the open plain to get into a more suitable position, so we determined to work straight up to it. When we were



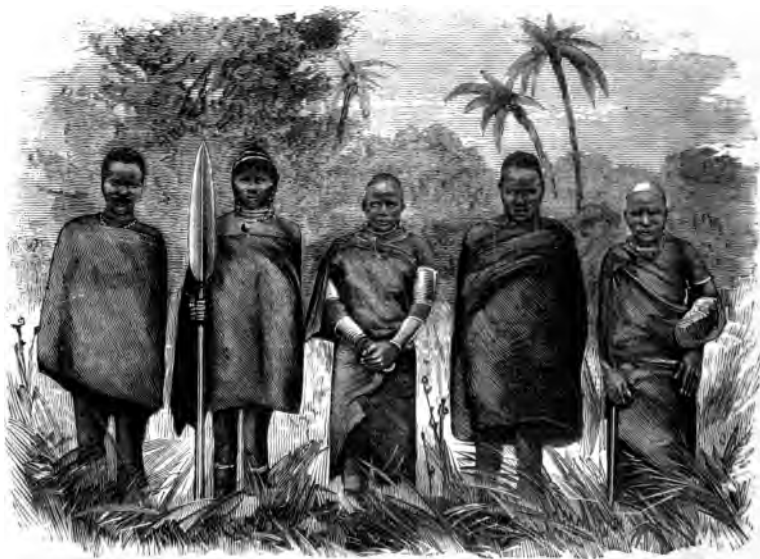
within 200 yards, it got a whiff of us, which made it spin round as if it had been struck, and trot off. The wind immediately veering, it lost our scent and turned round to look for us. Of course we simultaneously sank flat in the grass, and lay *perdu*. Once more it scented us and trotted away, while we sprang up, and with bent forms rushed after it to fall flat when once more it turned round, perplexed by the uncertain character of our wind. We thus got nearer and nearer. The rhino, becoming furious, now varied its movements by charging aimlessly in the direction of the hidden foe, only to turn tail on getting another whiff. At last we got pretty close by carefully attending to our tactics, and were quite enjoying the excitement of the curious hunt, when with unexpected suddenness our game spun round, and before we were hidden in the grass we were sighted. Furiously it charged right towards us. Shouting to Brahim to have my second rifle at hand, I sprang to my feet and stood ready. The rhino's courage, however, proved to be all show, for within twenty yards it turned. At the same moment a bullet struck its side with a dull thud. A second was lodged in the creature as it ran off, but neither seemed to have struck well, for we never got it.

Incidents of this character served greatly to relieve the tedium of the annoying delay we experienced in collecting food. I soon saw clearly that the traders did not want to travel. The time was the month of Ramadan, and, being good Mohammedans, they held that period sacred to fasting during the day, and to feasting right gloriously during the night. Where could this be better accomplished than in the cool environs of Kimawenzi, and by the shady banks and crystal waters of the Lumi? Food was in abundance, and extremely cheap. Nowhere else were there more delicious bananas and plantains, yams and various grains. The Lumi yielded savoury fish; while goats and fat sheep, butter, and milk daily descended from Rombo in quantities sufficient to gorge the most gluttonous.

I here discovered a curious fact. I had observed that the Wa-rombo wore several thick rings round their wrists and necks, besides a bulky lump of the same metal attached to their ears, for the purpose of stretching out the lobes. From the colour and appearance of these ornaments, I at first imagined them to be of coast brass; but happening to get one in my hand, I was struck by its weight, which was like that of gold. On inquiry I learned that they found the

metal in grains in various rivulets on the mountain after the rains, and that they smelted and manufactured it for themselves. The metal varies very much in weight and colour, which shows it to be an alloy. I thought at first that I had fallen upon gold. Further examination, however, showed this not to be the case. It is simply a native brass of remarkable density.

While staying at this place, two Andorobbo (Wandorobbo of the Wa-swahili) came from Malimia, Sultan of Useri and Rombo, to invite me to visit him. These men were



ANDOROBBO MEN AND A WOMAN.

very interesting. I was greatly struck by the cool and indifferent way in which they moved about the camp, in striking contrast to the scared and excitable manner of the Wa-chaga. They live with Malimia, occupying themselves with elephant-hunting, and, being more reliable and courageous than the Wa-chaga, they are employed as ambassadors by the Sultan.

On the evening of the 15th I was greatly relieved to hear Jumba Kimameta's henchman calling for silence, which being

obtained, he warned all the traders to get ready to march in two days. This announcement was followed by a tremendous uproar, screaming, yelling, shouting, singing, banging of guns, followed by a dance and a fearful scramble round the camp, the porters stopping at each trader, who threw them presents of beads and cloth according to his means or good-will.

On the morning of the 27th we were once more *en route*, thoroughly delighted with the idea that at last our delays were over; for however good might be the sport in the district around, my thoughts longingly turned towards the goal of my desires—the Masai country. The landscape still presented the same aspect of rich, treeless pasturage, on which browsed great herds of hartebeests. In the hope of supplying our larder, I went ahead, accompanied by Songoro. He carried my ammunition, as I did not expect to meet with any dangerous animal, or at least thought I would have plenty of time to buckle on my armour, if fight were needed. This nearly cost me dear. We had been on the tramp due north for about two hours, and I was leisurely moving along about 100 yards ahead of the caravan, enjoying the cool breeze and the grand prospect. Suddenly I was surprised by the loud report of two guns. Turning round, I saw in a moment that the cause of the disturbance was a rhinoceros, which had been sleeping in the grass unseen, and had not been made aware of our presence till after I and a part of the long file of men were past. Rudely awakened from its morning's nap, it was preparing to charge the caravan. As it snorted defiantly, the men began to waver, the less brave were already taking to their heels; while the "komas," or sacred magic staves and flags which lead every trading caravan, were unfurled and flourished, to exorcise the demon and put it to flight. Nothing awed by these trusted charms, the angry brute blew a terrible blast, and, with head down, charged the koma-bearers. These, being the very best men in the caravan, held on steadily for a little, and, with great faith in the efficacy of the komas, they waved them vigorously. A stampede, however, was imminent, when Muhinna fired his Snider, which diverted the rhinoceros from the men, and made it pass the head of the caravan. Again it turned with defiant attitude, bent on an attack. This was the position of affairs when I seized my express and hurried back. For some time I was unable to fire, as the animal stood between me and the men. But, thinking apparently that

discretion was the better part of valour, it turned tail upon the caravan, and came at a steady trot towards me. Dropping on my knee, to take a steadier aim, I waited my time. The whole caravan were yelling and shouting, which so distracted its attention, that it did not notice me before it in the tall grass. When within thirty yards it swerved a little, and I took advantage of the opportunity to fire. The bullet struck close to the spine, and was just sufficient to paralyze it a little without breaking it. The great brute sank partially to the ground ; but on my giving it the contents of the second barrel it sighted me, and then, pulling itself together, it came crashing towards me in the most precipitate manner. On looking round for Songoro, I found that worthy showing his heels in capital style, leaving me with empty rifle. There was no hope of evading the attack, loaded as I was with heavy boots, and in tall grass ; face it I must. In my strongest language I shouted out to Songoro to bring my ammunition, and ran after him as fast as I could. The good fellow, remembering my plight, stopped at once, and came running with a cartridge in his hand. I seized it in feverish haste, and turned to face the enemy, which was almost upon me. I fumbled most clumsily at the lock, and it seemed an age before the cartridge was rammed home and the rifle at my shoulder. As I raised it, the rhino would be little more than five yards off. The very imminence of my danger pulled my wits together, and made me marvellously cool and collected. I did not feel the slightest nervous tremor. I was even aware that the cries of the men had ceased, as they stood motionless, waiting to see me hoisted. That, however, was not to be, for just in the nick of time I made a dash sideways. As my assailant passed, I delivered the contents of my rifle in its shoulder, and once more I stood unarmed. That bullet was sufficient to prevent the rhinoceros from turning round ; but catching sight of Songoro careering, in his white kanzu, in front, it continued after him. Soon, however, it began to show signs of exhaustion, and as it was clear that Songoro was equal to the occasion, we all hurrahed and cheered on the hunted and the hunter. A roar of laughter burst forth as Songoro, thinking that the brute was coming rather too close, turned suddenly round and fired off a tiny revolver. This was renewed on seeing the rhinoceros give up the chase and turn away in another direction. Its trot presently turned into a walk, and then the entire caravan became inspired with a noble ardour for the chase. The



"JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME I MADE A DASH SIDWAYS."

poor brute was soon surrounded by a couple of hundred men, who bewildered it with a continuous fusillade, though hardly a shot struck. Thus baited by its foes, it scattered them several times by charging, but finally it succumbed, through the loss of blood consequent on my balls. The horns proved to be the largest I have got, the front one being beautifully curved and twenty-seven inches long.

A little further on I shot a pretty little antelope. At noon we reached a magnificent grove of enormous trees which surround the fountains of the Useri river. In a circular open



FOUNTAINS OF THE USERI.

space in the very heart of this dense forest we camped. It was nearly night, however, before every one came in, as the porters were excessively heavy laden, and several donkeys had broken down.

My hopes of continuous travelling were again doomed to be shattered. The traders seized on a trivial pretext to make another prolonged halt, their real object being to get over Ramadan among the delightful flesh-pots of Chaga. I had hitherto been most bland and unobtrusive in my ways, but

now I appeared in a new light. Coming among them in conclave assembled, I burst out with all the effect of a bomb, uttering my indignation with an energy sufficient to make them quake in their shoes, if they had them. Of course they told all manner of lies, with that easy fluency so peculiar to the African race, and vowed they were just as anxious to get on as I was. One good effect of my unexpected outburst was a vastly increased respect, for nothing impresses people of that stamp so much as a judicious use of the *Bombastes Furioso* manner, to show that you are not afraid of them.

At the fountains of the Useri stream, we had got sufficiently far north to see the whole of the upper aspect of Kibo past the northern face of Kimawenzi. The latter presents what appears to be an enormous precipice on the east side extending from the plug of lava which forms the upper peak to more than half way down. This feature seems to have been formed by the blowing away of a part of the eastern side. Kimawenzi presents here in a very beautiful manner the curved outline of slope which is so characteristic of many large volcanoes. The explanation of this peculiarity seems to be that the continual removal of material from below the mountain has tended to the production of hollows into which the overlying strata have sunk, thus giving the sides a concave appearance.

On the second day after our arrival at Useri, the natives swarmed down in multitudes. Naturally desirous to see the stirring scene, I proceeded outside our forest-encircled camp. On making my appearance, I was surprised to see a sudden stampede of the Wa-chaga, who were flying in evident dismay. Turning angrily to the porters, I inquired what they had been doing to frighten the people in this fashion. My men laughing outright put me momentarily in a rage, and I was proceeding to chastise them for their impudence when I was suddenly arrested by the thought dawning on me that I myself was the cause of the scare. This was soon proved to be the case; for on my moving forward the flight was continued in evident terror, notwithstanding all my friendly shouts. Clearly I was an alarming object to them, and sadly, amidst the laughter of the men, I had to return to camp, where I hid my diminished head.

Our relations were rather strained with the Wa-seri. They came down only in enormous crowds, and were ever ready to fly in a panic, while none of our party dared leave camp

except in large numbers. The cause of all this was that the last Pangani caravan that had passed had captured in the most treacherous manner and literally cut the throats of more than thirty Wa-chaga on the very spot where we were camped, in order to revenge a slight wound inflicted on a porter. About the same time also a chief of Useri, who had been very troublesome to the traders, was beguiled into the camp, and he also got his throat cut. Such is lynch law in East Africa.

A very exciting episode occurred at this place, which might have ended disastrously if we had been anywhere but where we were. The tall dry grass had been set on fire some distance to the south of us, probably by the Wa-seri. As the wind was blowing north with unusual violence, the flames came down on us with terrific speed and the most appalling noise. Before we were fairly aware what was up, the camp towards the open was completely surrounded, and the whole heavens were overcast with the lurid glow. The scenes and sounds that followed were past description. Monkeys screamed and birds cried in abject terror. Several hundred men rushed about and shouted in uncontrollable excitement, tearing down branches to thrash out the flames, or labouring away in the very midst of the relentless element, looking amid their fiery surroundings the very incarnation of evil spirits; some ran to save the donkeys outside, and to prevent a stampede, and soon the animals, panic-stricken, added to the chaos and confusion by rushing pell-mell into camp with their great ears uplifted, knocking down men or whatever came in their way. In a few seconds the furious conflagration swept past, and we were beginning to think all was safe, when every one was electrified by a shout for help from a small party who were camped by themselves outside, and who had been forgotten in the excitement. In a moment every one was running as if for life, towards the spot, to discover a small band completely surrounded by flames, and fighting away with the fury of desperation against the mighty foe which threatened to engulf them. With a will every man, regardless of burns and dangers, braced himself to the relief of the besieged. Mad with the excitement, we yelled and shouted, as with vigorous strokes we tackled the enemy, and dashed up great showers of sparks. Soon we had the best of it, and with a shout of triumph a road was formed inside.

The battle was won, but not a moment too soon. As it

was, several loads were destroyed and several men badly burned. Nothing could have saved us from immense damage and loss of life if we had been camped in the open. We only escaped as we did through the fact that an impenetrable wall of green forest lines the two fountains of the Useri stream, the angle at their junction forming our camp.

On the evening of the same day I had a very narrow escape from a very poisonous snake. Requiring an article from one of my boxes, I began turning over my clothes; I got a sudden shock by finding my hand touching something clammy and cold. Instinctively drawing back, and jumping aside, I had the pleasant sensation of seeing a large snake with its steely eye wriggle itself out and disappear below my camp bed before I could seize a stick to despatch it. On examination I found quite a nest of snake eggs.

Next day the country looked very doleful. The burning of the grass left behind a perfectly black pall, relieved only by the brown colours of the shrivelling leaves which the flames had been unable actually to reach. I shot a hartebeest for the pot, and was made to regret my deed of blood on seeing the infinitely pitiful manner in which its mate hung about, divided between terror of the destroyer and wistful tenderness and anxiety for its struggling and bleeding companion. Bounding away a few steps, it would turn again to face the hunter with its great beautiful eyes, or to cast perplexed glances at the dying hartebeest, wondering doubtless what horrid fate had fallen upon it. I could have easily shot the poor creature, but I felt too conscience-stricken to do the deed of blood, and I let it alone. The realities of the situation seemed to dawn upon it when my butchers began to cut up the meat; with one last, lingering look it fled the scene, nor stopped till far away.

I would here have the reader clearly understand that while to some extent I enjoyed the excitement and adventure arising from hunting, the whole tenor of my thoughts revolted from the idea of shooting game from mere love of sport. I can conscientiously say that except in the case of buffaloes, rhinoceroses, and elephants, I never shot a head of game for anything but the prosaic requirements of the pot, although by this means I frequently kept my men in food for days, or added to their insipid fare of porridge made from grain. In no sense do I consider myself a sportsman, and I by no means aspire to the fame of a Nimrod, though my deeds might perhaps fairly entitle me to the name. Hunting

did serve, however, to let off my bile and allay the spirit of restlessness when, as at Rombo and Useri, I was compelled to waste valuable time,—time which might have been profitably spent, had I not been kept continually under the belief that we would go on at once, only to have my hopes utterly disappointed by their objectless lies.

On the fifth day of our stoppage at Useri, when lying reading poetry in my tent, as a relief from the barren occupation of cursing my fate and wondering when all this purposeless delay would end, I was aroused by some men coming excitedly into camp with the news that a rhinoceros was feeding about two miles to the east. I felt very little inclined to risk my life any more in shooting those dangerous brutes, but reluctantly allowed myself to be dragged out by my men, who only foresaw a feast and did not trouble themselves about the peril to me. Followed by a great crowd of porters and traders, who were desirous of watching the sport, I started off, carrying as usual my 8-bore gun, Brahim holding my Express as a reserve. On sighting the animal at about a quarter of a mile, I discovered that it was a female with a baby rhino. A strong feeling of reluctance seized me at the thought of hunting it, and but for the fact of so many men being about, I would have turned to the right-about and slunk back to camp. But what reason could I give to the men? What would they understand by the presentiment that possessed me of disaster if I ventured within reach of that rhinoceros? Could I endure to be dubbed a coward after all the deeds of daring I had performed? I looked wistfully at the unconscious animal in the distance, and tried to find an excuse as a loophole of escape, but there was none, and rather than confess myself frightened, I resolved (as it seemed to me) to sacrifice my life for my reputation, for I felt somehow convinced that I would not escape scathless.

When we first sighted the rhinoceros it was leisurely grazing on the open plain, and there was not a bush to afford the slightest cover for the purposes of stalking. As I moved round to get the wind in my favour I was greatly relieved to see my game lie down in the long grass. That simplified our movements considerably. The same dread presentiment, however, still clung to me, and reduced my temperature to zero, till I positively shivered with a feeling of ice-cold water pouring down my back. Slowly, but surely, Brahim and I crept along like snakes, and not a sound betrayed our presence,

though to my ears, now painfully acute, my heart seemed to thump against my ribs like the strokes of a drum, and I almost suffocated myself attempting to tone down my breathing. I felt also that if I did not shake off the feelings which paralyzed me, I should never be able to hold up my gun, much less to fire it. But for pure shame and "dour" obstinacy I would not give way, and my painful sense of helplessness only rendered me irritable. Inch by inch we approached the heedless brute. Laying the rifle well forward, I pulled myself gently up to it, carefully laying the grass to prevent the slightest rustle. By repeating this process, we at last got within fifteen yards, and then to my intense relief the horrid feeling which, Nemesis-like, had threatened to destroy me, began to fade away. The twitching feeling subsided; the heart beat less noisily; I began to feel less limp; I was once more a vertebrate animal. With more confidence I pushed slowly on, and presently we were within ten yards. We were still unobserved, but not for long; for at this moment the baby got up and began moving about restlessly, sniffing the air, and looking suspicious. At first I thought of firing instantly, but observing that the baby had not seen me, I sank flat on the grass. In a short time its suspicions were allayed, and it lay down again. There was a small tree between us, and looking upon that as a house of refuge, I determined to get up to it before I fired, though it was within two yards of the rhinoceros. The seconds now seemed to expand into hours as we noiselessly covered the intervening distance. The tree was reached at last, and as I lay for a minute to steady my nerves, and generally recover myself, I could actually hear the animal breathing. The time for action had now arrived, and the rhinoceros was lying in a beautiful position for a shot. Elevating myself slightly, not without a measure of trepidation, and pushing some grass aside to view my prey more clearly, I raised my great gun to my shoulder, and with a coolness and a firmness that surprised myself, I aimed and pulled the trigger. There was a fearful roar as I sank again among the grass, prepared, however, to use the second barrel if necessary. As the great ball pierced the unsuspecting animal, it bounded to its feet, ran a few steps up the wind, then turned at right angles and fled. At the same moment I sprang up and fired again; then, seizing the Express from Brahim, I gave its contents to the baby, and almost simultaneously they both sank down, dyeing the ground with their hearts' blood. At the same moment I heard the dis-

tant shouts of the on-lookers. After seeing Brahim cut the throats of the spoil, I started off home, trying to look as if such deeds were not worth noticing, but feeling a "goneness" about me that would possibly have been helped by the customary remedy for such a weakness, viz., a glass of brandy, which I may add I never taste.

Varied by adventures like these the days crept on, and it was very clear that no further movement would be made till the month of fasting (so called) was over. Food was in abundance. Water welled up in great volume at our feet clear and cool as it descended from the heights of Kimawenzi by some underground channel, while magnificent forest-trees shaded us deliciously from the noonday heat. The temperature sank to 60° Fahr. during the night, and seldom rose at any time above 70°. The traders spent the day in prayers and sleeping till the sun set, and then they caroused and fattened on the good things of Useri. The scene within that glorious arboreal amphitheatre was surpassingly beautiful and picturesque when the shades of night set in, and a hundred bonfires lit up the forest with lurid flames, among which the naked men could be seen flitting about like dark, restless spirits. Encircling this lower zone was the heightened gloom of the great trees, and over all the firmament gleamed and twinkled. About two hours after sunset, through the noise and merriment of the camp, a voice each night rose with impressive effect. As the sonorous and musical sound gathered volume, voices were hushed, conversation ceased, and a striking reverence reigned throughout the camp. The sound that thus re-echoed through the ambient atmosphere was the sacred call to prayer. Every word was articulated with great distinctness and sung out as far as breath would last, and as it filled the reverberating and re-echoing woods with its thrilling power, even we "infidels" felt inclined to lift our hats in respect. As the echoes of the last words died away the broken threads of conversation were picked up. The joke was repeated, and liveliness was once more the order of the day.

On the 4th of August, when the departing sun lit up as with a halo the snow-white head of Kibo, and dusky-sandalled eve was succeeding to the effulgence of day, every man emerged from camp, and eagerly watched the western heavens. No one was a more eager gazer than myself; for we hoped to see in the sky a sign that the month of fasting was over, and with it our vexatious delays. In other words,

we were looking out for the appearance of the new moon. I had the honour of being the first to see this sign of what was to me a new era of hope, and as the faint, silvery line, still bathed in the rays of the setting sun, emerged to view, I threw my hat in the air, and shouted out an eager "There it is!" Soon all saw it, and amidst jumping, shouting, and prayers, we all returned to camp.

Long before dawn the "rigidly righteous" followers of the Prophet were at work chanting prayers. This exercise continued till about 7 a.m. Then their devotions stopped, and volley after volley was thundered forth, to the great terror of the natives, who fled in dismay. Thereafter every one, arrayed in his best, proceeded to call on every other one, to pass the compliments of the season and exchange gifts. To mark the occasion I had to give a present to each of my men, and then, arrayed in a new tweed suit, I took up my post near my tent, and held a levée, considerably diminishing my small stock of comforts in trying to sustain my dignity as the most important man in the caravan.

Next day (the 6th of August) we prepared to march forth. But before doing so, all the traders gathered together and piled their arms. Then four men went to as many corners, and round these Jumba marched, chanting some prayers, presumably for our success and safety, and for destruction to all our foes. The ceremony ended with all the merchants joining in a common prayer from the Koran.

Our march was a short one, nearly north-west, over a somewhat better wooded country, more broken, and rising considerably in altitude, till we reached a fine grove of trees. These trees, as at Useri, mark the fountains of the Kimangelia stream, which joining the Useri stream to the east, forms the Tzavo river.

Here we resolved to camp. We had cut our way for shelter into the very heart of the wood, and were rapidly getting the undergrowth cleared sufficiently to permit the stacking of the goods and the pitching of the tents. I was taking my ease on a camp-stool, enjoying the cool shade and a refreshing cup of coffee, when I was startled by an extraordinary commotion. Jumping to my feet, and throwing down the cup as I instinctively seized my ever-ready rifle, I observed a sight which sent a thrill through me. Men were running on all sides as if the ground had yawned to swallow them up. Some were scrambling up trees, others, paralyzed,

hid behind bushes, or any other object. Terror seemed to permeate the air with electric effect, and the short, quick cries of excited, panic-stricken men were heard on all sides. Almost paralyzed myself at this extraordinary but as yet unseen danger, I stood helpless till I was enlightened by one of my men screaming out to me in a warning voice, "Bwana, bwana, mboga!" (Master, a buffalo.) "Good gracious! where?" I said, as I skipped with agility behind a tree, and peered cautiously past the side in the direction indicated—for be it known that there is not a more dangerous or dreaded animal in all Africa. Knowing now what was really the matter, I felt less put out, and was prepared for any emergency. The next moment there was a thrilling terror-laden yell, which went to the heart of every one, and, looking in the direction of the cry, I was appalled by the sight of a man propelled like a rocket in mid-air, and a fierce old buffalo bull breaking out of the bushes. The man fell with a loud crash into a dense bush and the bull was making for him again, when several of us gathering our wits together rushed to his rescue. Before I got up, a regular volley was fired at the savage brute, which seemed to take no effect except to make him leave the fallen man and run amuck through the camp. Lots of the men were outside unable to see what was going on, and we all shouted out in a voice of warning as we rushed after the infuriated animal. We just got outside, to see a tremendous scramble on the part of every one to get out of danger, while donkeys ran braying with fear. One unfortunate brute, however, laden with senengè, was right in the way, and before it could clear off the buffalo was upon it. Next moment the donkey, load and all, was impaled on its horns, and twirled in the air as if it were a rat thrown up by a dog. Not satisfied with that feat, the buffalo dashed a second time at the poor donkey, writhing in its convulsions with its entrails hanging out, and gave it a tremendous blow on the head, which literally smashed the skull, and ended its life.

A neighbouring clump of dense bush now afforded shelter to the buffalo, and immediately we were all round it, noisier than a pack of hounds. Every one, however, was on the alert, knowing as we did the remarkable cunning of the vindictive brute. But, in reality, we were in more danger from each other's guns, as they were fired recklessly and aimlessly into the heart of the brake. This baiting had the effect of causing the buffalo to make several vicious

charges to the edge of the cover, but it always retreated after seeing its tormentors flying in terror.

Knowing that it must ultimately be driven forth, I took up a situation where I thought it would most likely break cover. I had not long to wait. There was a shout, a crashing of bushes, and then the great clumsy form came thundering out. As it passed within ten yards, I fired my Express, and had the satisfaction of seeing that the shot had taken effect, as the buffalo staggered and nearly fell. Recovering itself, it sought refuge in the bush again, receiving, as it did so, a second bullet from me.

We now knew that the game was ours, as it would infallibly die, and we were leisurely discussing the situation, when we were taken aback by a terrified shout. Looking round, I saw one of my men sprawling on the ground, and the buffalo preparing to give him his *quietus*. Makatubu, who was nearest, with rare courage rushed up and fired his gun into the very face of the buffalo, which caused it to retreat into the bush again. The man had been coming back to camp from drawing water, quite unaware of the cause of all the shouting and firing. In passing near the bush, before he knew what he was about, he was set upon by the buffalo, and knocked down.

I now resolved to try to finish it off, and with Makatubu and Brahim as supporters, proceeded to the bush. We found, however, that that was composed of powerful thorns, so densely interlaced that no progress could be made, except on all fours along the game tracks. With bated breath and staring eyes, we crept about for some time, trying to find the enemy, but gradually becoming more and more painfully alive to the fact that nothing could save us if it should charge. To run away was a simple impossibility. At last this feeling grew so overpoweringly strong, that, after risking my life for a quarter of an hour, I withdrew from the hunt. Not so Brahim and Makatubu, who, with a recklessness of the most remarkable character, determined to be in at the death.

On getting back to camp I found I had some work before me. The man first thrown had had his leg knocked out of joint and certain parts fearfully lacerated. The men were looking on helplessly, but I saw that, if the man was ever to be worth anything again, prompt action was required. I had never seen a leg set, and had only very hazy ideas how to do it; but with Martin and one of my strongest men, I set to,

and, heedless of the cries of the victim and the astonished remonstrances of the onlookers, we had his leg into its place in a trice and thoroughly bandaged up. Then, getting a razor, I manipulated the torn parts and dressed them up beautifully, and in the end felt quite a pride in my work. It may be added that the man, thanks to my prompt if rough surgery, became quite well, and was never tired of sounding my praises. The other man had received no particular injury, and was soon all right.

While thus engaged we were again sadly upset by the banging of some guns, followed by the swish of a bullet which lodged in a tree close to us. We fled in dismay once more to the friendly shelter of the trees as several more shots resounded through the forest. The firing then ceased, and



THE BUFFALO'S HORNS, KIMANGELIA.

shortly after Makatubu and Braham arrived in triumph, bearing the head of the buffalo, which they had succeeded in finishing. The beast's face bones were simply shattered, and one eye knocked out, while several holes showed where bullets had harmlessly lodged about the cranium. It had clearly been an old, solitary bull driven from the herd, and soured in temper in consequence. The massive and grandly rugged character of its horns plainly told its age, and without doubt it must have been almost deaf, as it had lain almost in the midst of the camp for some time before being aroused to indulge in the dangerous escapades I have described.

In consequence of this adventure it became necessary to send back the wounded men to Taveta. It would have been

out of the question to carry them with us, loaded to the killing-point as we were. I had, therefore, with the best grace possible, to submit to the inevitable, and wait for the return of the ambulance corps.

Kimangelia (or rather our camp at the fountains of the stream known to the Wa-swahili by the name of the neighbouring district) we found to be situated at a height of nearly 4000 feet. The country was much more broken and wooded than any we had yet traversed. The greatest peculiarity, however, was the frequent "Scotch mist" or drizzle which enveloped us, making the thinly-clad coast men cringe and shiver round their fires in the most pitiful manner. As the temperature during the four days we remained there rarely got above 64° Fahr., and was frequently down to 50° in the early morning, I was glad myself to get inside an overcoat.

One of the trees in the forest I found to be no less than thirty feet in girth. It sprang up unbranched to a height of 100 feet, where it spread out in a massive crown.

The time of waiting for the ambulance was occupied in making two excursions up to the base of Kimangelia, where we held a market with the natives, who descended in extraordinary numbers. We had to be strongly armed and provided with a large escort, as the people were evidently only waiting for an opportunity to revenge the massacre of their brethren. I also had another rhinoceros hunt, this time following a wounded one for two hours through dense bush, and finally losing it. I cannot conceive any more exciting or dangerous form of hunting than that of following such an animal into the narrow labyrinths which penetrate an African bush. The hunter cannot see a couple of yards ahead, and never knows but that the next bush may hide the vindictive brute, though only too certain that a charge would simply mean death, as the possibility of stopping the creature by a head-shot is *nil*, and flight out of the question.

At Kimangelia we found ourselves at the confines of the Masai country, which I had now so long looked forward to. This also is the northern limit of the inhabited part of Kilimanjaro—the absence of water, the unbroken angle of slope, and the proximity of the Masai making the rest uninhabitable.

CHAPTER VII.

TO KIKUYU.

ON the 10th of August the men sent to Taveta returned, bringing with them a letter from one Jumba Mwengi-Mwengi, asking *our* Jumba to wait for him about ten days, and he would then join him with his caravan. A council was called, and in fear and trembling I awaited the result. To my great relief the conclusion arrived at was not to wait, but to set off at once to the Masai. It may be mentioned, by the way, that this new caravan, consisting of several hundred men, was attacked by small-pox shortly after its arrival at Taveta, and that more than one half of them died, in consequence of which the remainder were compelled to return to the coast. This will suggest to the reader one of the many dangers that are always facing an African expedition.

On the 11th of August we made what may be called our fourth start for that country which had proved to be "so near and yet so far." On getting outside the forest, the traders indulged in some mysterious incantations and ceremonies in which the use of blue paper was an essential feature, and then in the midst of a dense fog we set off.

At first the route led us through thick bush; or rather we projected our own route, for pathway there was none. In a short time we emerged upon a pleasing, grassy, rolling country, with numerous conical and dome-shaped hills to the east. We rose gently in elevation, till, after two hours' marching, we reached the pasturage of the Masai in the dreaded district of Lytok-i-tok. Of course we were pushing on with every possible precaution, as we did not know when we might fall in with the Masai themselves. I led a strong vanguard of men without loads, comprising several of the best speakers of the language, while the main body kept as compactly together as their environment would permit, the rear being brought up by Martin, Jumba, and nearly all the masters. Near a deserted kraal we were thrown into confusion by a rhinoceros breaking through the caravan, and again by another showing a disposition to perform the same feat. It may be here remarked that this was an extremely common occurrence, and yet no person had ever been hurt. The animals seemed to make these escapades for the pure fun of the thing, for if they had intended serious mischief they might easily have tossed the porters running panic-stricken before them. Probably the fact of their breaking through

arises from no special desire to scatter their enemies, but from their inborn tendency to run up the wind. I have noticed that in almost every case the charge has taken place when the brute has been lying asleep among the grass on the lee-side of the caravan. Having been suddenly saluted by the scent of the passing company, it has jumped up and rushed straight through, either with no vindictive purpose, or so bewildered by the numbers of men running in all directions that it has been unable to select any victim. On one occasion, however, I saw one pitch a load in the air that had been thrown down in its course. The *komas* on those occasions are always unfurled and waved vigorously to exorcise the demon by their magical virtues.

Near the kraal we crossed a small stream, and then a short distance farther on we camped at another stream named Kamanga or Ngarè Rongei (narrow river). Finding game very numerous here, I went out shooting in the evening, and brought down two buffaloes, though I was exceedingly careful in my movements, after what I had seen of the vindictiveness and vitality of these animals. I also followed a herd of nearly sixty giraffes, but failed to get a shot.

The Kamanga flows east and then turns round near the Kyulu mountains and joins the Tzavo. Our camp proved to be 4600 feet above the level of the sea. We had thus reached the highest point of the broad ridge which here extends from the base of Kimawenzi, and which shades off into the drainage basin of the Tzavo. The men must have suffered sadly during the night, as the wind blew bitterly cold from the mountain, and the temperature sank to about 50°.

Next day we made a short march, and camped at a spring. Game continued to increase in numbers, and at one and the same moment there could be seen rhinoceros, giraffe, zebra, eland, wildebeest, Grant's antelope (?), hartebeest, pallah, ostriches, and hyenas, while buffaloes were also in great numbers hidden in the dense bush. I enjoyed a feast of ostrich eggs, which, when beat up into an omelette, are barely distinguishable from ordinary eggs.

The view looking north-east across the basin of the Tzavo, with its conical, isolated peaks, grassy plains and forest reaches, to the fine range of Kyulu, of U-kambani, is very similar to the view from Mandara's across the Kahè to the Sogonoi mountains, though it is wanting in the tropical luxuriance and richness of the latter landscape.

Leaving the spring, we make a good march over much the same kind of country. Keeping in front, I shot two zebras and a wildebeest. These proved to be a welcome addition to our larder, which was showing signs of beginning to fail, our men having been too heavily loaded otherwise to be able to carry many days' food. After a tramp of five hours, we descended considerably in altitude, and reached a great plain which stretched north and west as far as the eye could reach. Coming suddenly from the forest to the edge of the ridge near a small pond, I was astounded at the marvellous numbers of game. Antelopes and zebras were literally in thousands, and yet a more barren, dusty plain can hardly be conceived. This place is known as Maragoa Kanga, or Guinea Fowl Camp, a sad misnomer, as not a specimen of these birds was to be seen.

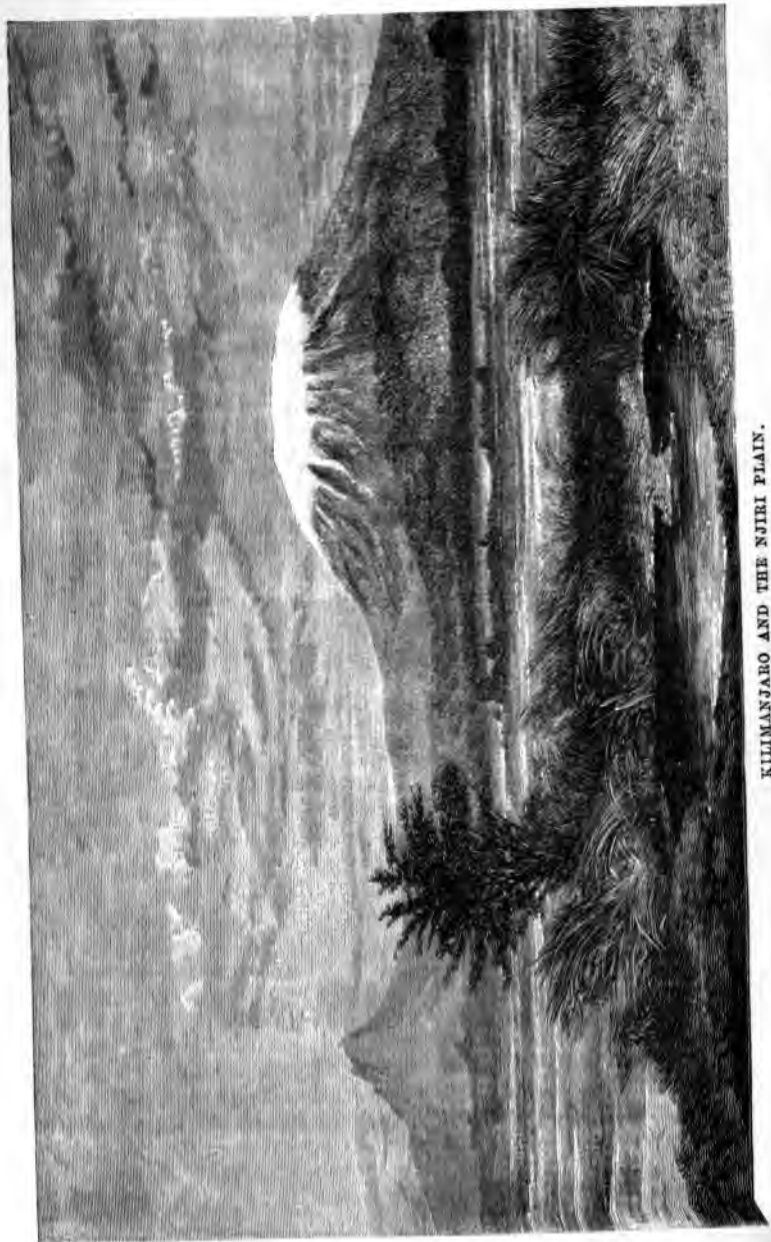
We here got into communication with the Masai once more, and I could not but express my admiration at the cool manner in which three or four elders came into camp without a trace of fear, though their people had been murdering the traders time after time, till they succeeded in blocking the road altogether. Indeed, only the previous year they had set upon a caravan going to Taveta from U-kambani, near the Kyulu mountains, in the dead of night, and stabbed forty porters without the slightest provocation. And now here were members of the same clan visiting us with all the dignity of lords of the creation, knowing full well that no retaliation would be attempted. They were magnificent specimens of their race, considerably over six feet, and with an aristocratic savage dignity that filled me with admiration. After the calm, formal salutation of their tribe, they began to detail with great minuteness how guns had been heard from their kraal, and, imagining that the Wa-kamba had attacked them, they had come out to reconnoitre; how they had at last come across our track, and found that it was a caravan, though they had been greatly puzzled by footprints such as they had not seen before (alluding to mine). They then lightly touched upon the causes of the road being blocked so long, as if these had been little trivialities not worth mentioning. They must not be too hard upon their young warriors if they broke out on the loose a little, and stabbed a few porters to taste blood and keep their hand in! "Boys will be boys," and "their wild oats must be sown," was the defence of the greybeards. And now they were glad to see the traders again, as they were running short

of iron wire, beads and chains for their young women. Of course a suitable reply was made to this harangue. The elders were told where we were going. They were assured that we desired peace, and were prepared to forget the past ; only they were clearly to understand that we were quite prepared to revenge ourselves if blood was shed. Moreover, our caravan had come provided with a powerful white lybon (Masai for medicine-man), who could with the greatest ease devastate the land with famine and disease ; so let them beware how they provoked us ! Various speakers took part in the debate, which from first to last was carried on with astonishing gravity and dignity.

We learned, to our relief and delight, that the warriors of the whole of Njiri, as far indeed as Matumbato, had left on cattle forays to U-kambani, the coast, and Kavirondo. This was indeed good news, as it would save us a world of trouble and annoyance, not to speak of the enormous economy in goods, as the larger part of the black mail goes to the warriors.

Our course for the next few days lay over a great plain called Njiri, which bore on the face of it abundant evidence to show that formerly it had been the bed of a great lake. Lying at an elevation of 3300 feet, it extends in an almost unbroken level from Kilimanjaro in the south to Matumbato in the north, and from the Kyulu mountains in the east to the hills of the Guaso N'Ebor (White River) on the west. Since leaving Mombasa, I have had occasion to describe many varieties of scenery ; the pretty hill-country of Rabai ; the undulations of Duruma, with their dense covering of bush and tangle, the ghastly desert of the Nyika ; the mountains of Teita ; the forest paradise of Taveta ; the magnificent panorama from Chaga ; and the prairie-land of Sigirari and Ngare N'Erobi. These all present very distinct features, and it might well have been supposed that in such an enumeration I had exhausted the varieties of scenery to be found in this restricted region. Such, however, is not the case. In the plain of Njiri we have a spectacle which in certain aspects is as impressive as Kilimanjaro itself, though the mountain adds to the solemnity of the effect as it towers heavenward.

Conceive yourself standing in the centre of the plain. In your immediate vicinity there is not a blade of grass to relieve the barren aspect of the damp muddy sand, which, impregnated with various salts, is unfavourable to the growth of



KILIMANJARO AND THE NJIRI PLAIN.

any vegetation. Here and there, however, in the horizon are to be detected a few sheets of water, surrounded by rings of green grass, and a few straggling trees or scrubby bushes. Other green patches of tall waving sedges and papyrus mark the position of various marshes. These ponds and marshes indicate springs of fresh water, which here well forth, loaded with salts in solution, to deposit their burden on the evaporation of the water. Beside these, there extend considerable tracts covered with a pure white crust of natron and salt-petre, formed by the efflorescence of the salts left by the dried-up marshes of the wet season. These areas appear to the eye as sheets of pure white snow or lakes of charmingly clear water. At other times, struck by the rays of the sun, they shine with the dazzling splendour of burnished silver. A weird haze envelopes the land with an influence shadowy and ghostly, while the mirage adds to the strange effects, till indeed everything seems unreal and deceptive. The exceptional nature of the sight is emphasized by the stupendous mass of Kilimanjaro, the pyramidal form of Meru, the double peak of Ndapduk, and the dark height of Donyo Erok, which are all faintly traceable through the dull grey sheen. In spite of the desolate and barren aspect of the country, game is to be seen in marvellous abundance. The giraffe, fit denizen of such a region, appears against the horizon like some unearthly monster, or browses among the trees and bushes. The wildebeest, imp-like and fierce in appearance, frisks with uncouth movements, or speeds with stiff, ungainly gallops across the natron plain. Zebras in long lines pace leisurely along from some distant pasture-ground. Hyenas slink home from their meal of carrion. Lions satisfied with the night's venture express their sense of repletion with reverberating roars. The inquiry that naturally rises to one's mind is, How can such enormous numbers of large game live in this extraordinary desert? A curious illusion is produced by the damp, heated air rising from the sands. This gives a marvellously beautiful waving motion to the black-and-white stripes of the zebra, which seem to quiver up and down with an effect not unlike the well-known electric advertisements. As we stand in this phantom plain, awestruck with the impressive spectacle, the haze gradually thickens in the distance, and eclipses the smaller mountains. Then a morning breeze laden with moisture from the sea touches the peak of Kimawenzi, and, cooled by its influence, leaves a cloud. Passing

across to Kibo, it enshrouds it in a winding-sheet of stratus. In a little while the mountain wholly disappears from view like the "baseless fabric of a vision."

It is very probable that the lake which formerly existed here supplied the necessary element to generate the volcanic forces which built up Kilimanjaro, these having doubtless become extinct coincidently with the silting up or more probably the desiccation of the lake. I have already adverted to the extraordinary fact that not a single stream descends from the mountain on this side (for we are now in the northern aspect). The only signs of any communication with the snows of Kibo are the numerous springs which well up here and there on the plain, and form various marshes and ponds, in which are to be found mud-fish and hippopotamus. These have no outlet, and evaporation alone seems to preserve the balance.

In crossing Njiri our men ran absolutely out of food, and would have starved, but for my exertions with the rifle. In the course of three days I shot, while on the march, three zebras, three rhinoceroses, four pallah, and one waterbuck, two jackals and several guinea fowl. On one occasion, when I was carefully stalking some hartebeest, creeping up behind a bunch of grass, I got a fearful scare by nearly falling over a leopard, which, equally intent on watching the game, was unaware of my approach. With a startled snarl it turned, and displayed a set of teeth in dreadful array. I thought it was upon me as I stumbled back in my surprise. Fortunately, it did not follow up its advantage, and before I recovered myself and brought my gun to bear, it was out of sight.

On the 17th of August we camped at a salt-water pond, in which, however, water of a drinkable nature welled up. At this place for the first time we came upon the Masai in some numbers. The scene that met our eye here was one which reminded me greatly of the descriptions given of Somali or Galla Land, as the large herds of fine cattle came down to this pond to drink, attended by a few old men, women, and boys. It was wonderful to see the fearless and insolent manner in which even small boys hustled our porters from the water, and made them stand out of the way till they had finished, and equally surprising to see the meek and patient way in which these indignities were submitted to by the porters, men who in other places are accustomed to lord it, and to see the Wa-shenzi (wild-men, the terms used to

designate all up-country natives,) cringe in terror before their high and mighty presence.

Though there were only a number of elders here, we had nevertheless to pay 14 senengès, 4 cloths, and 150 strings of beads. I contrived by a little dexterity to photograph some Masai women, though thereby I came dangerously near raising a serious row, as it was supposed I was bewitching them. Marabout storks were seen at this place in considerable numbers, along with vultures, kites, &c., which kept about the camp, looking for offal and garbage. My shooting one of the storks was the occasion of a great clamour. These birds are looked upon as sacred, they being, along with the vultures and the hyenas, the grave-diggers, or rather indeed the graves, of the Masai—for these people simply throw out their dead to be devoured.

My theodolite also had to be laid aside. Its portentous appearance and strangely intricate mechanism were looked upon with such feelings of alarm by the people that they made a hostile demonstration, and threatened to have it destroyed. Manifestly if I continued to use the instrument, it must be at the risk of my life. I was most reluctant to yield, but I saw that I must needs make a virtue of necessity; more especially as Jumba and the traders besought me not to run myself and them into the danger of having the road closed to us.

I was very much surprised to see that as night came on all the men retired to their kraals, though considerable numbers of the women remained in camp, a proceeding that did not seem to elicit the slightest remark from the men. During the night hyenas and lions kept up an incessant disturbance. They approached so close that their forms could be quite clearly distinguished in the darkness.

Next day we resumed our march. A couple of hours on our way we found the ground beginning to rise in elevation, and then we discovered an outcrop of red gneissic rock with a northerly strike and almost vertical dip. It was clear that we had once more left the area of volcanic eruptions of which Kilimanjaro is the centre, and re-entered the metamorphic formation. Coincidentally there was of course a change of soil and a return to the vegetable characteristics of the Nyika.

At sunset we camped without water at a deserted Masai kraal.

Starting before sunrise next day, we rounded a ridge, and

entered the small plain of the Ngarè na Lala (broad or marshy water) which rises on the southern aspect of Donyo Erok (black mountain) and, after spreading out in a marshy reach, disappears in the desert. Donyo Erok is an imposing mass of mountain rising with very great abruptness on the south and falling away northward. Ndapduk, which is here seen to the east, is a more picturesque pile formed of two peaks. The rocks of both are graphic granite, gneiss and schists.

We had now entered the most dangerous part of the Masai country, and it consequently behoved us to be continually on our guard. The very strongest of *bomas* had to



MASAI WOMEN OF NJIRI.

(Faces painted.)

be formed, guards appointed, no one allowed to pass out singly or unarmed, or to go any distance from camp. Fortunately there were hardly any El-moran or warriors about, so that upon the whole we were not greatly annoyed. We had, however, to stay here several days, as it was necessary for the traders to buy cattle for food, and donkeys for the carriage of their provisions and ivory in returning. They also hoped to pick up a few tusks, as no caravan had visited the place for some time. The competition for donkeys among the traders was a never-ending source of amusement to me. How each one poured "soft sawder" into the ears of the nut-

brown Masai ladies and persuasively slipped rich coloured beads or fine chains into their hands as he strove to persuade them to bring donkeys to him and no other ! And then what a race would ensue if one of these venerable animals was seen in the distance ! How the traders would buckle up their skirts, and, forgetful of years or grey hairs, tear out pell-mell, each one shouting to the owner to keep it for him, as they exhibited rich gifts or preliminary *douceurs*, the acceptance of which settled who was to have the first chance ! If the owner showed signs of hesitation, then would come the supreme scramble. Some would seize the rope which held the donkey, and fight for possession. Others would lay violent hands upon the creature's ears, or add fresh ignominy to its humble lot by grasping its caudal appendage. The owner himself, cut off from his property, would be bewildered by a crowd deafening him with yells of "Shorè ! shorè !" (friend, friend), and beseeching him to do them the favour of accepting the small tokens of their esteem in the shape of beads, which they would throw over his neck, or put on his arm, or try to enclose in his hand. In my own quiet way I cajoled a daughter of the celebrated lybon Mbaratien into bringing me a donkey ; and so completely had I won her heart by my pretty speeches (though unfortunately they lost much of their savour in passing through an interpreter) that she actually wanted to make me a present of it.

Cattle came in very slowly and sold at enormous prices, and then so lazy were both Muhinna and Sadi that we might have starved if we had had to depend on their exertions.

From the moment of joining the Pangani caravan, I had made a great friend of a trader named Al Heri. He was a Masai by birth, and had been stolen as a boy and brought up as a slave at the coast, but had gradually risen to the position of a trusted trader. His Masai name was Kombo-Ngishu, meaning the owner of many cattle. This man proved to be of great use to me, and along with his *confère* Moran, another Masai trader, made me for the time quite independent of my guides, besides giving me no end of information about their countrymen.

Matters, however, were getting rather bad, and the men were already on short commons, so I had to make up my mind to a new hunting expedition. I shot round the base of Donyo Erok, and on my return I could point to the marvellous "bag" of four rhinoceroses, one giraffe, four zebras, and four antelopes, all of which had fallen to my own

rifle within six hours. This will give the reader an idea of the extraordinary numbers and variety of the big game of this region. We saw also some buffalo and numerous foot-prints of elephants. On the same day a coast elephant-hunter shot one of the latter, which I saw. It measured ten feet two inches at the shoulders, and the two tusks weighed little short of 200 pounds' weight. My day's shooting saved us at least more than a load of goods, and kept my own men and half the Pangani caravan in food for several days.

Two days after this I ascended Donyo Erok, which at its highest point will be very nearly 6000 feet. I saw several eland, and shot two. I also met with a species of hornless antelope (called by the Wa-swahili *Ndopè*) which I had never seen before, and have only once seen since. I found that the upper part of the mountain was covered with fine pasture, on which the Masai grazed their herds. Some parts, however, were clad with forest.

On the 24th of August, having completed our purchases, we resumed our march, though not till the fifth hour, as Jumba had discovered by his art that it would be bad to start before that time. The interval was enlivened with a bloodthirsty quarrel between Martin and Makatubu, in which the hot southern blood of the former and the unbalanced temper of the latter got quite the better of them. Makatubu drew his revolver, and the *fracas* would probably have reached an unpleasant crisis, had I not captured Martin, and ordered Brahim and others to bind up the other combatant. I am glad to say that matters were soon squared, and such a quarrel did not occur again. Makatubu's act served however, to show what even the very best native servants are capable of. I have no doubt he would have shot Martin if he had not been promptly secured.

Our way now lay almost due north along the eastern aspect of Donyo Erok, through a very barren tract covered with a dense and forbidding acacia forest. The Masai became more and more numerous, and now included large numbers of warriors, a fact which necessitated great care in our movements. After a short march we camped at a small stream, Ngarè Kidenoi, where the last caravan that had passed had been nearly annihilated. The district is called Matumbato, and the Masai inhabiting it are by far the weakest-looking specimens of their race I had yet seen. They nearly all squinted, a peculiarity which often gave the most villainous of expressions to their faces. Flies and dust

were the distinguishing features of the country, and perhaps this may to some extent account for the squinting.

Thieving or attempts to thieve were now of hourly occurrence. A warrior would in the most unexpected way make a desperate dash at a porter's load on the march, and try to carry it off; or in the very centre of the caravan would pick up an unguarded article, and make for the open. These attempts rarely succeeded; but it was very amusing to notice the subdued and almost deferential way in which the traders submitted to these annoyances. It was a stringent rule that no attempt was to be made to punish the thief when caught. The stolen article was simply taken possession of, and the thief allowed to move on, feeling what annoyance he might at the laughter of his companions or jeers of the porters at his failure. Such attempts almost wore the air of friendly contests,—activity, strength and daring on the one hand, *versus* vigilance and numbers on the other, nothing being allowed to disturb the good-humour of either party.

At Ngard Kidenoi I had to pose incessantly as a great lybon or medicine-man with the power of life and death in my hands—a position which secured me from much annoyance and trouble, though of that I had quite enough. This reputation often placed me in most comical and embarrassing positions. One day, for instance, an aristocratic and wealthy old Masai appeared with a young and very pretty wife. Tipping me the wink (*à la* Masai), he called Sadi, and then let me know he had something of importance to say. Wondering what was in the wind, I politely invited him into my tent, and closed the door. The old gentleman looked important, the young lady bashful and simpering, Sadi smiled, and I began to feel uneasy and to wonder if the Masai was thinking of bestowing his wife on me. He then informed me that he had been immensely struck by my personal appearance, was delighted with my colour, and, speaking for his wife, he might say that she was simply charmed with me. Here it may be imagined we mutually blushed as we exchanged glances. Having no secrets, they had confessed to each other their personal admiration of me, and agreed that it would be quite too delightful to have a little white boy who would be a counterpart of me. Thereupon they had come to the conclusion that as I was a great lybon, capable of anything, it would be a simple matter for me to give them a medicine which would secure the required result.

It may well be supposed that I was immensely tickled

by this extraordinary request ; but I so far contrived to keep my countenance as to reply to the old gentleman with all due gravity. I explained that such things were out of my power, that that was entirely in the hands of "Ngài," and that to him he must pray for such a blessing as a little white boy. The old gentleman did not quite "see it," and as he looked sceptical, and the lady examined with much interest her toes, I became fidgety. The reply was that it was good to do as I suggested, but that in a case of this nature they had more faith in me. They had bullocks and donkeys to bestow upon me if I consented ; but if I didn't, he would consider that I was a bad man, and he was certain that his wife would never forgive me. The position was getting too ridiculous, and at last I consented to spit upon them, which I did most vigorously and liberally, my saliva being supposed to have sovereign virtues. Quite delighted and honoured at the singular "unction," they brightened up considerably, though still desirous of having some special medicine. At last, wearied with their pertinacity, and being far from well at the time, I brewed some Eno's fruit salt as a specific warranted not to fail. They drank the effervescing liquid with eager expectation, yet in fear and trembling. They still seemed, however, to have some lingering doubts whether the coveted result was a certainty. Unfortunately I had not one of Eno's pamphlets about me at that time, or doubtless I should have proved to their entire satisfaction that it had never been known to fail in producing even more astonishing effects, as was amply certified by the various testimonials. Having then once more, with all good will, spat upon them all over, I politely showed them the door, after bestowing some nice beads on my charming friend in trust for the prospective white baby. Bidding them good-bye, I returned to my tent, and let out my surcharged feelings by a few steps of a Scotch dance and sundry screams of convulsive laughter, greatly to the bewilderment of Songoro, who thought I had gone mad.

The country we traversed on leaving Ngarè Kidenoi became more and more broken and barren, with the numerous small isolated peaks of Mbarasha on our left. Water was only obtained by digging deep in the dried-up beds of streams. Hardly a blade of green grass was to be seen to relieve the red, glaring soil, and it was a continual source of wonder to see the enormous numbers of cattle which in some way or other found sustenance.

It may be here remarked, that round about the base of Donyo Erok is one of the few districts where Masai are always to be found, water in the lowlands being so scarce, and the rainfall so small, that they are compelled to desert them in the dry season, and migrate to the higher plateau regions or mountain ranges. Water, however, being found throughout the year at several small streams which descend from Donyo Erok, the Masai are enabled to live always near it, though even here the greater number migrate to better pasturage.

At this time our sole food was beef, game being extremely difficult to get at. We were compelled to buy three bullocks per day. This was no easy matter to do in competition with the Pangani traders, who were capable of any meanness, and were thoroughly up in the ways of trading, which none of my men were, except Sadi and Muhinna, both of whom were the personification of laziness and gluttony. I had to depend greatly upon Kombo-Ngishu and Moran, than whom there were not better men in the entire caravan. The buying, moreover, was an exhausting labour, no bullock being secured under an hour to two hours of haggling and debate, on the general lines which rule all such business operations. The final seal was put on the bargain by the Masai spitting upon his bullock, and my men doing the same on the senengè and beads. Once that was performed not another word passed on the subject.

Spitting, it may be remarked, has a very different signification with the Masai from that which prevails with us or with most African tribes. With them it expresses the greatest good-will and the best of wishes. It takes the place of the compliments of the season, and you had better spit upon a damsel than kiss her. You spit when you meet, and you do the same on leaving. You seal your bargain in a similar manner. As I was a lybon of the first water, the Masai flocked to me as pious catholics would do to springs of healing virtue, and with the aid of occasional draughts of water I was equal to the demand. The more copiously I spat upon them, the greater was their delight; and with pride they would retail to their friends how the white medicine-man honoured them, and would point with the greatest satisfaction to the ocular proof of the agreeable fact. It was certainly rather drying work for me when I had a large number to operate upon, and I required the aid of bullets and stones in my mouth to stimulate the production of the precious fluid. However, their simple faith in the

efficacy of it made me suppress my feelings, and give them the pleasure. How could I, for instance, resist the upturned face of a Masai "ditto" (unmarried young woman), as with her bright eyes she would look the wish she longed to utter ; and what better reward could I have than the delighted glance of the nut-brown maid when I expectorated upon the little snub nose so eagerly and piquantly presented ?

At a place called Seki an incident occurred which strikingly illustrated the cool and daring character of the Masai warriors. One of these had had a donkey stolen and sold to one of our party. Recognizing his property, this warrior called up his friends, and proceeded, without further ado, to lay violent hands upon the animal. In a moment the cry of "Bunduki ! bunduki !" (Guns !) was raised, and in a surprisingly short time between four and five hundred porters streamed out of camp armed with guns, and formed a circle round the disputants. Such a demonstration, in any other part of Africa I have visited, would have produced a panic among the natives and a stampede. Not so with the Masai, who though quite a small party, remained as cool and indifferent as if they were quite unaware that they were surrounded. The only effect was to make them relinquish their grasp of the ass, and tone down their demands for restitution. An orderly and calm discussion ensued, and ended with an arrangement agreeable to both parties.

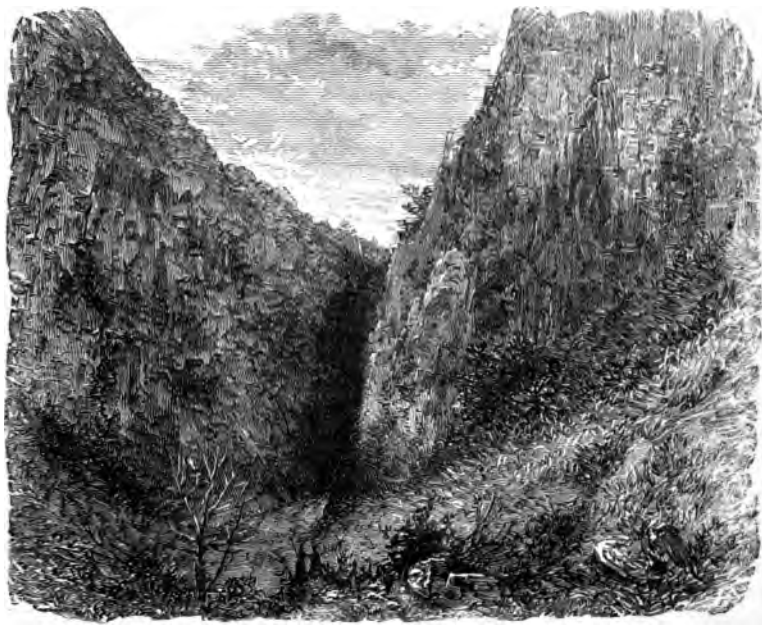
On the 30th of August we reached Becil, and camped near a low range of hills, beyond which could be descried the Ulu mountains some distance off. Before we camped, I saw a fight between two rhinoceroses, who attacked each other in the manner of bulls. One at last gave in and fled, while the other followed behind, dealing it tremendous blows in the rear, which actually lifted it up and made it squeal out like a pig. In the chase they seemed to be quite unaware of the caravan as they passed close ahead. The victor, having driven off the other from the field, turned its attention to us, and, its blood being up, it charged the caravan with fierce and defiant air, scattering the men like a flock of sheep, though, fortunately, doing no damage. The episodes of this evening included the stealing of a load from the midst of the camp, a stabbing case between two traders over ivory, and a goat being torn out of camp by a hyena during the night. Becil lies at an altitude of 4700 feet, and forms the dividing ground between Matumbato to the south, and Kaptè to the north.

Leaving Becil, we made a capital march north to the *nullah* of Turuku, over undulating grazing-grounds, comparatively free from trees, dotted here and there with kraals, which, however, were deserted, owing to recent raids of Wa-kamba, who of late have begun to assume the offensive and to make reprisals in cattle-lifting in the heart of the enemy's country. Near camp we entered a gorge which led us gently down, by a fine road formed by the Masai cattle, to the stream of Turuka. We here noticed that the tops of the hills which formed the gorge were capped by masses of porphyritic greenstone, with a tendency to columnar arrangement. The metamorphic rocks here disappear at a very high angle beneath the lava, and the gorge presents capital sections, showing the relations of the two rocks.

Leaving this camp, we descended the gorge, and in the course of an hour we emerged on a great desert, which stretches in unbroken monotony away to the hills of Nguruma-ni and Mosiro, behind which tower the dark and forbidding mass of Maū—the escarpment of the Guas'-Ngishu highlands. Looking east, the eye sees only a dark and frowning precipice of lava rock, running wall-like in an almost straight line north and south, forming in fact the counterpart of Maū. These together mark the lines of two great faults, between which the plain that lies before us has sunk to its present level, leaving the edges of Guas'-Ngishu and Kapté standing out in bald and grim massiveness. The eastern line of fault, however, is diversified by numerous small conical hills, which even a distant view reveals to be of volcanic origin. They have arisen along the line of weakness formed by the subsidence of the ground, this having afforded comparatively easy exit to the imprisoned forces which have built up the hills. Further north a lateral range of picturesque mountains projects from the escarpment westward. The desert is known as Dogilani, and, being for the most part destitute of water, it is uninhabited except close to the base of the mountains, whence small streams descend from the highlands, and permit the growth of grass. The escarpment, from its dark and forbidding appearance, is known as Donyo Erok el Kaptè (Black Mountain of Kaptè). To find water we were compelled to penetrate far into the extremely picturesque gorge of Ngarè Surè, which is several hundreds of feet deep, cut through the lava rock.

Two more marches brought us to the district of La Doriac, which strikingly suggested a magnificent bay as it lay flat

and even, surrounded, except to the west, by a splendid amphitheatre of mountains, Donyo Kisali guarding the entrance on one side, and Donyo Nyiro on the other. We here camped under the most uncomfortable circumstances we had yet experienced. The whole country was covered with wretched angular blocks, guarded by the most exasperating of "wait-a-bit" thorns, which certainly might make one dream of beds of luxurious ease, but hardly helped to make us realize the charm of such a couch. The Masai



GORGE OF THE NGARÈ SURÈ.

were in extraordinary numbers, and proportionately insolent and troublesome; while astonishing myriads of flies, with characteristics comparable to those of the tribe they prey on, made life a burden, and the fact that we swallowed no end of them in our food did not add to our satisfaction. In spite of two boys who stood over us at our meals, I verily believe we ate more of these pests than of anything else. The heat was terrific, and the natives would not give us a minute's

rest, in spite of *bomas*, thorn fences round the tents, and a lot of guards. The Masai stole whatever they could lay their hands on. Makatubu forgot himself, and nearly precipitated a fight by firing his revolver at a thief—fortunately without any damage, otherwise our position would have been serious. Wild bullocks broke loose, and ran amuck through the camp, knocking down tents, men, and whatever came in their way. A tremendous clatter filled the air, and chaos seemed to have come again.

Leaving this place with intense relief, we ascended the lateral range by the course of a stream. Crossing the summit at a height of over 6000 feet, we entered the narrow valley of a second stream, and continued along its sides till, reaching the head, we descended into a small enclosed valley, finally camping at nightfall near the base of a Kaptè mountain named Lamuyu. On the way I shot at one spot no less than four rhinoceroses. It was really glorious fun to see one of these brutes scattering the caravan before I gave it its *quietus*.

During the night the men had a bad time of it. No firewood was to be got, and rain set in after sunset, while the wind blew with tremendous fury from the plateau, utterly disheartening the weary porters, who lay exposed to its fury. Fortunately the storm lulled about midnight. I, however, had to take pity on my good friend Jumba, and give him one of my Austrian blankets.

Nobody thought of leaving camp till a late hour on the following day. When we did get started, we continued up to the north end of the valley, where we found a disused Masai cattle-road leading up to the top of the Kaptè plateau. The view that met the gaze at the edge of the table-land had more the general aspect of a European scene than that of Central Africa. A grand expanse of undulating country lay before us, the hollows knee-deep in rich and succulent pasture, in which peeped forth familiarly the homelike clover. The ridges were covered with trees of moderate size, and markedly temperate in their aspect, though splendid Cape calodendrons formed an unwonted spectacle with their glorious canopy of flowers. The interspaces of the woodland were filled up with a dense mass of beautiful and fragrant flowering shrubs in great variety. These open spaces were the haunts of large herds of buffalo, and the feeding-ground of numerous elephants and rhinoceroses, while in the grassy reaches could be seen vast numbers of elands, hartebeests,

zebras, and ostriches. I stalked one of the elands, but only succeeded in wounding it. I was more successful in finishing a sleeping rhinoceros. I crept up to it with the customary precautions, and in the process I experienced the usual sensations as of crawling centipedes about my spine, a wildly pulsating heart, a feeling of sweating blood, staring eyes, and gasping for breath, till on getting into actual danger, my nerves became braced up, and my muscles like iron. When within a few yards, I took swift and silent aim. As the report echoed with startling roar, I dropped to the ground like a hare. The great black mass instantly became animate. Jumping up, it stared wildly round, and then with blood spouting out of its nostrils like water from a fountain, it ran a short distance, to topple over dead. It had been shot through the lungs.

After this feat, an hour of marching brought us to a beautiful depression, surrounded by wood-capped ridges, and enclosing a glorious bubbling fountain of clear, cold water, which formed a charming pond in which ducks swam and water-lilies reclined in vernal beauty. This was Ngongo-a-Bagas, the "eye" or spring of the Bagas, one of the chief head-waters of the Athi River of U-kambani. A second, of greater dimensions, the Ngarè Murju, meets the Bagas a little to the east. It springs up, like the latter, in considerable volume at the base of the eastern side of Donyo Lamuyu.

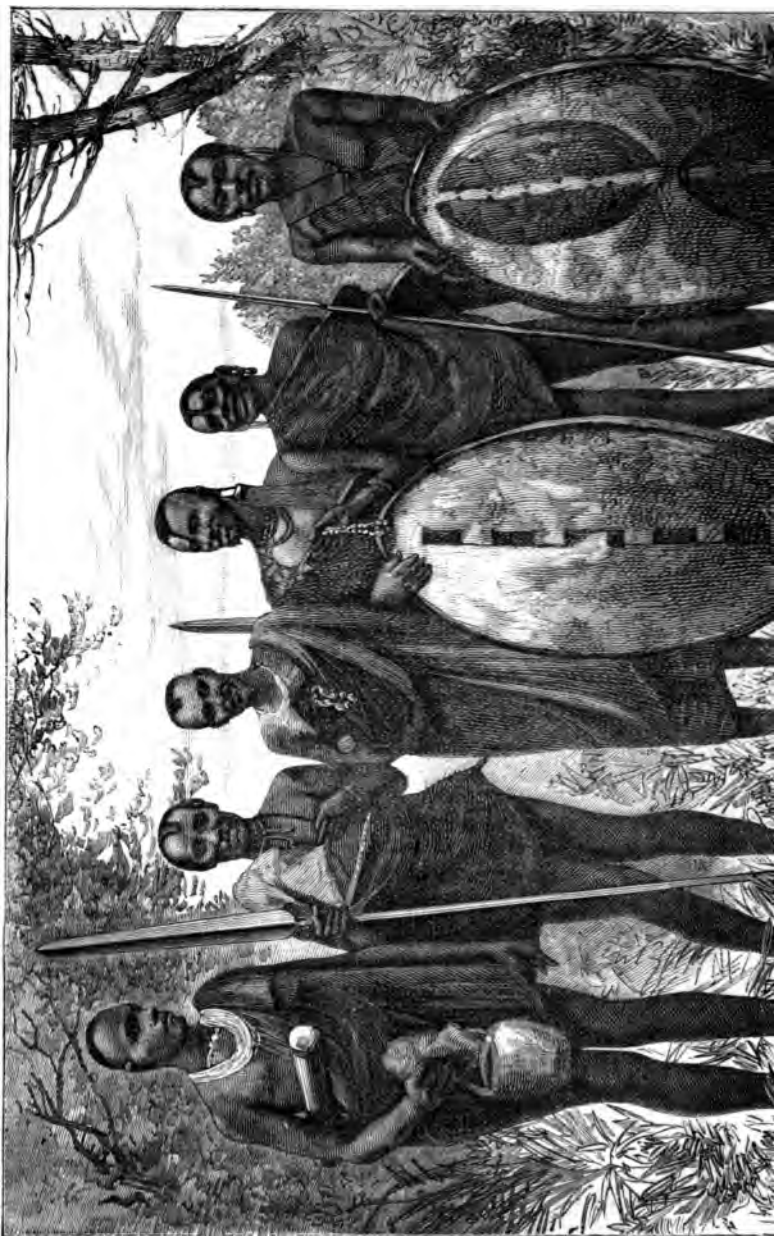
Before proceeding further, it may be well to give the reader some idea of the routine of our daily life here. It was a recognized and invariable rule with us to be on the march ere the sun passed the horizon. At the earliest indication of dawn, or more frequently on the crowing of the various chanticleers carried in the caravan, we tumbled out of bed, dipped our faces in the cool water, and just as objects became distinguishable, we were seated outside at breakfast, while the askari pulled down the tent, folded up the camp-bed, and made everything ready for the road. Little time was spent over breakfast, and as the crimson flush of morn changed to a golden gleam, the signal to start was given.

I myself take the lead with the advance-guard. The camp is left behind, and in the fresh and invigorating morning air we hie on merrily. The men at this stage go at a capital pace, and each one tries in friendly rivalry to get to the front. As the sun ascends, however, their enthusiasm tones down. The weakly and the lazy begin to lag behind, and soon they

are to be seen every here and there throwing down their loads, either to rest or under the pretence of putting something to rights. Straggling, however, is not allowed, and the rest is of the most temporary character. Each one well knows that to be caught straying alone would mean speedy death by the Masai spear. Martin brings up the rear of our section, and sees that all is well, while I in front take my bearings and other observations, and, where possible, shoot rampant rhinoceroses or buffaloes, thus at one and the same time staving off a danger and filling the pot. It is a thing thoroughly suggestive of savagery to see the hungry men precipitate themselves like voracious hyenas upon the game, and with slashing knives and quarrelsome tongues try to secure the fat or the tenderer parts. Cuts are not uncommon, and frequently order has to be introduced into the fighting pack by the dread uplifting of the birch, and the threat that is known to be never spoken in vain.

Two hours after leaving camp a halt is called, to let the long file of men close up, for now the Masai are beginning to issue forth with the warming of the air. On all sides we are greeted with "Shorè! shorè!" (friend). In my case I am addressed as "Lybon!" (medicine-man), to which I reply with an inarticulate sound, signifying I am all attention. "Gusak" (your hand) is then asked for. The shaking being duly honoured, a further stage in the ceremonious greeting is made by the salutation "Sobai?" ("How do you do?"), to which I answer "Ebai" ("I am well"). Then as a corollary to the ceremony, the visitor follows it up with the demand "Jogon? mashetan!" ("Do you hear? a string of beads!") and without demur a string of beads is handed forth to the stalwart beggar. With more pleasure, of course, and with the addition of a smile, we greet the "ditto" (unmarried young woman), who is saluted in different words from those suitable for the men—"Tagwenya!" the reply from the woman being "Eo!" Beyond seeking presents, the Masai receive us characteristically with aristocratic dignity. They do not, as in the regions further south, shrink off in alarm, nor, on the other hand, run alongside with rude shouts and vulgar laughter. Calmly they survey us, curious without a doubt, but hiding their feelings beneath an apparently indifferent exterior.

About midday the place selected for camping is reached. Each trader chooses some suitable spot, a grand rush and scramble being made for the ground under shady trees or



other desirable places. The first man who reaches a coveted locality seals his claim by laying down his gun or some other article, and no one disputes his right. Muhinna was first-class at this work. He seemed intuitively to know the most cosy and comfortable corner, and had a knack of being at it always first. The moment every one is into camp, the goods of each trader are stacked and covered over with skins or some other article to hide them from the prying eyes and twitching fingers of the Masai. Guards are then appointed, and without loss of time the men with axe and gun proceed to cut down thorn acacias in order to form a strong *boma* or fence. The gun is laid near for any emergency, while with vigorous blows the axe is applied to the stems, and soon the trees are lying ready to be further manipulated, or dragged with resonant chorus by bands of men to the line marked out. Martin superintends that duty while I take up my position beside our huge pile of goods, and keep a watchful eye upon them as I submit myself to the gaze of the natives, and refresh myself with a cup of coffee, generally in company with Jumba, who had a knack of turning up at such moments.

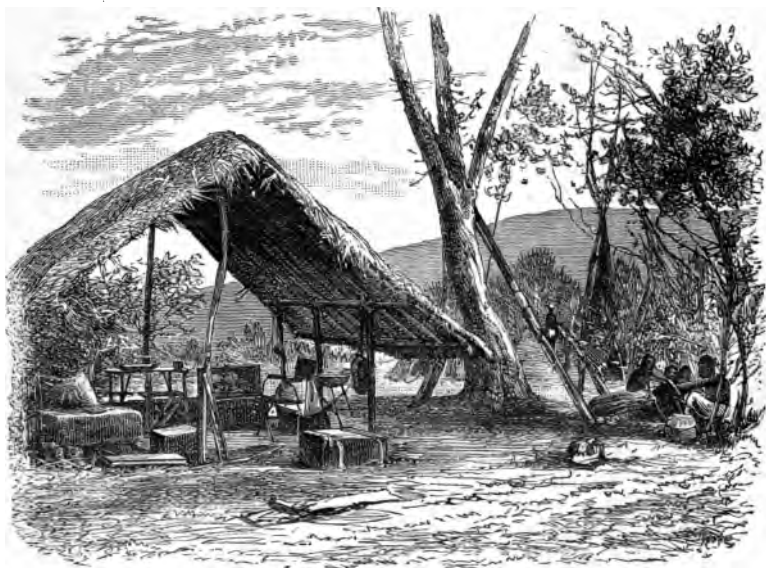
While this work is proceeding, various bands of El-moran appear from different quarters, resplendent in a new coating of clay and grease, carrying great spears, which flash in the rays of the sun, and shields newly painted in the heraldic devices of the particular clan or district. When near the camp, these warriors proceed to perform a variety of military evolutions, which show they have some rudimentary idea of the military art, and of the value of discipline and working in unison. This over, they gather together, strike their great spears in the ground, and rest their shields against them, thereafter indulging in an extraordinary dance. A warrior hops a few steps forward; then with rigid body, arms held at the side, and unbending knee, he jumps straight up in the air a number of times, indulging occasionally in a hitch forward of his long back hair over his face. While one is thus performing, the others, with the most serious of faces, chant in a ludicrous manner a song of welcome (to be plundered!). The contortions of their faces and their intense seriousness make the sight comical beyond description.

The dance over, they are now ready to proceed to business. The principal spokesmen on both sides first exchange elaborate salutations. These are followed by a prolonged discussion as to the proper amount of tribute to be paid. By

the time the *hongo* question is finished, the fence is complete, and we are safe from all serious danger, though our annoyances are only about to commence. The tents are pitched, and a second fence of thorns is placed round them, leaving only a small opening. This is guarded by two askari, who seek, with bland manners and soothing words, to mitigate the horrors of a Masai invasion. All such attempts are, as a rule in vain, for no one dares to lay a hand on a warrior when he is determined to see me and my things. With the greatest insolence he will push aside the guard, swagger with the utmost *abandon* and "hail fellow, well met!" kind of air into my sanctum, and bestow his odoriferous, grease-clad person on my bed, or whatever object suits his idea of comfort. Ceremonious even in his arrogance, he will now greet me, and then demand some beads. These I give with the greatest alacrity, in the hope of hastening his departure. Finally, after I have exhibited to his untutored gaze all the marvels of my person and tent, he may be cajoled out, leaving behind him various unsavoury tokens of his presence. The indignities we had to submit to are simply inconceivable. Though a warrior had tweaked my nose, there would have been no redress; and though he had "smitten me on the right cheek," I should have had to illustrate with sweet literalness the somewhat trying Gospel rule, and appear smilingly willing to "turn to him the other also." I must thank my reputation as a medicine-man that matters did not come quite to this pass. But from morn till night I had to remain on exhibition, and be ever ready to bestow beads upon the warrior beggars—for a denial was never dreamt of. No man dared lay aside his gun, or leave a single object exposed to view. It was only in large numbers that they could go outside to draw water or fetch firewood. The camp was kept in a continual turmoil, heightened every now and then by a Masai laying violent hands upon some article or other, in the very midst of the camp, and rushing with it towards the open. Thanks to our precautions, this rarely succeeded; but then there was no check to its repetition, as nothing could be done to the thief; he could not even be safely expelled from the camp.

At sunset the warriors would withdraw to their kraals, and a sense of relief would begin to be experienced. The gate would be blocked up, and a guard set. Guns might then be laid aside, fires lit, and food cooked. Tongues would be loosened and general animation would prevail, as if a great

load had been taken off every one's mind. Now and then voices would be hushed, as a prowling Masai was challenged by the guard, or a gun fired to frighten them away. The stir of the camp would reach its maximum about three hours after sunset, and gradually die away as the porters, wearied with the work and with the harassing care of the day, and filled to repletion, sank one by one to rest, and then only the horrible laughing and yelling of hyenas, the occasional roars of lions and cries of jackals, would be heard in the clear midnight air.



GLIMPSE OF CAMP LIFE.

And now to resume our story after this digression. I found that at Ngongo we had reached the southern boundary of the country of Kikuyu, the natives of which have the reputation of being the most troublesome and intractable in this region. No caravan has yet been able to penetrate into the heart of the country, so dense are the forests, and so murderous and thievish are its inhabitants. They are anxious for coat ornaments and cloth, and yet defeat their own desires by their utter inability to resist stealing, or the fun

of planting a poisoned arrow in the traders. These things they can do with impunity, sheltered as they are by their forests, which are impenetrable to all but themselves. Rarely does a caravan come into communication without their trading ending in bloodshed, and though they have received some bitter lessons in several fearful massacres at Ngongo and other places, they are yet as ready as ever to fall foul of the traders. Their country may be described as triangular in shape, the base forty miles in breadth, in a line from Ngongo to the point of the plateau overlooking Lake Naivasha. Its greatest length is about seventy miles, the apex of the triangle ending on the southern side of Mount Kenia. This triangular stretch of country lies immediately south of the line, and forms what may be called a great undulation of the Kaptè plateau and of its northern extension, named Lykipia. It occupies the forest region lying between 6000 and 9000 feet high, the trees of the higher parts consisting mainly of magnificent junipers and another conifer named podocarpus. At this high region drought is unknown, and astonishing fertility is everywhere seen. Streams abound in great numbers, and form the head-waters of the Kilalumi or Tana River. Enormous quantities of sweet potatoes, yams, cassava, sugar-cane, Indian corn, millet, &c., are raised, and the supply seems to be quite inexhaustible. On my return journey I found a caravan of over 1500 men staying at Ngongo, who remained there a month, and carried away little short of three months' provisions, yet it did not seem perceptibly to affect the supply or to raise the ridiculously low prices. Extremely fat sheep and goats abound, while they have also cattle in considerable numbers.

The Wa-kikuyu are allied to the Wa-kamba in language and manners, though they are by no means such fine-looking people. The young men and the women affect the Masai dress with modification, though in the odours they cultivate about their person by the use of grease and lampblack they remind one of the Wa-teita. They carry a small spear and shield, the knobkerry, the simè, and the bow and arrow. The Masai have made repeated attempts to penetrate into the country, but they have found that the Wa-kikuyu were more than a match for them in their dense forests. They have failed on every occasion. Curiously enough, however, though they are eternally at war to the knife with each other, there is a compact between them not to molest the womenfolk of either party. Hence the curious spectacle is exhibited of

Masai women wending their way with impunity to a Kikuyu village, while their relatives are probably engaged in a deadly fight close at hand. In the same way the Wa-kikuyu women frequently carry grain to the Masai kraals to exchange for hides.

The huts of the Wa-kikuyu are of the conventional beehive or conical shape. It but remains to be said that these people must lead a trying life up in those high altitudes, where the temperature in the dry season ranges from below freezing-point to nearly 90°; while in the more unpleasant wet season it varies from 50° to 95°—though, owing to the excessive moisture it *feels* both colder at the lower and warmer at the higher temperatures than in the dry season. Hail-storms of very great violence and severity are of common occurrence. On more than one occasion caravans have been caught in these, and lost large numbers of men from the exposure.

Such is the country and people we had now reached at Ngongo, and it behoved us to lose no time in making ourselves secure from the Wa-kikuyu on the one hand, and the almost equally dreaded Masai of Kaptà on the other. These were known to be in great numbers some distance to the east. Our ordinary protection of a thorn fence was deemed unsuited to our present situation, where the arrows of the Wa-kikuyu in the dead of night were the things most to be dreaded. A palisade of tree trunks had to be built. For this purpose one half of the men were set to dig the necessary trench, while the other half with gun and axe proceeded to the forest. There the dull thuds and the crashing branches soon told us that the men were working with a will. Meanwhile soldiers patrolled the neighbourhood, on the look-out for murderous natives. In a couple of days we had enclosed five acres with a palisade which was strengthened by branches thickly interwoven.

This important work performed, we had to try to get into communication with the Wa-kikuyu, to buy food, of which we were greatly in need, as we had been now for nearly a month on a purely meat diet which the men ate without salt. The consequence of this was a prevalence of dysenteric symptoms, from which I myself was by no means free. It was not an easy matter, however, to get at the Wa-kikuyu. The large numbers of Masai who came to the camp by their presence prevented their enemies venturing down to us, though at first they agreed to make their market some distance off. To make matters worse, a fight resulting in several deaths took place, and it became clear

that there was no other course for us but to penetrate into the forest.

A strong party was accordingly organized, of which I took command, and we started on our somewhat dangerous enterprise—for we knew they would be quite a match for us in the intricacies of the forest. We traversed one of the most lovely woodland scenes it has ever been my fortune to see. Roads, ten to twenty feet broad, penetrated the wood in every direction. These being absolutely free from bush or creeper, and carpeted with a beautiful covering of clovery sward, were most delightful to walk on, hedged in as they were with evergreen trees, magnificent calodendrons, and a profusion of flowering shrubs, which filled the air with their rich fragrance. Every here and there these roads opened out on a beautiful park or charming glade, enlivened with groups of antelopes, and sometimes with dark herds of buffalo. Everywhere were evidences of the presence of elephants, though we saw none. These fine footpaths were a great puzzle to me at first. They were so beautifully regular and so broad that they were clearly not of nature's handiwork. On inquiry I found that they had been formed by the continual passage of the great herds of the Masai between the different open reaches in the forest.

After a couple of hours' careful march along the interlacing roads we reached a place supposed to be near the Wa-kikuyu. In response to a thundering volley from our guns, hundreds of natives sprang suddenly to view,—

And every tuft of broom gave life
To dusky warrior armed for strife.

They had evidently been swarming in the woods all the time, watching our movements and looking out for an opportunity to attack us. They now crowded round us; but seeing them look dangerous, we "showed our teeth," and they precipitately retreated some distance. Going into the centre of the clearing, we arranged a plan of action—so many to buy, so many to carry to the central station, and over one-half to remain as a guard ready for any emergency. Several articles were stolen and various stampedes occurred among the Wa-kikuyu, but fortunately no serious accident occurred, and we were enabled to return to camp laden with all sorts of good things.

After this, matters improved considerably. The women (though never the men) came frequently down to the edge of the forest and disposed of their abundance to us. They tried

hard, however, to inveigle the thoughtless porters into the depths of the forest by always making their market further and further inland. So eager was the competition, and so utterly senseless our men, that if they had been left to themselves they would certainly have gone on till a number of them would have been massacred. With regard to my own followers, however, I soon put a prompt and effective stop to such reckless proceedings, while Jumba did the same with the men under his charge.

On the 8th of September, having learned that elephants had been heard trumpeting in the neighbourhood, I set off with a small following of trusty men to try my hand at that form of sport. Plunging into the bowels of the forest, we commenced following an elephant pathway with the utmost circumspection, directing each other entirely by looks or signs, though to attract attention a low whistle was allowed. The sombre gloom, our stealthy, silent movements, the care with which we pushed aside the bushes, our painful sensitiveness to every sound and sight, the highly strung state of our nerves, and the danger of the chase, were at once sources of intense excitement and of irresistible fascination. We moved about in this manner for quite half an hour, when we were electrified by a peculiar sound in our immediate neighbourhood. We stood like statues, with breathing suppressed, hand held warningly up, and ear turned in the direction of the sound, and then we exchanged glances which required no thought-reader to tell that the word "tembo" (elephant) was in each one's thoughts. We at once redoubled our precautions, examined our guns, and put everything to rights for the trial that was before us. We could not see a yard ahead, and we had to trust to the sound to guide us in the right direction and indicate the nearness of the game. Evidently we were near, but the sound ceased, and we strained our attention to catch any further indication of the position of the elephant. Then we got down on our hands and knees and crept along, peering into the gloom with gleaming eyes, and ever and anon halting to spot, if possible, the game. Again the strange sound broke on our ears, and it seemed quite close, but curiously enough we heard no signs of breaking branches, or swish of bending bushes. The suspense became killing, and we hardly knew what to do. We looked at each other in painful perplexity, then on again we went, after some pantomimic gestures and face-movements. Inch by inch we neared our supposed elephant. Once more

the perplexing cry was repeated, and it seemed within a few feet, and still it was unaccompanied with any other indication that the animal was near. We glared through every bush ; we listened with new eagerness, but heard only the wild pulsations of our own hearts, while the great drops of sweat poured down our cheeks and into our eyes. Suddenly there was a horrible snarl which made our hearts jump to our mouths, and the next moment no elephant but a wretched leopard bounded almost from under our noses. With an exclamation of disgust, though with a feeling of being relieved



MASAI WOMEN OF KAPTÈ.

from an intolerable strain, we jumped to our feet, but too late to get another glimpse of the monster cat, which disappeared in the bushes.

Feeling rather ashamed of ourselves at being thus taken in, we resumed our hunt. We had not gone far when we were all astonished and upset by a terrible crashing, as if a whole herd of elephants was bearing down upon us. My gallant men fled behind trees or tried to climb them, while I in the echoing forest stood bewildered, hardly knowing in what direction to look for the terrible enemy. The next

moment a great rhinoceros broke from the bushes close to us, and before I could fire, it disappeared again, blowing air through its nostrils with extraordinary snorts, in fact, a most thorough resemblance to a puffing steam-engine. We pushed on, but though we saw plenty of fresh spoor, we failed to set eyes upon a single elephant, and returned crestfallen to camp.

Business gradually improved at Ngongo. Food was bought in abundance from the Wa-kikuyu, while the Masai swarmed in daily with cattle, donkeys, goats, and sheep, enlivening our life considerably by their incessant attempts at stealing, their chanting, dancing, and military manœuvres when coming for hongo, while their half-wild cattle were continually breaking loose, running amuck through the camp amidst great uproar, or breaking outside, inviting a grand chase, to be ultimately shot down. Makatubu signalized himself greatly in these hunts by his fleetness, and his prowess with his army revolver, which was a never-ending cause of astonishment to the coast traders as well as to the Masai—for to them the revolver seemed a harmless toy.

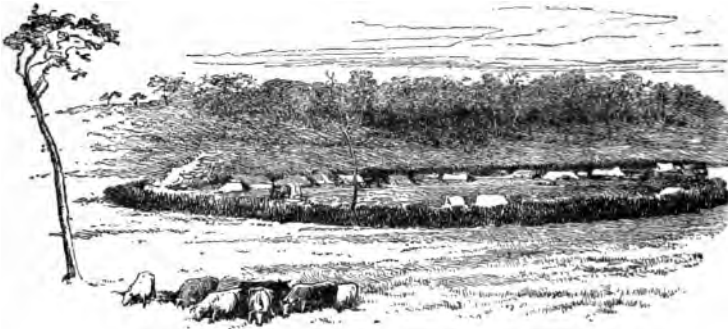
One of my men who had disappeared near Turuku in a very mysterious manner, was brought to us by a Masai El-morūū (elder or married man), who had saved him from being spitted on the spear of a Moran. The warrior had found the poor fellow, and, as is customary, wanted to stab him. A man named Kilimali also died here from dysentery, making the fourth death in my section of the caravan. The Wa-swahili elephant-hunters shot two elephants while we stayed here, but though I went out to try my luck twice, I failed even to sight one.

Our life at Ngongo was, however, upon the whole a very pleasant one. The view was charming, the incidents and camp sights of the most lively nature, while in our palisaded camp we felt perfectly secure alike from Wa-kikuyu and Masai. Conversations with some of the better class traders agreeably filled up odd times, and the evenings were devoted to the pages of a favourite poet, or to astronomical observations. The days, it is true, were very hot, the temperature rising usually above 90°, though tempered by pleasant breezes. But then the nights were deliciously cool—40° being no uncommon figure before sunrise. On one occasion, indeed, it was as low as 32°, making a range of quite 60° within the twenty-four hours.

In one of my shooting excursions, I saw for the first time

specimens of that beautiful monkey known to naturalists as the *Colobus guereza*. Its great peculiarity is a stripe of long white hair running along the sides and meeting at the tail, which is also white, and in the case of the males even more bushy than a sheep's. The white hair at the sides is frequently a foot long, and round the root of the tail a half more. The rest of the skin is covered with short, velvety, black hair. This beautiful animal occurs only in dense forests, its habits being purely arboreal. It is found frequently on Kilimanjaro and in the forests of Kahè, from both of which places I got skins.

After our fortnight's rest we found all our men thoroughly recruited and our preparations complete. The Pangani traders on an average would have little short of three months'



CAMP AT NGONGO.

food collected, which they were able to carry with the great number of donkeys they had bought. I, however, with such a number of men and only a dozen donkeys, was not able to take more than about twenty days' food. Of this the men now carried eight days' in addition to their load—and that too without a mutinous word—a fact which showed how thoroughly they hated a purely meat diet, and which no less clearly revealed an enormous stride in moral discipline. If I had proposed to make the men carry even a single day's food on leaving Rabai, not one would have moved a mile inland. Besides the twenty days' found in millet, beans, and maize, I had secured over twenty bullocks and five goats, which represented an additional week's rations.

The 20th of September was given up to a grand "Sadaka" or sacrifice to propitiate the gods and learn the decrees of fate. This Sadaka consists in the enjoyable religious exercise of feasting on fat things and the best of the land, while they chant or intone certain prayers. A sign is then sought for as to the best day and hour for travelling, without which no Pangani or Mombasa caravan thinks of leaving camp. The result of these pious performances was the discovery that their Sunday (Friday) at the fourth hour, was the propitious time, and to that effect Jumba's man sang out the customary Ki-nyamwezi warning to be ready.

CHAPTER VIII.

TO LAKE NAIVASHA.

It was highly expedient that we should start early, so as to reach water, and have ample time to select a secure camping-place and construct a strong *boma* for protection. But Jumba's search into the decrees of fate made it clear to the traders themselves that no one must leave Ngongo till four hours after sunrise, on pain of bringing down the wrath of the unseen powers. That hour having at last arrived, our excessively heavy-laden caravan, with men now thoroughly recruited, resumed the march for Lake Naivasha.

Our route lay about N.N.W. through the dense forest by a beautiful cattle-road. We rose considerably in elevation over an undulating ridge, at the top of which we got an extensive view to the east, over the plain of the Athi to the Ulu Mountains. We had not gone far before we found that the Wa-kikuyu were literally swarming in the forest, on the look-out for an opportunity to dye their spears in blood or to capture goods. Our sensations were rather queer in traversing these forest depths, kept as we were continually on the alert, and in momentary expectation of encountering treacherous poisoned arrows launched from among the trees. We had to proceed very slowly, and halt every half-hour to allow the men to close up and to make certain all was well. A little after mid-day, we reached a curious circular depression, which had clearly been at one time a charming pond, but which was now dried up. The traders had expected to find water, and were considerably downcast at the discovery of its absence. There was nothing for it but to leave the direct

route and penetrate into the very heart of the forest, where a pond was known to exist in disagreeable proximity to the Wa-kikuyu. Every one was now loud in denouncing the morning's delay, as it would be close on sunset before the water could be reached ; and even then we should not be near a proper place for camping. There now ensued almost a race to see who should reach the water first, though the main object was to secure the safest place from a night attack, which every one now looked forward to as a certainty.

Near sunset, a beautiful, forest-encircled pond, supplied by numerous springs, was reached, and then every trader, regardless of the general safety, sought out some spot for himself, protected by impenetrable bush. Those who were not successful huddled together close to those who were, for no one would remain in the open. The rule of the caravan was that the various traders and leaders should so occupy places with their contingents as to form a complete ring, the centre being occupied with the cattle, donkeys, &c. This highly necessary rule was in this instance totally disregarded, and as night set in we found we were camped in two converging lines, the base of the triangle being unoccupied, and our large herd of cattle being left unprotected. I myself had been among the first to reach camp, and as I had consequently got a good place, I did not think it incumbent upon me to assume the post of danger.

As darkness began to set in, the amenities of the situation were not increased by a terrific thunderstorm, which, being followed by hail, reduced the porters to the most abject helplessness ; for nothing paralyzes a negro faster than wet cold. Fortunately the storm quickly passed over, and the genial warmth of the fires was beginning to revive the men, who, finding themselves unmolested, began to be more lively. A volley of guns soon upset any feeling of security, and made every man seize the ever-ready fire-arm. No one, however, dared budge from the fires, though a moment's thought should have told them that thereby they only served to heighten their danger. The next moment a commotion was heard among the cattle, and warning voices shouted out that the Wa-kikuyu were stampeding them. The prevailing confusion and terror were so great that no attempt would have been made to stop this disastrous proceeding if I had not stirred up my own men, and with my brave fellows, Ibrahim and Makatubu, rushed off in pursuit. In the dense dark-

ness, we, of course, could not distinguish friend from foe, but fired aimlessly into the forest, in the hope of frightening the disturbers of our peace, as we tore along. We soon succeeded in heading the runaways and bringing them back, though, if they had got twenty yards further, they would have been hopelessly lost. Several arrows were shot from the bush, and two bullocks were brought in wounded. The cause of the original volley had been an attempt to massacre one small party by creeping up to them. They were only discovered after a *simè* had nearly ended the life of a porter. A prompt volley, however, had scattered the murderers, several having thus been wounded, and one left dead. At the same moment a party of natives with wonderful hardihood had got among the cattle, and tried to stampede them. Another and yet another attempt was made to effect this very desirable capture, and though they failed to carry off the lot, they at least got a few, of which some were mine. What was still worse, two of the coast porters were either speared or captured. Not a soul slept the livelong night. A continuous fusillade was kept up as our sole protection; and certainly several bullets must have found their billets, to judge from the blood-stains next morning. Numerous arrows were launched into the camp, but fortunately no one was wounded, mainly owing to the fact that the men protected themselves by the Masai-dressed hides.

The first streaks of dawn were greeted with gladness, for as yet we were unaware of the extent of our losses. These turned out to be no more than above indicated. The traders, however, were in a furious mood, and ready for any deed of blood. An opportunity soon presented itself, and a large capture of the *Wa-kikuyu* was effected. Every one clamoured angrily to have their throats cut at once, and they were hustled about fearfully with fierce imprecations. On all sides through the forest could be heard the native war-cry, and it seemed as if nothing but a massacre would end the episode. I let the traders do as they pleased at first, as the robbers well deserved a fright; but on seeing that they were about to proceed to extreme measures, I put in a very determined protest against any further bloodshed. With difficulty I succeeded in my endeavours, and got them released.

Considerably delayed by this scene, we resumed our march. The natives were now literally in thousands, and every now and then we had to make a stand and scatter them by a

show of our guns. We thus succeeded in getting out of the worst part of the forest, and, as we progressed, the Wakikuyu finding we were too many for them gradually dropped off, and we were finally left at peace. We were now considerably over 6000 feet in elevation, and I was thrown into ecstasies of delighted surprise in observing several very fine coniferous trees (junipers and podocarpus), rising to a height of little short of 100 feet, among magnificent Cape calodendrons, splendid-flowering trees never before supposed to be found north of Natal. The whole scene was singularly rich and varied with the numerous trees of temperate aspect, and the dense undergrowth of bushes, mostly covered with charming flowers which emitted a rich, though heavy, perfume. Beautiful glades honeycombed the forest, and cattle-paths connected them with each other.

Shortly after mid-day we emerged from the forest and descended to a ledge or step of the plateau, which has clearly been formed by a subsidence of the ground in a line parallel with the main line of fault.

About 3 p.m., we reached the edge of the plateau, and once more overlooked the Dogilani desert. The view across this wilderness to the dark frowning wall of Maū was strikingly impressive. But the objects which riveted my attention were two isolated mountain masses which it required little geological knowledge to recognize as volcanic. The most southerly and the larger, viz. Donyo la Nyuki, appeared as a great crater, one side of which had been blown away, and in the centre of which had risen a secondary cone, the southern half of the crater-rim encircling it like a wall or embankment. The mountain seen to the north, was Donyo Longonot or Suswa, which exhibited the appearance of a broad truncated cone, so very suggestive of a fine crater, that I concluded at once that it must be one, and resolved, if opportunity occurred, to ascertain correctly whether it was so or not. The view to the north was shut in by the escarpment of the plateau on which I was standing, which here bent round and ran westward about ten miles. This part was known as Mianzi-ni, which is a Swahili term, meaning the district of the bamboos, of which there is a forest at that place. It looked very grim and uninviting then, but, as the sequel will show, it was fitting it should be draped in sombre hues, as an omen of what was to be the character of my after-acquaintance with it.

I had little time for reflection, however, as the day was well spent, and we had yet far to go. The men, heavily burdened as they were, had been on their feet since morning without proper rest, and without either food or water. They were already beginning to break down sadly, and needed all available means of suasion to keep them going. Each one began to press forward to the best of his abilities, heedless alike of weaker men, or the danger to stragglers; and soon the whole caravan was a series of broken parties, only connected here and there by worn-out porters stretched out to rest. We reached the barren plain, descending the almost precipitous face of the escarpment by a capital diagonal cattle-track, worn by myriads of cattle during centuries of continuous migration from the high to the low pasturage, or *vice versa*.

As we reached the bottom, the shades of evening began to gather, and still the watering-place was not reached. Men were falling down exhausted with their great loads, those of the coast porters being all considerably over 100 lbs. Every one was looking after himself, and pressing forward to slake his thirst. Suddenly we were all thrown into confusion by an extraordinary event. Lions attacked the donkeys, and killed several. The porters threw down their loads and fled. Donkeys were doing the same, kicking off their burdens, and braying lustily with fear. Many of these, breaking through the bushes, were taken for lions by the panic-stricken porters, and shot down. The cattle got away from all control, and crashed through the brake, adding further to the chaos. The shouts and cries of men, mingled with the roaring of lions, the braying of donkeys, and an almost continuous fusillade from fire-arms, furnished all the elements of a night of horror.

Among the traders a *saue qui peut* was proclaimed, and the leaders, heedless of their goods or men, and thinking but of their own personal safety, deserted their all, and fled forward to seek the camping-ground. Ably seconded by Martin and the head-men, I contrived to keep down the panic in our section, and two hours after sunset, we arrived at Guaso Kedong without the loss of goods or men. Not so fortunate were the Pangani traders. More than one-quarter of the caravan, frightened to death by the lions, and in the belief that we had been attacked in front, dared not advance, but huddled together like a flock of sheep, seeing lions in every waving bush, and Wa-kikuyu in every tree stump.

They must have suffered considerable hardship, as they were without fire, food, or water, and the wind blew with biting fury from the plateau. Throughout the night, guns were fired at intervals, which told eloquently the nervous plight the men were in, while we ourselves, with roaring fires and plenty of water, could afford to laugh over the supremely ludicrous, though dangerous, episodes of the night.

To hunt up lost donkeys and cattle, collect loads thrown away, and otherwise repair the disasters of that strange night, required a halt of three days. Even then we departed with a considerable reduction in our sinews of war. Fortunately, however, no men were killed or wounded, a fact perfectly miraculous, everything considered. If the Wa-kikuyu had put in an appearance that night, disorganized as we were, they might have obtained a glorious haul of plunder.

Guaso Kedong we found to be a charming stream, gushing up from a small rock-basin at the base of the escarpment. It supplied a delightful warm bath, as the water has a temperature of 83°, while the average of the air was only about 70°.

Before leaving this camp Jumba pretended to infuse, by some occult means, healing virtue into a black bullock, so that all who should take hold of it would be cured of whatever ailments they possessed. To diffuse the healing influence all the porters turned out to lay hands upon the sacred animal. The ceremony, however, degenerated into a boisterous farce. In the end the men pulled the poor brute about by the tail, till it was nearly driven mad, and I had to intervene.

Keeping north by west from camp, we skirted the base of the plateau, and soon reached a larger Guaso Kedong flowing in a deep and narrow channel cut in very firm tuff, which indicated that we were back again into the area of the later manifestations of volcanic energy. Numerous fragments of obsidian lay scattered about like pieces of bottle-glass.

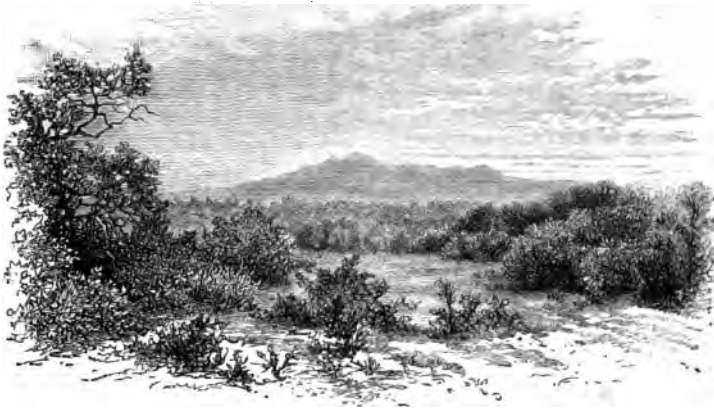
About 10 a.m. we reached an open space where I shot a zebra, and thence we continued our way by an admirable cattle-road through the forest. I was well in front, accompanied by Songoro, when I was suddenly electrified by the sight of a herd of ten elephants crossing the pathway ahead. I stood transfixed by the sight, for they were the first I had ever seen in a wild state. Ordering Songoro back for Brahim and the big "bone-smasher," I hurried away alone, afraid of losing my game. Plunging into the dense bush, and threading its labyrinths with bated breath and palpi-

tating heart, I was soon on their trail, and in a short time I was alongside of the elephants as they tramped onward leisurely, treading down the bushes and feeding on the leafy branches. Getting within ten yards, I took aim at one great fellow, which unfortunately was standing in a bad position, and fired, hitting him just behind the shoulder, but at such an angle that I missed the heart. The next moment there was a fearful crashing, and the whole herd went thundering away. Alone as I was, several miles from the route, I was reluctantly compelled to give up the chase and return, unable to ascertain what damage I had done. A short distance farther on the porters saw some more, and it was clear that they were in considerable numbers, though doubtless at other seasons, when the Masai are wandering over the low grounds, they retire to the forest depths of Mianzi-ni and Kikuyu.

At mid-day, after a sharp march, we reached the headwaters of the Guaso Kedong (Mkubwa), which, like the smaller stream of the same name, rises at the base of the escarpment. We here camped, and I now determined practically to verify my conclusion regarding Donyo Longonot, and to see whether I was right in regarding it as a splendid specimen of a volcanic crater. Selecting four of my best men, I lost no time in setting off, as we had clearly a pedestrian feat to perform. We rose gently in height through *leleshwa* bush, in which we saw several eland. A hard tramp of two hours and a half brought us right to the base of the mountain, only to be confronted with a yawning rent, which seemed to cut us off from the object of my curiosity. This feature is clearly of igneous origin, formed in extremely firm tuff or volcanic dust. Making a considerable *détour*, we at last found a place to cross. I had here, however, to leave two of my followers, thoroughly done up by the, to them, unusual pace at which I had been walking. I had now only Brahim and Songoro to keep me company, as I braced myself for the extremely steep ascent. Crossing some shelves or steps of very scoriaceous lava overlying fine volcanic dust, we pushed on, stumbling, panting, and perspiring, over nasty, grass-hidden, ejected blocks, and through horrid thorny bush. I experienced due pleasure at the sight of several charming clumps of heath. Some of this I plucked and stuck in my hat, as I shouted "Excelsior" (in Ki-swahili) to Brahim and Songoro, who responded in rather gasping tones. Half-way up Songoro fairly caved in, and

had to be left behind. Brahim looked the very incarnation of wickedness as he set his teeth, and struggled after me, ashamed of being beaten.

At last we reached the bottom of the cone proper, and with astonishment I viewed its extraordinary steepness. It beat anything of the kind I had ever seen. I made a determined spurt, literally on hands and knees, to ascend this part. The slightest slip would have landed me half-way down the mountain. At last I reached the top, and the scene that lay before me fairly overwhelmed me with wonder. I found myself on the sharp rim of an enormous pit, as far as I could judge, from 1500 to 2000 feet in depth. It was not, how-



DONYO LONGONOT FROM G. KEDONG.

ever, an inverted cone, as volcanic craters frequently are, but a great circular cavity, with perfectly perpendicular walls and about three miles in circumference, without a break in any part, though on the south-western side rose a peak, several hundred feet above the general level of the rim. So perpendicular were the enclosing walls, that immediately in front of me I could not trace the descent, owing to a slight angle near the top. So sharp, also, was the edge of this marvellous crater, that I literally sat astride on it, with one leg dangling over the abyss internally, and the other down the side of the mountain. The bottom of the pit seemed to be quite even and level, covered with acacia-trees, the tops of

which, at that great depth, had much the general aspect of a grass plain. There were no bushes or creepers to cover in the stern and forbidding walls, which were composed of beds of lava and agglomerate. The scene was of such an astounding character that I was completely fascinated, and felt under an almost irresistible impulse madly to plunge into the fearful chasm. So overpowering was this feeling that I had to withdraw myself from the side of the pit.

Looking down the side of the mountain, I noticed Brahim fairly stuck several hundred feet below, and my feelings fount vent in hurrahs and excited shouts to come up and see the wonderful sight. Somewhat relieved by this outburst, I turned my attention to the surrounding country. Looking towards the north, the first sight that riveted my gaze was the glimmering, many-isled expanse of Naivasha, backed to the west by the Mañ escarpment, whose black colour was heightened and rendered more picturesquely savage by tumbling thunder-clouds, with here and there the linear arrangement which told of heavy showers. Flashes of lightning broke forth ever and anon, to be followed by grand peals of thunder. To the east rose abruptly the plateau which we had so recently left, and over the bamboo-clad heights of Mianzi-ni could be seen the higher masses of a splendid range of mountains. To the south stretched the desert of Dogilani, with the less perfect but larger crater mass of Donyo la Nyuki. All this had to be taken in rapidly, as we had a long tramp before us to reach camp. My observations indicated a height of 8300 feet. The highest point, however, would be little short of 9000 feet.

We now hastily retraced our steps, for the sun had almost set, and we knew only too well that there were lions as well as Masai in the path. Picking up Songoro, and then the other two men, we hurried backward almost at a run. Half-way darkness came on, with a drizzling rain, and we had to push along more by instinct than anything else. Two hours after sunset we reached camp, to be hailed with joy by the caravan, who were becoming anxious about us. I rose at once in the estimation of the traders, when our story was told—as I had declared, on first seeing the mountain from the plateau, that I was certain there was a great pit in its centre. It remains but to be said that one of its Masai names is Donyo Longonot, meaning the “mountain of the big pit.” They declare that there are snakes of enormous dimensions to be found in it. The Masai describe a remark-

able pit in the neighbourhood, in which animals are at once suffocated if they by any means fall into it. This must mean an emanation of carbonic acid gas.

At Guaso Kedong, on the day following the interesting discovery of the crater, the ivory that had been collected so far was secretly buried, pending their return homeward; and then after despatching a party to Mianzi-ni with an Andorobbo, who declared there were several tusks to be got, we resumed our way to Lake Naivasha. Passing between Donyo Kejabè (Gold mountain) and Donyo Longonot, we crossed a connecting ridge, and then we had the charming expanse of water full in view. The march proved to be a very hard one, and near sunset the men were badly paralyzed by a very heavy hail-storm, which came down with much fury before shelter could be obtained. It became clear that the lake itself was not to be reached that night, and we determined to camp at a deserted Masai kraal, a few of the huts affording a slight shelter. To my dismay, when far on in the night, I heard that one of my men, who had fallen behind paralyzed with the cold, had not come into the camp, and now it was out of the question to set out in search of him in the pitchy darkness and bitter cold. A relief party, sent back at day-break to seek him, came upon his corpse, or rather the remains of it. He had died from the exposure, and hyenas had sadly mutilated him.

Pushing on over a beautiful grassy district, we soon reached a broad plain, which lies between the lake and the escarpment. Here were seen thousands of zebras. We actually surrounded two large herds, though the only result of a terrible fusillade was the death of two, which fell to my gun. It was a magnificent sight to watch these beautiful animals thundering along in great squadrons; here stretching out like racers, as they passed in dangerous proximity to the enemy; there massed up at bay, with excited mien and head high up, trotting about with splendid action, as if daring the hunter to approach. Anon they might be seen at safer distances, turning round to face their human foes, with the indignant bewildering inquiry, expressed by a half bark, half whistle, what on earth this incursion of strange beings meant?

The bosom of the lake itself was one moving mass of ducks, with ibises, pelicans, and other aquatic birds. Passing round the north-east corner, we reached a grove of thorny acacia, and just as we were entering we were suddenly alarmed by

a buffalo emerging from it, and exhibiting signs of a desire to scatter us. My rifle was not at hand, but the animal changed its mind, and thus we were allowed to camp in peace.

Not a moment was lost in stacking the loads, and setting to work fence-building, for we had now arrived at one of the most precarious parts of the entire route. Every one, however, worked with a nervous energy that left nothing to be desired, and long before the warriors had gathered in any numbers, we were safely surrounded by an impenetrable thorn barrier.

I here discovered that for the second time I had struck Fischer's route, but only to learn that Naivasha had been his furthest point. After his arrival here he had secured a large quantity of ivory, but having been sadly reduced by illness, he was compelled to turn back when within a few days' march of his goal—Lake Baringo.¹

That fact certainly is not to be wondered at, when we understand the atrocious life one is compelled to lead among the Masai savages. They ordered us about as if we were so many slaves. I had daily to be on exhibition, and perform for their delectation. "Take off your boots." "Show your toes." "Let us see your white skin." "Bless me! what queer hair!" "Good gracious! what funny clothes!" Such were the orders and exclamations (anglicized) which greeted me as they turned me about, felt my hair with their filthy paws, while "Shorè" (friend), "give me a string of beads," was dinned into my ear with maddening persistence. They made us stop for nearly five days, till all the El-moran from far and near should have an opportunity to come and plunder us. We were within an ace of a fight, which would have been disastrous, and we had to eat humble pie to propitiate their lordships. The amount of goods we here disposed

¹ In a subsequent expedition this enterprising scientific traveller largely extended his knowledge of these regions. In August, 1885, he left Pangani for the Upper Nile Provinces, with the object of relieving, if possible, Dr. Junker and Emin Bey. In January he reached the south end of Victoria Nyanza, only to find it impossible to proceed further in the route he had projected, owing to the hostility of the king of Uganda. He then proceeded along the eastern side of the lake to my furthest point in Kavirondo, and was then compelled to return to the coast from lack of stores—his homeward route being the same as mine in 1884, though with some interesting deviations of a minor character. Unfortunately, Dr. Fischer arrived in Europe only to die before he had prepared the narrative of this important expedition. This loss to geography occurred at Berlin on November 11th, 1886.

of was appalling. No one asked in vain, and few were left unsoothed, and yet, strangely enough, in the midst of it all we made great friends with some of the elders, who delighted to sit and talk with us, showing a frankness and an absence of suspicion such as I have never seen elsewhere among Africans. They had an admirable knowledge of the geography of an enormous area. This they had acquired by their continuous war raids and their nomadic habits, and they imparted their information without reserve.

We got considerable quantities of milk from the women, but secretly, as they are not allowed to sell the precious fluid, that being reserved for the use of the bloated young warriors. But women are women everywhere, and a few blandishments, chuckings under the chin, or tempting displays of beads, won their hearts and secured the objects of our desire. In some respects I began almost to like the Masai (men as well as women), as I gradually became accustomed to their arrogant ways; for, troublesome and overbearing as they were, they displayed an aristocratic manner, and a consciousness of power, which seemed to raise them infinitely above the negro—as I had seen him. The damselfs, of course, would have been without fault, if they had only discarded clay and grease and used Pears' soap. Certainly there is as fine an opportunity for the introduction of that valuable article into the Masai country as there is of Manchester cottons into the Congo. It has been certified, I believe, on unimpeachable authority, that the use of Pears' soap is akin to godliness. Imagine, then, how it would pave the way for philanthropic effort!

It must be confessed, however, I had much reason to be thankful that at Naivasha I was in the possession of a sound liver, for the consequence of being a bilious being in a bilious world at this period might have been disastrous to further progress, by leading to the commission of some rash act or other. As it was, I was proof against all the ills that the traveller in Masai-land is heir to, and was enabled to preserve my equanimity under the most unpleasant circumstances.

To the west of our camp, and forming a spur to the Maū escarpment, rose the rounded outline of Donyo Buru (Steam Mountain). I resolved to visit it, and ascertain for myself how far it deserved the name, as it would be important to make sure that the volcanic forces were still in action, however mildly, in this interesting region. I contrived to get

into the good graces of a powerful Masai, and cajoled him into guiding me to the mountain. Selecting eight men, we set off on our dangerous trip. Our way at first lay across the grassy plain which lies to the north of the lake, and we were amused and delighted by the manner in which the numerous herds of zebra played and frisked in the pure enjoyment of life and utterly unconscious of danger, within forty yards of us. Their tameness certainly was most attractive to me, and a continual source of pleasure. I would allow none of my men to frighten them, though we could have easily shot dozens. This remarkable absence of fear is due to the fact that the Masai never molest them, as they are not eaten by that race. Though they keep down the grass, they are not even driven away, and in those virgin fields, no sportsman has yet appeared with his thirst for blood.

A couple of hours brought us to a small arm of the lake near the base of Buru, the ascent of which we at once commenced. Near the bottom we noticed a great rent along the side of the mountain, looking exactly like a railway rock-cutting. The rocks we found to be trachytic, with large bosses of obsidian of the purest black. Rounding a shoulder of the mountain, we got a splendid view north along a narrow trough formed by the contraction of the Dogilani plain, the two escarpments running from Naivasha northward parallel to each other, and rising abruptly to a height of 9000 feet. In this meridional trough lay gleaming the many-isled and papyrus-fringed lake, cut off to the south by the thin conical peaks of Lolbitat and the crater of Longonot, on the eastern side of which could be detected a pretty parasitic cone of the most perfect proportions. North of the lake lay the pale green plain; then a darker stretch of bush country with some irregular ridges; further on a strange assemblage of skeleton trees, dead through some secular cause and marking the area of the "Firewood Plain" (Angata Elgek). This plain showed striking evidence of the agency of volcanic forces in forming its surface features, for numerous cones appeared here and there, though strangest of all were the numerous lines of faults crossing the trough from side to side and raising prominences not unlike the earthworks of a fortified place. Several faults ran across two of the cones and split them up into a curious assemblage of walls, pinnacles, and yawning rents. Beyond the "Firewood Plain" lay gleaming the pretty lakes of Elmeteita and

Nakuro, the dark walls of the neighbouring *plateaux* forming an admirable contrast to the glimmering waters. In the far distance could be descried the mountains of Kamasia, and they were looked at eagerly, for we knew that the mysterious Lake Baringo lay at their base. Over the eastern plateau—here called Lykipia—a fine view of the splendid mountain range of that region was obtained, which looked all the grander from the picturesque effects of a storm-cloud tumbling along its sides.

Having recovered our breath and enjoyed thoroughly this glorious landscape, we hurried on, as we had our work cut out for us if we hoped to get back to camp that night. Rounding the northern shoulder of Buru, we passed a humpy, parasitic cone, and then another, both of which were largely composed of obsidian. This brought us to the steaming area, which we were able to identify by clouds of vapour and a curious puffing sound exactly resembling a steam-engine starting work. Here our venerable guide caused us to take grass in our hands as we approached the mysterious place. We soon reached the holes, and to propitiate the troubled spirits of the earth we threw our vegetable offerings into a great pit, from which with curious regularity were puffed or hissed out clouds of steam, accompanied sometimes by gurgling, at other times by a rumbling noise. This pit lies on the line of a rent which can be traced a considerable distance down the side of the mountain. Further along we came to the edge of a lava cliff, and here the emission of steam was most copious, as though it were hissed out from the safety-valve of an engine. The rock was so hot that my men could not walk on it, and it was decomposing, under the disintegrating influence of the steam, into a crimson-red clay. This was considered to have a wonderful medicinal virtue, and my men painted themselves all over with it. I also went the length of spotting my forehead. The altitude of these steam-holes is 7055 feet. The conclusion I arrived at after examining the ground was that the steam had not a deep-seated source, but simply originated by water percolating into the lava current on which we stood, that lava having been so lately ejected that it had not as yet cooled down—for it is a well-known fact that lava currents of any depth require years to lose their original heat. I saw no hot springs here, but only the warm water left by the condensation of the steam. The whole aspect of our surroundings strikingly suggested (geologically speaking) quite recent volcanic activity.

Of the mountain itself it may be said that it is a very irregularly-shaped mass of volcanic rocks, its appearance in no way suggesting a volcanic origin. An examination, however, shows that it has frequently altered its focus of eruption, while numerous parasitic cones have arisen around it till the ejections have destroyed the original conical shape of the typical volcano. The height of Buru will be little short of 9000 feet, but I was prevented ascending it by the threatening appearance of the sky.

We were unpleasantly reminded of the country we were in by suddenly coming upon a party of warriors hidden away in the bed of a rill, eating flesh. On seeing us they started up in the most threatening manner, as the steam-holes are considered sacred ground, and to find them eating flesh is a grievous offence—of which I shall have something to say in the sequel. Our venerable old guide was frightened, and we stood on the defensive. The El-moran demanded angrily what we were doing there. Fortunately, a happy idea struck our guide, and he declared he was taking us to bring away some tusks of ivory he had hidden at the bottom of the hill. This mollified them a little, though if we had been more defenceless, and seemed more afraid, they would not have scrupled to murder us off-hand. Glad to get out of their way, we hurried down the hill, and returned to camp, getting in after dark, though several did not reach it for three hours later. I had been not less than eleven hours on my feet, walking and climbing as fast as I could, without a moment's rest, and even the guide was nearly done up.

During the night the warriors tried to stampede our cattle, but failed. It required all our patience, more than once, to avoid a fight with the arrogant savages. Upon the whole, however, we were fortunate, if we were to believe the stories of the traders,—how the young warriors would, against all opposition, carry off whole loads of goods, or bring goats or sheep into camp, and compel the traders to buy them, whether they wanted to or not; how, further, they would slap the porters and call them cowards, or strike their great spears in the ground and dare them to fight. All this I saw something of, but never in its worst aspect. While we contrived to keep clear of embroilment, it was manifest that a smaller caravan would have been plundered without mercy.

It is necessary I should at this point say a few words more immediately descriptive of Lake Naivasha. Its surroundings I have already delineated, and it is only needful to mention

that the lake is an irregular square, twelve miles long by nine broad, comparatively shallow, as far as my examination extended, and lying at an elevation of 6000 feet. There are three small islands grouped in its centre, though possibly these may simply be beds of papyrus rising from a very shallow part. The water is fresh, supplied by the Guaso Giligili and the Murundat from the north, which seem to have silted it up considerably, to judge from the deep accumulations of alluvium which form the grassy plain. There are no fish, though hippopotami are numerous. One remarkable characteristic is that it is the habitat of enormous numbers of wild duck. These literally cover considerable areas at certain seasons of the year.

The lake has originated without a doubt in the piling up of volcanic débris across the meridional trough, damming back the two streams from the plateau of Lykipia. Three cones (Lolbitat) rise conspicuously at the south end, and are clearly volcanic. The freshness of the water would indicate either a very recent origin, or an underground channel.

It was at Naivasha that I first matured a scheme of a perilous character. This was nothing more nor less than to send on my caravan with Martin and Jumba to Baringo, while I, with a small select party, should make a flying visit to Mount Kenia and the fine range of mountains seen from Buru.

On mooted my scheme, it was received with laughter and incredulity, which changed to remonstrance and profound astonishment when it was seen that I was serious. "What!" said they; "do you think you can penetrate a district with a few men, which we should be afraid to attempt with several hundreds? Will you do with a handful what Fischer failed to do with an army? Do you know that a few years ago a caravan of 200 was totally annihilated in that very district?" Statements of this kind were poured upon me without stint, and reiterated *ad nauseam*. My only reply was that Mount Kenia *had to be reached somehow*, as all my countrymen wanted to know the truth about it; moreover, I had now learned something of the ways of the Masai, and thought I might rely upon my character as a lybon (medicine-man), where men and guns were of little use. Sadi and Muhinna hereupon fell into the depths of terror and despair. On their knees they implored me, with abject tears, to give up the project, which, to their cowardly imagination, seemed

a march to certain death. I felt inclined to spurn the base-hearted knaves, and would probably have done so had I not rather enjoyed giving them a thorough fright. With me, as with most obstinate men, I suppose, such entreaties had an effect just the opposite of what was intended, and only deepened my resolution to make the venture.

After a five days' detention we resumed our march on the 4th of October, starting very early to get well on the road before the Masai should turn up. A short distance from the camp we crossed the Murundat, which here runs in a very deep cutting through lake silt. Shortly after, we reached the Guaso Giligili, and kept parallel to it. We rose slightly in elevation, till we reached a ridge of trachytic rock, running across the trough, suggesting a lava flow from Buru. The Giligili cuts through this ridge, by a very deep channel. The bed of the stream was reached by a long incline, that might be supposed to have been formed by the hand of man, but which in reality has been worn out by myriads of cattle crossing continually during unknown years. We camped for the night on the banks of this river, and had a lively time with thieves, as we had no proper thorn fence. The rifle of one of my askari was stolen, and the traders lost a considerable number of articles. The whole caravan had to be on the alert the entire night.

Next day we continued north through a pleasant country covered by a silvery-leaved bush, named *leleshwa*. The most striking feature, however, was the marvellous number of dead trees which clothed the entire country, and seemed to have died from natural causes. What these causes can have been, I cannot say, as they have not acted equally on all the species of trees. Probably the strange effect is due to either a change of temperature or alteration of the rainfall. So marked, however, is this feature, that the Masai, with their love of descriptive names, have called this country Angata Elgek (Firewood Plain).

We noticed on this march an enormous Masai kraal, which could not have held less than 3000 warriors, and then some distance beyond appeared another of equal, if not larger dimensions. On inquiry I learned that these were the respective camps of the Masai of Kinangop and Kaptè on the one hand, and the Masai (Wa-kwafi) of Lykipia on the other, during one of their long periods of deadly fighting, in which they thus settled down before each other, with all their cattle, and fought day after day, till one gave in.

Of this war and the mode of fighting I shall treat in another chapter.

After a considerable march we reached a line of fault running across the trough, producing a feature exactly resembling a step. We descended this, and soon were camped in a picturesque niche of the Lykipia plateau, with a pleasant stream, Ngarè Kekupè, running through it from the heights to the salt lake of Elmeteita below. The trachytic rocks over which the Kekupè runs have, by some chemical process, been altered into a white and soft rock, exactly resembling chalk in colour, weight, and hardness. This is used by the Masai in painting themselves, and making the



FIREWOOD PLAIN (ANGATA ELGEE) FROM KEKUPÈ.

heraldic devices on their shields. On reaching Kekupè we formed two camps, to facilitate our clearing off in the morning without delay or the leaving of any necessary article—this being the point where I intended branching off to Lykipia and Mount Kenia.

As this trip was manifestly one of great hazard and uncertainty, and as I foresaw the possibility of flight, I took with me nothing but what was quite indispensable. My very best men, thirty in number, were selected to follow me, and so thoroughly had I established discipline and confidence,

that no one protested against being chosen. Then I had full confidence in Martin and Jumba Kimameta, the latter of whom had acted most loyally towards me. Some of the braver spirits among the traders, seeing me determined to proceed to Lykipia, now declared that they would follow me as far as Mount Kenia, and I was only too glad to have them, as Sadi and Muhinna could not be trusted. We thus more than doubled our numbers. In the evening Jumba and the other principal traders came over to my quarters, and recited and chanted prayers from the Koran for my safety. This pious expression of their good-will over, some medicines were made by certain occult means as a further safeguard, and, to crown all, one of the sacred komas of the caravan was, as a great favour, handed over to me, to be carried at the head of my small party. They, of course, knew very well that I did not believe one whit in these *dawas*; but this act of theirs served to show how sincere was their desire for my success, and I would have been worse than rude not to have accepted it in the spirit in which it was offered. There are some people, I suppose, who will express astonishment that I should even have seemed to tolerate such infidel practices. All that I can say to such people is, that I hope they may never be called upon to leave their comfortable arm-chairs.

The view from Kekupè, up the steep face of the escarpment, a height of considerably over 2000 feet, roused stirring memories of home scenes, so distinctly European-like was the aspect of the crags and the *talus*, the lava-capped peaks and the shattered face of the precipices—every point of vantage being occupied by groups and groves of splendid junipers and podocarpus, with their pine-like appearance.

CHAPTER IX.

TO LAKE BARINGO *via* MOUNT KENIA.

On the 6th of October, after a restless night, we were up with the dawn, and having disposed of a hasty breakfast of zebra-steak and millet porridge, washed down with honey-sweetened tea, we braced ourselves for the ascent of the plateau.

Pushing for an hour through the steep, wooded slopes of the gorge of the Kekupè, we crossed that stream as it tumbled down in babbling music over coarse volcanic

agglomerate. I was surprised to observe that it was distinctly steaming. Putting my hand into the water, I was still more surprised to find it quite warm. My curiosity thus aroused, I continued up the stream, and soon I was charmed beyond description by emerging upon a delightful nook, surrounded by picturesque precipices and rocks bedecked with the most profuse vegetation. It was an exquisite illustration of the inimitable felicity of Nature's "art,"—the grim and cragged faces of the rocks becoming quite sunny and charming in their marvellously rich drapery of leaves and fronds and flowers. The central object of the whole, however, was a grandly rugged rock-basin, in which the Kekupè welled up in living waters, sending off a silvery sheen of steam, which condensed on the overhanging leaves till they shone with diamond-like drops. So romantic was the spot that, as I stood entranced, I should not have been astonished to have been saluted by some ethereal water-nymph, or to have heard some syren notes. Poetical raptures, however, are generally transient in Africa. The charm was gone when I remembered I was the leader of the Royal Geographical Society's Expedition, and soon, on scientific cares intent, I was making the welkin ring, shouting for Songoro to bring my thermometer. On applying this test I found the spring to have a heat of 105° Fahr.

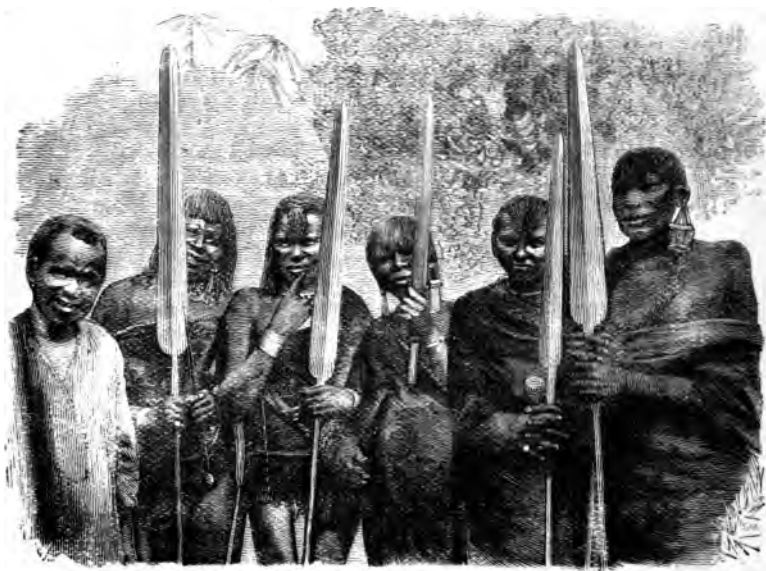
Our route should have been nearly west, but it was impossible to climb the precipices. We were, therefore, compelled to keep almost due north, along a secondary line of fault, in one of which the Kekupè rose. There were several of these lines of upheaval (or depression), which produced most varied and picturesque effects, assisted as they were by a cap of compact lava-beds overlying coarse agglomerate, that, again, being crowned by fine trees. Finally, about mid-day, we emerged from the shattered sides of the escarpment and stood on the billowy expanse of the plateau at a height of 8400 feet. We camped shortly after in a dense grove of junipers, in which we found a deserted village of Andorobbo—the hunting tribe of the Masai country. The district is called Dondolè, which, I am informed, means "everybody's (that is to say—no man's) land," from the incessant quarrels for possession that have taken place between the Masai of Kinangop and the Masai (Wa-kwafi) of Lykipia. Shortly after camping I spied a herd of buffalo, and after a dangerous hunt shot two, a cow and a bull. In crossing a wooded gorge an animal bounded

from some dense cover, which my men declared was a lion. I did not see it myself.

Next morning, on waking, I felt it wondrous cold. On untying my small tent-door (I had taken Martin's tent), I was profoundly astonished at observing we were enveloped in an unmistakable Scotch mist, which was driving with ghostly effect through the grove, and obscuring the view except in our immediate vicinity. As I danced about outside in patriotic enjoyment of this un-African phenomenon, with hands crammed to the bottom of my pockets, I could only feel the utmost pity at my benighted men, who, quite unable to see "the fun of the thing," shivered as if with ague, as they sat shrivelled up before huge bonfires. Of course it was out of the question to start in such weather, and we had to wait for three hours before the sun took sufficient effect and drove off the mist.

Matters thus improved, we once more set forth. We were in a somewhat anxious mood, however, as we expected to meet with the Masai. That meeting would very much determine our fate; the passage of the "Mlango" (door or gate) of a district is always the most ticklish matter. We had some idea that the Masai were near, and we proceeded with great caution, as we wanted to get to a camping-place before the news spread, so that we might unmolested get our *boma* constructed. On our way we were greatly astonished to observe the dried carcasses of numerous cattle which dotted the entire district. They showed no signs of death by violence, and only some parts had been eaten by hyenas and other *carnivora*. We came to the conclusion that some disease must be raging in the land. After some time we sighted a Masai kraal. Skilfully keeping out of sight, we came pretty near it, and finding a small stream (the headwaters of the Murundat) we camped, and in a surprisingly short time we were surrounded by a strong fence. We then made our presence known by firing a gun. We were highly pleased to find that the kraal was one of El-morūū (married men). Our pleasure, however, was quickly dashed on learning that there was a big El-morans' (warriors') kraal quite close, and that they would soon be forward for their hongo. These bloated young scapegraces in a short time began to arrive in large bands. At first they greeted me most ceremoniously, and in a few minutes they transferred a considerable layer of odoriferous grease and clay to my hand. Finding me harmless, though phenomenal, they began to

cross-examine me. Where was I going? Where did I come from? What did I want? and why had I so few goods? These and a thousand other questions were poured upon me. I told them that I was the white lybon of the Lajomba (Waswahili)—that I was visiting the country to find out for the traders by occult means where ivory was to be got. Mbaratien (their chief lybon) was a fraud in comparison to me! Could any one but a great medicine-man have a skin like mine, or hair like mine? "Now, you there!" I said, "come



WARRIORS OF LYKIPIA.

to me, and I will take off your nose and put it on again. Come! you need not be afraid. Ah! very well. Just look here for a moment, and I will show you a thing or two. You see my teeth? Observe how firm they are" (here I tapped them with my knuckles). "You see there is no fraud there. Just wait then till I turn my head. Now look! they are gone!" Here every one shrunk back in intense amazement, and the whole party were on the point of flight. Reassuring them, I once more turned my head, put

matters to rights in a twinkling, and, bowing and smiling to my wondering spectators, I once more rapped the teeth. Here let me inform the gentle reader (in the strictest confidence, of course) that I have a couple of artificial teeth, which at this juncture were perfect treasures. These I manipulated to the astonishment of the Masai, and as they thought I could do the same thing with my nose or eyes, they hailed me at once as a veritable "lybon n'ebor" (white medicine-man).

After this they asked alternately for presents and medicines, though the regular black-mail had been paid. They pestered me horribly, dinning eternally the same persistent demand for beads, &c. I was actually pulled about as if I was a toy to be played with. They grasped my arm, pulled my hair, and took off my hat. If I went into my tent, they would squeeze themselves after me, until everything was filthy. They gloried in frightening my men by making a show of stabbing them, and roars of laughter greeted their piteous terror. Cooking food, under the circumstances, was out of the question, and I had to be content to sit and munch some boiled Indian corn. On my asking for a guide to take me on next day, they laughed derisively. "What!" said they, "do you not know that our cattle are dying in hundreds on all hands? You are a great lybon; you must stay with us and stop the plague." Here was a pretty fix! In fact, I was regularly "hoist with mine own petar." My appeals were made in vain. Stop I must. For two days I was detained, and my wits were exercised to the uttermost to invent excuses and reasons why I should go on to spread the blessings of my infallible cures over the country. The cure, I told them, was not to commence while I was in their neighbourhood, and not till ten days after I left. Through the day I had to make an hourly exhibition of my teeth-drawing, and during the night we had to be incessantly on the watch, as continual attempts were made to steal. The people were indeed in a very dangerous mood, as the horrid disease was threatening to cut off all their cattle. Round about the kraals the scene was simply fearful—hundreds of animals dying and in all stages of decomposition. No attempt was made to bury these, or drag them away. The consequence was that a fearful stench prevailed, and the people were in helpless distress. To thwart them in any way was to throw them into a fury, and I verily believe we should have been murdered, but for the lingering belief that I had some power to stay the disease. They chanted from morn till night an in-

cessant prayer, in the form of "A-man Ngăi-ăi; A-man Mbaratien" (We pray to God; we pray to Mbaratien). The women, painted in a curious fashion, with white clay on the face, danced in a ring, as they invoked Ngăi or Mbaratien in their own fashion. The country seemed to be full of lamentations and despairing cries. Finding, at last, they could not extort anything more from me, and beginning to believe in my protestations that it was necessary for me to leave in order that my medicines might take effect, they let me go.

Our route now lay over a hilly region, with rounded outlines. The steeper slopes were occupied by dark-green woods, while the tops of the ridges and the hollows were covered with a rich carpet of grass, forming the very finest of pasturage. The whole scene was indeed lovely, teeming with rich luxuriance—a study in beautiful nature-curves, and variegated greens. The range of mountains which traverses the plateau added picturesque grandeur to the landscape as it lifted its imposing masses toward the heavens. This range, it may be remarked, is not known to the natives by one general name, only the various conspicuous parts of it being thus distinguished. Thus one fine mountain to the south is called Donyo Kinangop, from the district to the west of it. Further north rises a great evenly-rounded mass, covered with dark forest, named Subugu (forest-clad) la Poron. The lower northern extension is known as Settima—a name long familiar to geographers; while on the western side strikes out a spur known as Gojito. Under the circumstances, I think I am warranted in applying a name to the mountains *as a range*, and I have therefore designated it the *Aberdare Range*, in honour of the President of the Society which despatched me to those lands. The Aberdare range rises to a height of from 12,000 to 14,000 feet, and runs north and south, its total length being sixty miles.

On this second march in Lykipia, we were greatly struck by the gigantic size of the junipers, which reached a height of quite 100 feet, with splendid boles. The beard-moss (*usnea*), clinging as it did to every twig, produced a very strange and ghastly effect. As it waved in the breeze, it made the conifers look venerable and hoary, and almost unearthly. Maiden-hair and many other ferns of familiar aspect, such as the bracken, were to be seen peeping forth wherever the conditions were favourable.

Next morning I had the supreme satisfaction, on looking out of my tent, to see the grass covered with unmistakable hoar-frost. This phenomenon astonished my men

beyond measure ; it was the first time they had seen it. They could not, however, get up an enthusiasm for it, neither could they comprehend mine. They had cursed the cold in unmitigated terms throughout the live-long night, as they toasted their sides alternately before roaring fires, quite unable to sleep. We had again to wait a couple of hours till the sun warmed up the air, and there, within a mile of the equator, I had to warm up my booted feet by the fire as I stood enveloped in an overcoat, with hands crammed into my trouser pockets.

A short distance from camp I was attracted by a sound like the low roaring of a buffalo, near the top of a steep, wooded slope. As we were short of food, I set off to hunt it up. Peering about for some time to try to spot the exact locality of my game, I was nearly thrown on my beam-ends by a savage growl from a dense patch of tall grass and bamboos. Looking towards the spot, I saw a fine leopard a few feet in front of me, showing its teeth in a ferocious manner, and crouching as if it would spring upon me. Before I could fire it had bounded out of view. Rushing to the top of the ridge to get sight of it again, I was suddenly arrested by an object which fairly took my breath away. Before me, in the foreground, lay a splendid interchange of grove and glade, of forest and plain, stretching in billowy reaches down to the marshy expanse of Kopè-Kopè. Beyond rose abruptly and very precipitously the black, uninhabited mountains of the Aberdare range. These features, however, were not what had fascinated me. It was something more distant. Through a rugged and picturesque depression in the range rose a gleaming snow-white peak with sparkling facets, which scintillated with the superb beauty of a colossal diamond. It was, in fact, the very image of a great crystal or sugar-loaf. At the base of this beautiful peak were two small excrescences like supporters to a monument. From these, at a very slight angle, shaded away a long glittering white line, seen above the dark mass of the Aberdare range like the silver lining of a dark storm-cloud. This peak and silvery line formed the central culminating point of Mount 'Kenia. As I stood entranced at this fulfilment of my dearest hopes, I drew a great sigh of satisfaction ; and as I said to Brahim, "Look !" and pointed to the glittering crystal, I am not very sure but there was something like a tear in my eye. But now, even while I stood and gazed, a moisture-laden breeze touched the peak, wove a fleecy mantle,

and gradually enshrouded the heaven-like spectacle. In a few moments there but remained a bank of clouds over the wooded reach of Settima. But I had beheld a vision as if from the Unseen to lure me on.

I was aroused from a profound reverie by a shout. Glancing in the direction of the sound, I saw a number of men tearing along, pell-mell, after two curious creatures. Roused to action by the sight, I made a rush myself, but only arrived at the death. The animals turned out to be enormous otters, a male and female. Their tenacity of life was extraordinary. Before they succumbed, they were battered fearfully with *rungus* (knobkerries), and slashed with *simès* till they were almost cut to pieces.

We camped in a very dense bit of forest, the gloomy shades of which were lightened with numerous snow-white orchids which hung in pendent beauty from every limb of the trees. The day being cloudy, however, the men felt it very cold, and they shivered and shook in the most woebegone fashion.

On leaving camp next day, I spied a herd of buffalo. Crossing a deep gorge, and keeping in the shade of the forest, I got near enough to give one a fair side-shot. I thought at first I had missed it, but on following it up, the lynx-eyed Brahim discovered some drops of blood. After gliding along the track for about a mile, we came suddenly upon the wounded animal, just as I had warned Brahim to keep a sharp look-out. On discovering us it turned with an ominous growl as if to charge. At the same moment, however, a ball from me knocked it down. Recovering itself somewhat, it made horrible efforts to reach us. Its vicious eyes were almost starting from its head; every muscle was strained in its dying rage, and it seemed the very incarnation of vindictive and helpless fury. It required two more balls in its heart before the sanguinary struggle was finished. The horns were of enormous size, with a spread of considerably over four feet. Unfortunately one was broken.

Continuing our way, after the men had cut up the meat, we passed through a glorious coniferous forest by a delightful cattle-road, though the amenities of the situation were not improved by the numerous decomposing bodies of cattle. These increased in number as we pushed on, showing that we were approaching Masai kraals. After more than an hour's tramp we emerged from the forest and entered the great Angata Bus, a fine treeless plain which stretches in unbroken monotony along the west side of the Aberdare mountains, as

far as the bamboo forests of Kikuyu. Skirting the forest a short distance, we reached a charming glade or forest niche, through which ran a crystal stream. Here we camped, and, as usual, we encountered much annoyance from the Masai, though, fortunately, there were few warriors.

Another provoking delay was now experienced, and matters began to look serious. Our small stock of goods was rapidly becoming exhausted. Food we had none. We had expected to reach Kenia in less than eight days, but it seemed as far off as ever. What added the greatest peril to the situation was the idea which was getting afloat that I myself had been the originator of the disease—so rapidly had it been developed, and so appalling were its effects—and natives can never grasp the notion of a natural cause to explain such phenomena. We were in a most critical position as they alternately swayed to and fro between a belief that I was the cause of the disease and that I might be the curer of it. I was kept in incessant anxiety, expecting that they would propose a crucial test, on which our lives would depend.

The buffalo killed on the day of our arrival kept us in food on the following one; but, on the third day there was not a pound of meat in the caravan. I tried to buy a bullock or goat, but the owners refused a healthy one, and, indicating one on the point of death, said I might have that. The very sight of the animal made me feel inclined to retire behind a bush. It was a stringent rule that no gun should be fired in the vicinity of Masai; but, in despair, I broke through this necessary rule, and went off to try my luck at buffalo-shooting. Though I hit two, I lost them both in the impenetrable bush. For a short time I was actually surrounded by buffaloes, which were crashing about among the bushes. Of course, we ourselves were not seen, except by a section of the herd.

Next day, as the Masai were quarrelsome about my having fired my gun, I was compelled to stop in camp. The men, however, must have food. Fixing at last upon a bullock apparently fairly healthy, we contrived to buy it for an exorbitant price. On killing it and opening it up, we all shrank back as a horrid stench assailed our nostrils. We were not to be beat, however, and my men, less sensitive in their organs, and ravenous for food, worked away. We found that the heart had become greatly enlarged, and seemed a revolting mass of dirty, yellow fat. Both sides of the ribs and the back-bone had all the appearance of being

rotten, and many of the bones were so far decayed that a push with a stick was sufficient to make them crumble up. The beef had a fearfully sickly appearance, and even my men turned away with screwed-up faces expressive of the utmost disgust. The hind legs, which were the healthiest part, were taken possession of for my use, but my stomach had received such a "turn" that I could not bring myself to touch the meat, though I told Songoro to have a bit cooked. Towards nightfall I contrived to cram a small morsel down, and next morning, the edge of my repugnance being taken off, I got on somewhat better.

On more than one occasion at this period the temperature was down at the freezing-point in the morning, with hoarfrost on the grass, and rose to 90° Fahrenheit in the afternoon—a range of 60° in eight hours.

On the 14th of October we were allowed once more to resume our journey. When we were about to start, I was called to see one of my men, who was reported so sick as to be unable to go on. As I had not heard of anything in particular being wrong with him, I thought he was shamming. I ordered them to place him on a donkey. As they were proceeding to do this, I was shocked and thunder-struck to see him actually die in their hands. Reflections and lamentations, however, were not allowed in the hard realities of our life. Our first impulsive exclamation of sorrow immediately gave place to one of alarmed anxiety. "For God's sake cover him up, and hide him quickly!" In a trice he disappeared in the bush before any of the Masai saw what had happened. The orders to march were then countermanded.

The reason we gave to the Masai was that I had seen a sign which made it clear that it was a bad day to travel. The actual explanation of our conduct was the fact that the Masai consider the death of a Swahili on their land a personal outrage upon themselves and a danger to their country, which can only be wiped out with the heaviest penalties. Moreover, they will on no account allow a human body to be buried, as they consider that it poisons the soil—a belief which cremationists may note as showing that "niggers" have some advanced notions after all. The consequences of the discovery of this death in our midst would have been of the most disastrous kind. In the first place the body would have had to be thrown out to the hyenas and the vultures. Then we should have been

mulcted to an extent which would have meant utter ruin. Finally, we should have had to turn back in our steps, as further progress would have simply been impossible. It was therefore from no callousness of ours that the porter was thus summarily stowed away. In the dead of night the men worked with a will, and by means of an axe and their hands they soon dug a grave in the heart of a dense brake. There the poor fellow was reverently laid, and all trace of his grave effaced.

In crossing the Angata Bus to the Urürü River we sighted a herd of zebra, and though there were cattle indicating the presence of Masai only about a mile off, we were all so far reduced that I resolved to risk a shot. After some careful stalking I got within range. I dropped one; and as the herd galloped off, a second bullet found its billet. Brahim was on them in a twinkling. He plunged his knife in their throats, and then, before I knew what he was about, he had cut off a huge steak, and eaten it raw.

My exclamations of disgust were stopped by hearing warning voices, and turning about, I saw my men pointing in the direction of the Masai kraals. "We are in for it now!" I mentally ejaculated, as I saw great numbers of warriors with their gleaming spears coming towards us at full trot. I retreated at once towards my men, Brahim bringing a huge chunk of the zebra with him. The warriors were soon down upon us, and in response to their cries we stopped and closed up. The El-moran in the most savage manner demanded an explanation. As they stuck their great spears in the ground, they asked us if we wanted to fight. If so, they were ready! We at once put on our most "umble," Uriah Heep manner, and looked profoundly contrite. We were deeply grieved, we said, for thus infringing their customs, but we had done it for the purpose of getting a particular part of the creature's entrails which was necessary for the making up of our medicine. They had to be further softened by a *largesse* from our sadly diminished stores, and then they consented to let us go on, after I had spat upon them to show that I did not mean any harm to them. It may be understood I did this latter part of the ceremony with the most hearty goodwill.

Being thus allowed to depart in peace, we shortly after reached the Urürü (so named from the thundering sounds it raises) a couple of miles to the north, where it forms a splendid waterfall. At the point where we crossed, the river

spreads out on both sides as a great marsh (Kopè-Kopè), through which rush a series of swift streams over bouldery channels. After passing these with difficulty, we felt comparatively safe, as the Masai on the two sides of the Kopè-Kopè are not on good terms ; besides, there were none in our immediate neighbourhood.

Our food being nearly finished, it behoved me to go off and hunt, while the men constructed the *boma*. Brahim and I had not far to go before we sighted a buffalo bull on the outskirts of a forest tract. Working up to within about forty yards, I fired and hit him on the side. As he lumbered off towards the forest, I gave him a second bullet, which struck him in the hip. Rushing forward, I saw the bull, as I supposed, tearing along outside the forest, and with eyes fixed upon him I went in pursuit. As I passed close to some dense bush, I was suddenly startled, and my mental and physical equilibrium upset, by a fury-laden grunt, followed almost simultaneously by a headlong charge on the part of the original buffalo. Gentle reader, think me not a coward, if at this juncture I did not assume a heroic attitude and wait on mine adversary. I preferred "living to fight some other day," and I positively and ignominiously fled to the open. Satisfied, doubtless, at thus routing me, the buffalo did not chase me far, or I should without a doubt have gone up like a rocket. He retired instead into the dense bush.

Shouting to Brahim to stop his headlong career, we held a consultation as to what was to be done. Meat must be got. The bull was badly wounded, and he was in that bush ; *ergo*, we must get him somehow. Ah ! but how ? To follow a vindictive old buffalo bull into such a dense bush was as bad as putting our heads into a lion's mouth. We prospected round about, but could see no opening except one, and that could only be traversed on hands and knees. To be charged in such a rabbit's hole was certain death ; but we were desperate with hunger, and we determined to run the fearful risk. The bush was so dense, so leafy, and so much branched, that we had literally to crawl on our bellies. We could not see a couple of yards before us. Taking a long breath, and interchanging glances which spoke volumes, we got down on our knees—Brahim behind me. Pushing my head well in with breathless care, I stared into the gloom, and listened for a sound. Nothing rewarded me but the sight of the blood-bespattered bush, and the loud beating of my heart. My gun was then pushed forward, and I, in my prostrate

not move. I was fixed. I cast back a glance at my companion, and we smiled in a sickly manner, which eloquently expressed our thought that here was a pretty business! That short minute seemed to expand into hours of killing excitement. Something had to be done! At last, therefore, I pushed aside a small branch. The next moment there was a grunt and a crashing of bushes, as the buffalo sprang to his feet. Thinking that he meant a charge, I threw myself back into the heart of a bush, to avoid the rush if possible. The crashing of the bushes in the contrary direction, however, relieved us of further fears, and soon we were mopping our faces and generally recovering tone, preparatory to resuming our hunt.

It now seemed to resolve itself into a point of honour that we should secure the bull, and we were prepared to swear by all things sacred that we would have his carcase or perish. Again we got close to the dangerous creature, and Brahim, whose eyes and ears were more acute than mine, discovered him once more behind a very dense collection of bushes. Peering through, I could just discern the head. Taking aim, I fired. As the smoke cleared away, I became aware of the furious demon dashing with a terrific rush right into the heart of the bush. Again I fired, as he struggled fearfully to force his way through, but, so absorbing was the sight, that I actually forgot to reload my rifle—the Express. The strength of the bush-trunks, and the enormous size of his horns, rendered his savage attempts abortive, and he retired, making us, however, prepare to be chased from one side or the other. Finding that he was running away, I hurried out and gave him a side-shot. This made him spin round, and we thought it prudent to ensconce ourselves behind a tree. Recovering himself, off he went, and as we followed, we again nearly stumbled upon him. Another half-hour was spent in the trail, but at last, to our infinite mortification, we were compelled to give up the chase, as night was fast approaching.

I have detailed this buffalo-hunt at some length, to show the character of the "sport" in the forest of Lykipia, and the extraordinary tenacity of life exhibited by that animal. I placed not less than six bullets in various parts of the bull's carcase, of which four were from a few yards' distance, and yet, after a four-hours' chase, we had to acknowledge ourselves baffled.

Next day, as we dared not advance till we had prospected

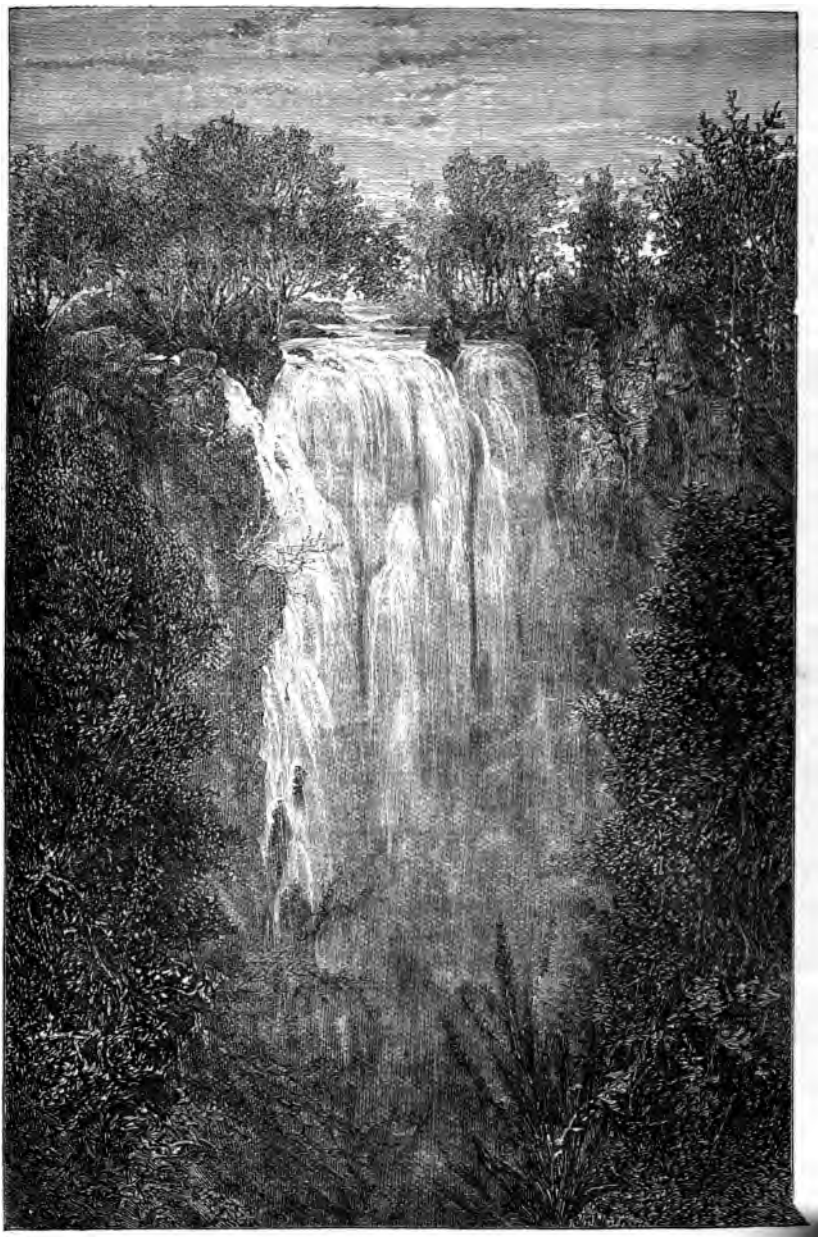
leathery behemoth, however, had got as much as he cared for, and this time he went off towards the heart of the forest. Taking up the trail, we started off like dogs on the scent. Not a sound betrayed our steps. A motion of the finger or a look would indicate a drop of blood, or the fresh foot-prints. The first part of the way was comparatively free from undergrowth, so that we could proceed with some speed, without the danger of stumbling upon the buffalo unawares. After a two hours' hunt, in which we contrived to keep pretty close to our quarry, we entered a dense bush, and our dangers commenced afresh, as we knew that in his exhausted condition the wounded animal would almost certainly hide here. At last we felt certain from the freshness of the blood that we were quite close. Again we had to take to creeping along, sometimes on all fours, at other times with bent back. At last, in a very small tunnel, or rather at what seemed the end of a tunnel, we found ourselves in a remarkable quandary. Brahim had got in front of me, and we were creeping on like dark, noiseless spirits, when I noticed his body becoming rigid, his ear turned slightly forward, and his whole attitude betokening the most absorbing attention. I stared and listened, but I neither heard nor saw any sign of our proximity to the bull, and my imagination was left to picture the latter in all sorts of horrid positions, and to fully realize the fact that nothing earthly could save us, if we were charged at that moment. At last Brahim showed signs of life. With the utmost circumspection he withdrew himself, and I had to move to the front, as with telling glances he indicated that the buffalo was there. I felt horribly excited, but there was nothing for me but to venture forward. Whether the bull was ahead of us, or on one side, I did not know. Inch by inch I ventured forward, keeping myself as ready as my cramped position would admit. At each few inches I tried to pierce the gloom and dense foliage, or listened for some sound. Suddenly, like Brahim, I became petrified, as a sound, like a pain-laden sigh, reached my ears. My heart seemed to stop its action. I held my breath till I was nearly suffocated, as I once more strained my attention to catch that thrilling sound. Again it came wafted to my ears, but locate it I could not. The sigh was the long-drawn breath of the buffalo, and I was certainly within a few feet of that most dreaded of all animals, but whether it was right in front or standing alongside of me, I was quite unable to make out. What was I to do? I dared

not move. I was fixed. I cast back a glance at my companion, and we smiled in a sickly manner, which eloquently expressed our thought that here was a pretty business! That short minute seemed to expand into hours of killing excitement. Something had to be done! At last, therefore, I pushed aside a small branch. The next moment there was a grunt and a crashing of bushes, as the buffalo sprang to his feet. Thinking that he meant a charge, I threw myself back into the heart of a bush, to avoid the rush if possible. The crashing of the bushes in the contrary direction, however, relieved us of further fears, and soon we were mopping our faces and generally recovering tone, preparatory to resuming our hunt.

It now seemed to resolve itself into a point of honour that we should secure the bull, and we were prepared to swear by all things sacred that we would have his carcase or perish. Again we got close to the dangerous creature, and Ibrahim, whose eyes and ears were more acute than mine, discovered him once more behind a very dense collection of bushes. Peering through, I could just discern the head. Taking aim, I fired. As the smoke cleared away, I became aware of the furious demon dashing with a terrific rush right into the heart of the bush. Again I fired, as he struggled fearfully to force his way through, but, so absorbing was the sight, that I actually forgot to reload my rifle—the Express. The strength of the bush-trunks, and the enormous size of his horns, rendered his savage attempts abortive, and he retired, making us, however, prepare to be chased from one side or the other. Finding that he was running away, I hurried out and gave him a side-shot. This made him spin round, and we thought it prudent to ensconce ourselves behind a tree. Recovering himself, off he went, and as we followed, we again nearly stumbled upon him. Another half-hour was spent in the trail, but at last, to our infinite mortification, we were compelled to give up the chase, as night was fast approaching.

I have detailed this buffalo-hunt at some length, to show the character of the "sport" in the forest of Lykipia, and the extraordinary tenacity of life exhibited by that animal. I placed not less than six bullets in various parts of the bull's carcase, of which four were from a few yards' distance, and yet, after a four-hours' chase, we had to acknowledge ourselves baffled.

Next day, as we dared not advance till we had prospected



THE THOMSON FALLS, RIVER URUBÚ.

the country ahead, I despatched a small party for that purpose, and then set off myself down the Urürü to visit its falls. On reaching them, I was impressed mightily by the stupendous thundering of the waters which in magnificent mass plunged down several hundred feet without a break into a fearful gloomy gorge. The rock is a very compact lava with a tendency to a columnar arrangement, forming near the falls precipices of a very imposing character. The crevices give support to a splendid drapery of creepers and bushes, the spray from the waters yielding the necessary sustenance. Among other plants wild bananas are to be seen. A short way down the gorge the walls become less precipitous, and recede at a high angle. The gorge and falls have been formed by a gradual cutting back through the lavas of Settima which run some distance north and then turn west. The aspect of the great Angata (plain) Bus suggests in a very striking manner the theory that at one time it was a lake which has been thus drained by the surplus waters gradually cutting the transverse ridge away. The marshes of Kopè-Kopè are doubtless the remnant of this lake. After photographing the falls, and naming them the "Thomson Falls," I proceeded through the forest in the hope of shooting something. I failed in my expectations, and had to return to camp, to find an empty larder and hungry looks, though no one grumbled. The men sent out to prospect came back in the evening, and reported that the Masai were a considerable distance off, and that from the cautious way we had to travel we should not be able to reach their kraals in one march.

Leaving the Urürü next morning, I went off ahead, in the hope of shooting something, as we were at the starvation point. We had not proceeded far, when, on our passing a clump of bush, a buffalo sprang out. As it lumbered off, I seized my gun and nearly knocked the brute down by a ball which partly smashed the pelvis. It succeeded, nevertheless, in finding refuge in the bush beyond, and then, as usual, the dangerous work began. We were reckless, however, and after some very narrow escapes we succeeded in killing our game. I found that I had given it one ball in the pelvis, two balls in its skull, one in its horns, one through the shoulder-blade, one in the stomach, and two through the heart. What other animal could have stood that amount of lead? We were all delighted by our good fortune, and in a twinkling the meat was cut up. The horns proved to be four feet from bend to bend, and somewhat over six feet round the curve.

After a short march we camped in a charming forest-clad gorge, where my men shot another buffalo, and I a splendid waterbuck. Here I enjoyed the eerie sensation of losing myself in the shades of evening, and it was only by accident I discovered that I was merrily marching straight away from camp, instead of towards it. It may well be believed that we all thoroughly enjoyed our feast of buffalo, even though the meat was as tough and juiceless as old boots.

Resuming our march, and keeping as much in the shelter of the forest as possible, we reached about midday the environs of the Masai grazing-grounds. We were soon discovered, and from all parts of the forest warriors came streaming in ones and twos. They were more insolent than any I had met, dispensing even with the polite salutation of their tribe. As they followed us up with extortionate demands, uttered in the most peremptory manner, I was surprised to see that they were all apparently short of breath, and seemed, indeed, to breathe with difficulty. Appealing to Sadi for an explanation, I was told that they had been *gorging* themselves with flesh in the forest for some time, preparatory to going off on a great cattle-raid to the Suk country, north of Baringo. By thus cramming themselves with beef, they believe that they become fiercer and more brave; and to such an extent did they indulge in this "Dutch courage," that running was out of the question, and respiration barely possibly.

Whether from this cause or not, certainly they were rude to a degree I had not yet seen. They scrupled not to stop us, by holding their spears at my breast, and demanding beads; on getting which they quarrelled with one another like hyenas, tearing the strings to pieces, and losing more than half on the ground. Thus escorted, and full of apprehension, we passed over a beautiful, well-watered country, and finally camped at Ngarè Suguroi, having crossed the northern lower shoulder of the Aberdare range.

The Masai were in very great numbers, and continued nasty to a degree that was maddening. They played with us as a cat does with a mouse, and the end would without a doubt have been the same, but for a certain hazy respect and fear they had of me as a phenomenon the power of which it was not safe to rouse. I had to sit continually on exhibition, ready to take their filthy paws, pull out my teeth for their admiration, and spit upon them, to show that I did not mean them any harm.

The shoe leather-like buffalo beef became exhausted, and

we had to resume life on the diseased meat. Here also the epidemic was raging with great fury; and yet, in the midst of it all, the warriors had been gorging themselves with the best of the cattle for weeks, preparatory to going to war, while many of the poor men and women were literally starving. "Medicines" had to be made here for the warriors, to make them brave and successful. This I did by simply photographing them, the pretence of making a *dawa* (charm) being a capital and the only opportunity of transferring a likeness of the Masai to my collection.

A medicine also had to be prepared for the disease. I proceeded by laying out a small medicine-box with the lid open, showing all the array of phials, &c. Taking out my sextant, and putting on a pair of kid gloves—which accidentally I happened to have, and which impressed the natives enormously—I intently examined the contents. Discovering the proper *dawa*, I prepared a mixture, and then getting ready some Eno's fruit-salt, I sang an incantation—generally something about "Three blue-bottles"—over it. My voice not being astonishingly mellifluous, it did duty capitally for a wizard's. My preparations complete, and Brahim being ready with a gun, I dropped the salt into the mixture; simultaneously the gun was fired, and, lo! up fizzed and sparkled the carbonic acid, causing the natives to shrink with intense dismay. Little bits of paper were next dipped in the water, and after I had spat upon them the ceremony was over, and the pieces were handed round as an infallible cure, warranted not to fail.

A third medicine had to be made for the local lybon, named Lekibès, who wanted one to make his powers greater. A fourth medicine also was wanted for the women, who were not quite as prolific as was desirable for a land almost depopulated by late intestine wars and starvation. The nut-brown matrons, or would-be matrons, defiled before me, and with such pleasing grace as was at my command I expectorated liberally upon them, with the aid of occasional draughts of water.

I thus starred it as a second Cagliostro; but I was not happy. We were unable to get away, or to go out hunting, though we were subsisting on the most revolting food imaginable. I was plundered of almost everything. The warriors were quarrelsome, and the slightest accident at any moment might have been the signal for a massacre. The Masai in front ordered us not to come near them till they

had discussed all the *pros* and *cons* of my case. Only a few miles lay between me and the base of Kenia, yet it seemed as if I would never reach it.

At last, after four days' detention, we were rejoiced to hear that we might proceed. Crossing a ridge, we got a splendid view of Kenia, and about midday we struck the Ngarè Gobit from Poron, and, following it down, we at last entered an extremely deep glen, which we found to be gorgeous with magnificent Cape calodendrons, and with numerous flowering shrubs of the most exquisite description. Noteworthy among these was the *murju*, the poison-tree of this region. The air was loaded with perfume.

On leaving Suguroi we re-entered once more the region of later volcanic activity; for be it known that the lavas which form the mass of Kaptè and Lykipia are of an older date than those of the lower region, which includes such masses as Kilimanjaro, Donyo Longonot, Donyo La-Nyuki, and Buru. Here, however, as we approached Kenia we saw from the trachytic lavas and other indications that the volcanic forces had been active on the eastern side of Lykipia at much the same time, geologically speaking, as at Kilimanjaro, at the desert plain of Dogilani, and the meridional trough in which lie Naivasha, Elmeteita, Nakuro, and (as we shall see further on) Baringo. At Ngarè Gobit also it was noticeable that the soil became] more light and friable as well as drier. We had descended to an altitude of somewhat under 6000 feet, with a consequent change of vegetation, from the juniper, podocarpus, bamboos, and heaths of the Dondolè country, to the calodendrons, the flowering shrubs, and other plants characteristic of Ngongo-a-Bagas.

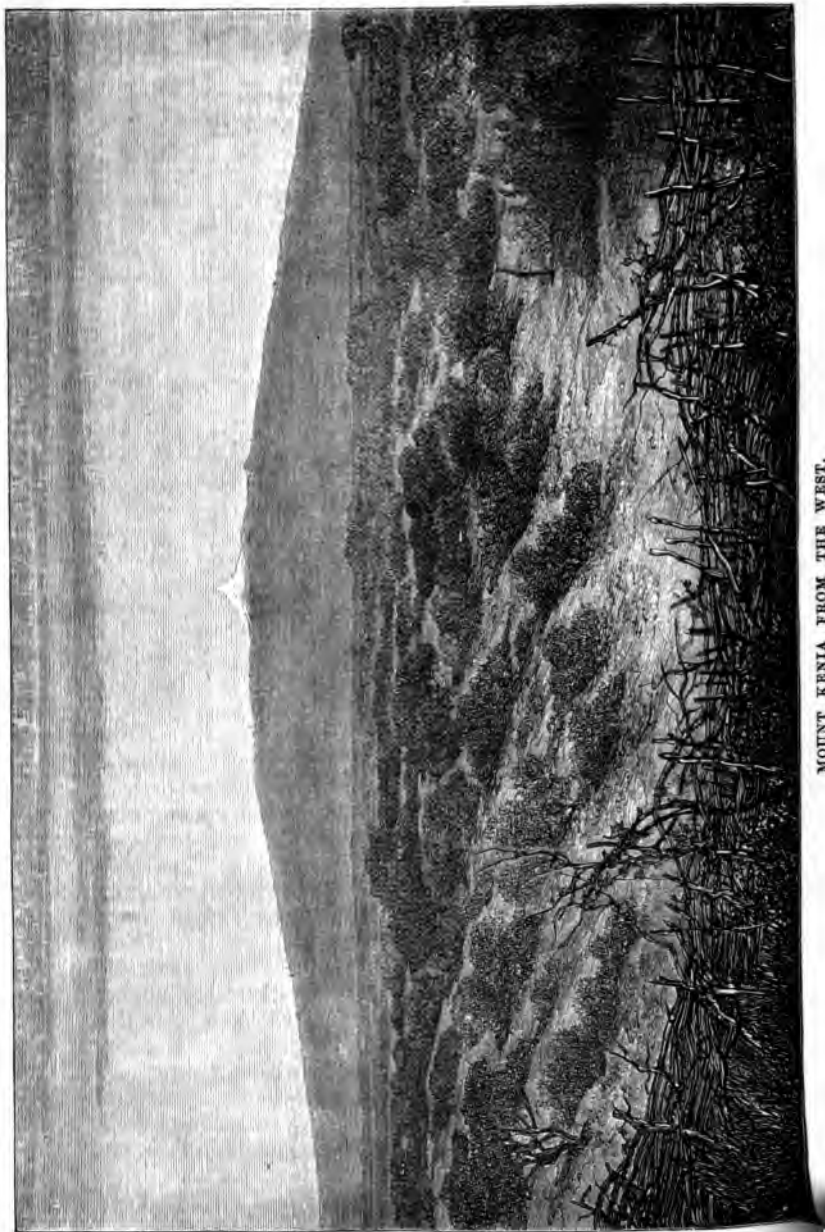
On continuing our way down the Ngarè Gobit, the Wawahili who accompanied me took the *Koma* and went ahead, to satisfy themselves by its agency whether there was any danger or treachery to be feared from the Masai or Andorobbo. Before they had gone far, they all stood entranced and delighted, as on our left the *mtembera* (a species of halcyon) trumpeted out in cheery notes a right hearty welcome. This the men interpreted as an assurance that all was well, and their hearts leapt for joy as on the right another of these birds took up the song which told of peace and safety.

At the opening of the glen of the Gobit, in the plains of the Guaso Nyiro, we camped near a village of the hunting

tribe known as Andorobbo. A day had to be spent here, and then with hearts brimful of thankfulness and pride we found ourselves camped in a bend of the Guaso Nyiro, and though we did not see Kenia, we knew that we were at its base, and that behind the bank of cloud reposed its silent majesty, bathed in bright sunlight though hidden from thoughtless mortals. Our work was accomplished, and now that we could look back on our horrid path, and trace the manner in which we had had to *bore* our way through manifold opposition, we could afford to smile at it all as, upon the whole, somewhat amusing.

As pious Moslems watch with strained eyes the appearance of the new moon or the setting of the sun, to begin their orisons, so we now waited for the uplifting of the fleecy veil, to render due homage to the heaven-piercing Kenia. The day passed on, and the Masai swarmed about us in their customary manner; but we were proof against all their insolence, and we continued to watch. The sun set in the western heavens, and sorrowfully we were about to turn away, when suddenly there was a break in the clouds far up in the sky, and the next moment a dazzling white pinnacle caught the last rays of the sun, and shone with a beauty, marvellous, spirit-like, and divine, cut off, as it apparently was, by immeasurable distance from all connection with the gross earth. The sun's rays went off, and then, with "a softness like the atmosphere of dreams," which befitted the gloaming, that white peak remained, as though some fair spirit with subdued and chastened expression lingered at her evening devotions. Presently, as the garish light of day melted into the soft hues and mild effulgence of a moon-lit night, the "heaven-kissing" mountain became gradually disrobed, and then in all its severe outlines and chaste beauty it stood forth from top to bottom, entrancing, awe-inspiring—meet reward for days of maddening worry and nights of sleepless anxiety. At that moment I could almost feel that Kenia was to me what the sacred stone of Mecca is to the faithful who have wandered from distant lands, surmounting perils and hardships that they might but kiss or see the hallowed object, and then, if it were God's will, die.

We were now at an altitude of 5700 feet, which may be taken as the general level of the plain from which Mount Kenia rises. Kenia itself is clearly of volcanic origin, and may be considered to be a counterpart of the Kimawenzi peak of Kilimanjaro. Unlike Kilimanjaro, its volcanic



MOUNT KENIA FROM THE WEST.

forces have not changed their focus of activity, and hence it now stands as a simple undivided cone. Up to a height of 15,000 feet (9000 feet above the plain) the angle of slope is extremely low, being in fact only between 10° and 12° , a fact which would seem to show that the lavas ejected must have been in a much more liquid condition than those of Kilimanjaro. The angle in the latter is much higher, indicating that the ejections were more viscid, and consequently did not flow so far from the orifice.

At an elevation of over 15,000 feet the mountain suddenly springs at a high angle into a sugar-loaf peak, which adds a further height of about 3400 feet. At the base of the peak two small excrescences are noticeable, and some distance to the north there rises a humpy mass. This peak, as in the case of Kimawenzi, without a doubt represents the column of lava which closed the volcanic life of the mountain, plugging or sealing up the troubled spirits of the earth. The crater has been gradually washed away—having been composed, doubtless, of loose ashes and beds of lava, and now the plug stands forth, a fitting pinnacle to the majestic mass below. As at Kilimanjaro, nature has appropriately woven for its grim head a soft crown of eternal snow, the cool, calm shining of which is at once a wonderful contrast and a strange close to the mountain's fiery history. The sides of this upper peak are so steep and precipitous that on many places the snow is quite unable to lie, and in consequence the rocks appear here and there as black spots in the white mantle. Hence its Masai name of Donyo Egere (the speckled or grey mountain). The snow covers the whole of the upper peak, and extends some distance on either side, reaching, and indeed including the humpy mass on the north. The peak is strikingly suggestive of an enormous white crystal or stalagmite, set upon a sooty basement which falls away gradually into the dark emerald green of the forest region round the base.

On the side where we were—the west—there are no inhabitants, if we except the Andorobbo, who live near the bottom of the mountain, and roam its pathless forests in pursuit of the elephant and buffalo, on which they largely depend for their food, while by selling the ivory of the former they obtain the beads and iron wire which form their ornaments. On the southern aspect of the mountain there are Wa-kikuyu. On the eastern the inhabitants, the Wa-daicho, are a very difficult and dangerous race to deal with in their

enormous forests—the worst traits of the Wa-kikuyu being fully developed in them.

To the north of Kenia a low range of mountains runs northward, separated from the former by the Guaso Nyiro. This range is known as Donyo Endika, which may be freely translated as the pig-tail mountain, in allusion to the way in which it stretches from Kenia in the manner of the tied-up hair of the Masai warriors.

A very few streams, and those of the smallest, rise on the east and north side, though curiously it is said that a very large number flow down the southern aspect, and add enormously to the volume of the Kilalumi or Tana River, which rises near the edge of the Kikuyu highlands, overlooking Naivasha, thus resembling Kilimanjaro in a very remarkable feature.

Before dismissing Kenia it remains but to be said that almost the only times at which it is to be seen are the early morning and the evening. The mountain remains as a rule shrouded up during the day in clouds. As in the case of its colossal kinsman, Kibo, the upper peak is seen frequently long after the lower part has disappeared, and presents the most imposing spectacle imaginable, giving one the idea of some supernatural vision in the sky.

The Guaso Nyiro, on which we were camped, is a stream of considerable dimensions, draining nearly the whole of Lykipia, the Aberdare Range, the west and north of Kenia, and then flowing N.E. through the Galla country to Lorian, which is sometimes described as a country, sometimes as a lake.

I was surprised to find at this place a large number of camels, which had been captured from the Gallas to the north-east. The Masai have no idea of using them as beasts of burden; but, though astonishingly fastidious as to what they eat, they do not scruple to use them for food. They were also acquainted with the horse, which they called *burtā*.

I had thus got to the base of Kenia; but I had not been many hours there before I became impressed with the fact that the sooner I was clear of the Masai the better, and that all thought of ascending the mountain must be abandoned. Our goods were utterly exhausted, and the warriors proportionately difficult to manage. Eno's fruit salt and a couple of artificial teeth were no longer novelties; my tormentors were also becoming a trifle too importunate in ordering me to cut off my nasal organ and clap it on again. One warrior humiliated me insultingly by seizing it with vice-like grasp,

in the belief that it would give way. On my assuming a severely indignant expression, and threatening to bring the wrath of the gods upon him, he slunk away, leaving me to wash off the greasy finger-marks. They were also in an excited condition over their projected raid, and they even talked about impressing me into their service. On inquiry I learned with great satisfaction that between Kenia and Baringo there were no inhabitants, so that if we could once get fairly away we should be safe.

At last our flight could be delayed no longer. The traders who had come with me so far agreed to disappear with the Andorobbo into the forest, where they would be safe, and find some way of getting back to Mianzini, so as to be able to rejoin Jumba on his return. I was greatly delighted to find here a brother of our very good friend Kombo-ngishu. We at once became the greatest of friends. He advised us, if we valued our lives, or wished to get away at all, not to lose another day, but to flee in the middle of the night. This we resolved to do, he promising, for the sake of his brother, to take us a part of the way. The night, however, was so dark, and the way so thorny and bad, that after going a short distance we were compelled to stop till near daylight. We then scattered somewhat, not to make too distinct a track, and went off almost at a trot. The morning was extremely cold, which helped us immensely, as we knew that the Masai would not venture out of their kraals till at least two hours after sunrise. By that time we had got past the worst, and into a forest tract, where we could breathe in comparative safety, though we did not dare halt for a moment. We thus pushed on without a pause for more than twenty-five miles, to a small stream or rather string of muddy pools, capially described by its name Elgejo le Sekira (the Cowrie Stream), the white pools being strikingly like a string of those shells. Here we came across a rhino with a baby. The former we drove off, and then captured the latter, which gave us infinite fun by its irrepressible pugnacity and pluck. It knocked over several of the men by going full tilt at their legs. We here had to part with our generous guide, who ran great risks in thus assisting us to run away. He was careful, however, to go off to a distance and visit some friends, to throw his tribesmen off the scent.

We were now in a very peculiar position. Through a wilderness infested by roving bands of Wa-sūk and Masai, we were ordering our steps for Lake Baringo, which our

guide of the previous day had pointed out as being somewhere in a particular direction. The country was covered with a trackless forest, and food we had none. Yet we were all in the highest spirits after our life of worry among the Masai. Game was plentiful, and the entire country was a network of sparkling streams. We voted the whole adventure quite delightful, and, heedless of everything, we light-heartedly whistled and sang or cracked jokes till the very welkin rang. Buffaloes turned up their noses and snorted astonishment; rhinoceroses, like evil spirits exorcised, fled, blowing off wind like a steam-engine.

On our third march we reached the Guaso N'Erok (Black River), so called from the apparent colour of the water as it flows over black volcanic boulders and rocks. This river is the continuation of the Urürü below the gorge of the Thomson Falls. Here it flows, however, through a deep valley or glen, flanked to the east by a high, mountainous region, which forms an extension of the highlands of Dondolé.

The march on leaving the Guaso N'Erok was one of supreme discomfort. We pushed our way steadily for six hours over a hilly country covered with the very densest of forest and undergrowth, and in the midst of a horrid drizzle. We had to get along by means of the buffalo tracks, in constant danger of stumbling on the dangerous brutes themselves. Sometimes we had literally to crawl below the bushes, and we were soon in a most filthy condition with dirt and wet. At midday we struck the small marshy valley of the Mar-moset, and we got on a little better after that.

Next day we began the descent of the western aspect of the Lykipia plateau, and our hopes were greatly raised on striking a small stream and valley which evidently ran towards Baringo. This we identified as the Guaso Teen. Buffaloes, zebras, elephants, and rhinoceroses were in astonishing numbers.

The following day proved to be a very trying one, though deserving to be marked with a white stone. Leaving camp, we passed down a small gorge by which the Teen escapes from the valley. We had not gone far before we got a "facer," by reaching a second gorge running at right angles, into which the Teen precipitates itself, a depth of over 400 feet, by a series of most picturesque falls. It seemed for a time as if we were to be beat; but at last, to our great joy, we discovered a place where with some danger we could descend. On reaching the bottom, we found that the other

side was quite as difficult and dangerous to ascend. But *Nil desperandum!* was our cry, and we reached the top safely, though only to find that, after about four hours' hard work, we had not got more than a quarter of a mile from camp.

As I was pushing on in front with Muhinna, in the hope of getting a sight of Baringo, which we had now been anxiously expecting to see for the last two days, we suddenly sighted two buffaloes. I had not my own rifle, but I seized Muhinna's, and fired. Rather to my surprise it dropped at once. As its companion stood bewildered at the unwonted sound, I crammed another cartridge into the Snider, and fired at it, and, like the other, it dropped where it stood. Going up to them, I found them to be two fine bulls, both shot through the shoulder. On their seeing us, it was terrible to witness the mighty struggles of the monsters to reach us and die revenged. How they writhed and drew themselves together in demon-like fury! How their eyes, starting from their heads, gleamed with concentrated rage and pain! The sight made me shudder. Brahim soon arrived, out of breath, with my rifle. I placed the muzzle on the skull of one and fired; yet though the rifle was a .577 Express, with a steel core bullet, the shot did not even stun or knock down the bull, and the bullet certainly never reached near the brain. It had no more effect than Death's dart on Dr. Hornbook's patient—

“ It just played dirl on the bane
But did nae mair.”

Like the grim Destroyer in that authentic story—

“ I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
O' hard whin rock ! ”

That fact will show the reader what sort of customer is the African buffalo. The horns of one of the bulls measured very little short of four feet from bend to bend, and they have now found a home in Scotland.

A short distance from this spot we got a glimpse of Kenia, and still farther on we were thrown into raptures by suddenly emerging from the dense forest, and finding ourselves at the edge of the meridional trough which we had left at Kekupè. Best of all, there was the mysterious Lake Baringo, gleaming apparently at our feet, though several thousands of feet below.

I have now looked upon many striking and wonderful lake scenes in Africa. I have viewed Nyassa from the

mountains to the north, Tanganyika from the south, the east, and the west, Lake Leopold from the Fipa Mountains. But not one of these spectacles approaches in beauty, grandeur, and variety the landscape that now spread out before me on the edge of the Lykipia plateau. Imagine, if you can, a trough or depression 3300 feet above the sea-level, and twenty miles broad, the mountains rising with very great abruptness on both sides to a height of 9000 feet. In the centre of this depression lies a dazzling expanse of water, glittering like a mirror in the fierce rays of a tropical sun.



DISTANT VIEW OF LYKIPIA ESCARPMENT.

Almost in its centre rises a picturesque island, surrounded by four smaller islets—a group of nature's emeralds in a dazzling setting of burnished silver. Round the irregular-shaped lake appears a strip of pale green, which indicates a marshy border, and in an outer circle extending up to the mountains, spreads a very dark green area which you know to be table-topped acacia-trees. A remarkable assemblage of straight lines, wall-like extensions, and angular outlines produces an impressive and quite unique landscape. It speaks eloquently, however, of igneous disturbances;—for there you observe numerous earth movements, faults crossing each

great numbers, we were in no small peril. By a good deal of groping about we contrived to gather some firewood together, but then to our dismay we had only three matches and these bad, while we could find nothing but damp grass. Before venturing to strike we held a consultation as to who was the best at striking a light. Brahim was chosen. The scene was very strange as we gathered round him in breathless interest, in the almost pitchy darkness of the night, with great sycamores overhead, and dense bush around haunted by wild beasts. The mountain torrent roared and tumbled over its rocky channel, and the night-wind sighed along the face of the hill, or brought a weird sough from the gorge below. The first match was struck, there was a faint flicker, and then darkness. With an imprecation Brahim threw it savagely aside, and we all indulged in expletives, each "after his kind." The second attempt was watched with further excitement, but it went like the other. The last match was taken in hand. To our unspeakable relief it caught. Nursing it as if it were divine fire, I kept leaves of my note-books burning till some twigs ignited. In a short time we were drying ourselves before a glorious fire, and under its genial influence we were quite prepared to think our situation a piece of rather good fun, as we each munched about a mouthful of Indian corn, a very little of which we had been able to get from a friendly Masai at Guaso Nyiro. The rain fortunately stopped, and, setting a watch, we were able to enjoy a snatch of sleep, only broken at intervals by the movements of some buffalo or rhinoceros whose nightly rambles had been disturbed by our blazing fire.

Next morning we were off with the dawn, expecting every moment to emerge from the gorge. After a two-hours' fearful scramble, during which we crossed the large stream over thirty times, and got our clothes and our skin sadly torn, we were taken aback by reaching a precipice which could not be surmounted, and there was nothing for it but to ascend the mountain. This would have been impossible, so densely was it covered with thorns, but for the sword of Brahim, who literally cut a way for us. It required six hours' hard work over the worst country I have ever traversed before we reached the grazing-grounds of the Wa-kwafi of Njemps, and, accosting some herdboys, were directed on our way. Crossing a fine stream by a rude bridge, we reached Njemps *Mdogo* (the little), and here Muhinna met some friends of former days. An hour more and we neared the

started off. The country was most horrible, with sharp angular boulders hid by grass and thorns of the most fearful description. The afternoon was now far spent, and after tramping along in that dangerous waste for about an hour and seeing no sign of a place where my men could descend, I began to get a little uneasy in my mind. Not a soul could be seen, and buffalo and rhinoceros were in great numbers, starting up indeed in more than one instance quite close to me. I shouted, but a mocking echo alone answered me. My courage gradually oozed away, and I was feeling something like a panic taking possession of me. Seeing that there was no chance of falling in with Makatubu, I at last hurried back, in the hope that my attendants had followed me. I shouted with renewed energy, but the only effect was to further unhinge myself. I was tired and extremely hungry, for I had been on my feet for ten hours in the roughest region I had yet met, climbing up precipices, crushing my way through dense bush, stumbling over hidden boulders, scratching myself with wretched thorns. Night was approaching, and I had come to the conclusion that I was beyond all doubt lost, without food or means of defence. I was casting about for a convenient tree in which to stow myself for the night, but before finally succumbing I gave one long halloo. No sound came back to me but the reverberation of my own voice, though long I stood breathlessly listening for some welcome note. In the awful silence my heart sank within me. Just as I turned away in despair the bang of a gun came as music to my ear. With joy I rushed away in the direction of the sound. Bang went another shot, and a few minutes later I was on an eminence, yelling out like a madman to three men, who I saw at a glance were Brahim, Songoro, and my cook. They after all had followed me, but in some queer fashion we had missed each other.

Though tired and footsore, we now made a grand spurt in the hope of emerging from the narrow valley, in which we were, to the plain around Baringo. Leaving the former, and following a fine stream which we knew must go to Baringo, we entered a gorge of the narrowest and wildest description. Every available foot of ground was covered with the densest of thorn-bush. We had a terrible time of it, pushing our way along, the game tunnels eternally crossing and recrossing the river. Darkness came on at last, and it had been raining heavily for some time. We were therefore compelled to halt in the narrow gorge. With buffaloes and rhinoceroses in

great numbers, we were in no small peril. By a good deal of groping about we contrived to gather some firewood together, but then to our dismay we had only three matches and these bad, while we could find nothing but damp grass. Before venturing to strike we held a consultation as to who was the best at striking a light. Brahim was chosen. The scene was very strange as we gathered round him in breathless interest, in the almost pitchy darkness of the night, with great sycamores overhead, and dense bush around haunted by wild beasts. The mountain torrent roared and tumbled over its rocky channel, and the night-wind sighed along the face of the hill, or brought a weird sigh from the gorge below. The first match was struck, there was a faint flicker, and then darkness. With an imprecation Brahim threw it savagely aside, and we all indulged in expletives, each "after his kind." The second attempt was watched with further excitement, but it went like the other. The last match was taken in hand. To our unspeakable relief it caught. Nursing it as if it were divine fire, I kept leaves of my note-books burning till some twigs ignited. In a short time we were drying ourselves before a glorious fire, and under its genial influence we were quite prepared to think our situation a piece of rather good fun, as we each munched about a mouthful of Indian corn, a very little of which we had been able to get from a friendly Masai at Guaso Nyiro. The rain fortunately stopped, and, setting a watch, we were able to enjoy a snatch of sleep, only broken at intervals by the movements of some buffalo or rhinoceros whose nightly rambles had been disturbed by our blazing fire.

Next morning we were off with the dawn, expecting every moment to emerge from the gorge. After a two-hours' fearful scramble, during which we crossed the large stream over thirty times, and got our clothes and our skin sadly torn, we were taken aback by reaching a precipice which could not be surmounted, and there was nothing for it but to ascend the mountain. This would have been impossible, so densely was it covered with thorns, but for the sword of Brahim, who literally cut a way for us. It required six hours' hard work over the worst country I have ever traversed before we reached the grazing-grounds of the Wa-kwafi of Njemps, and, accosting some herdboys, were directed on our way. Crossing a fine stream by a rude bridge, we reached Njemps *Mdogo* (the little), and here Muhinna met some friends of former days. An hour more and we neared the

confines of Njemps *Mkubwa* (the big). Our last cartridge was fired, and before long we had crossed the Guaso Tigrish, and entered our encampment, to find a nice house under a cool sycamore, and Martin and the men all well and hearty, though full of anxious misgivings about our safety. We had been thirty-four hours without food, but we were soon feeding like princes on—to us—rich dishes of “animated mire” (for Burton’s description of certain fish might well be applied to those of Baringo), and a kind of porridge formed from a species of millet. This was indeed glorious fare after



CAMP AT NJEMPS.

the old shoe-leather-like beef of the buffalo and the more juicy than savory messes of diseased Masai cattle, on which we had been regaling for the last month. As for Makatubu and the thirty men, they wandered about for two days longer, utterly lost and almost starved, trying to find a way down. After leaving me, they had found themselves in a *cul-de-sac*.

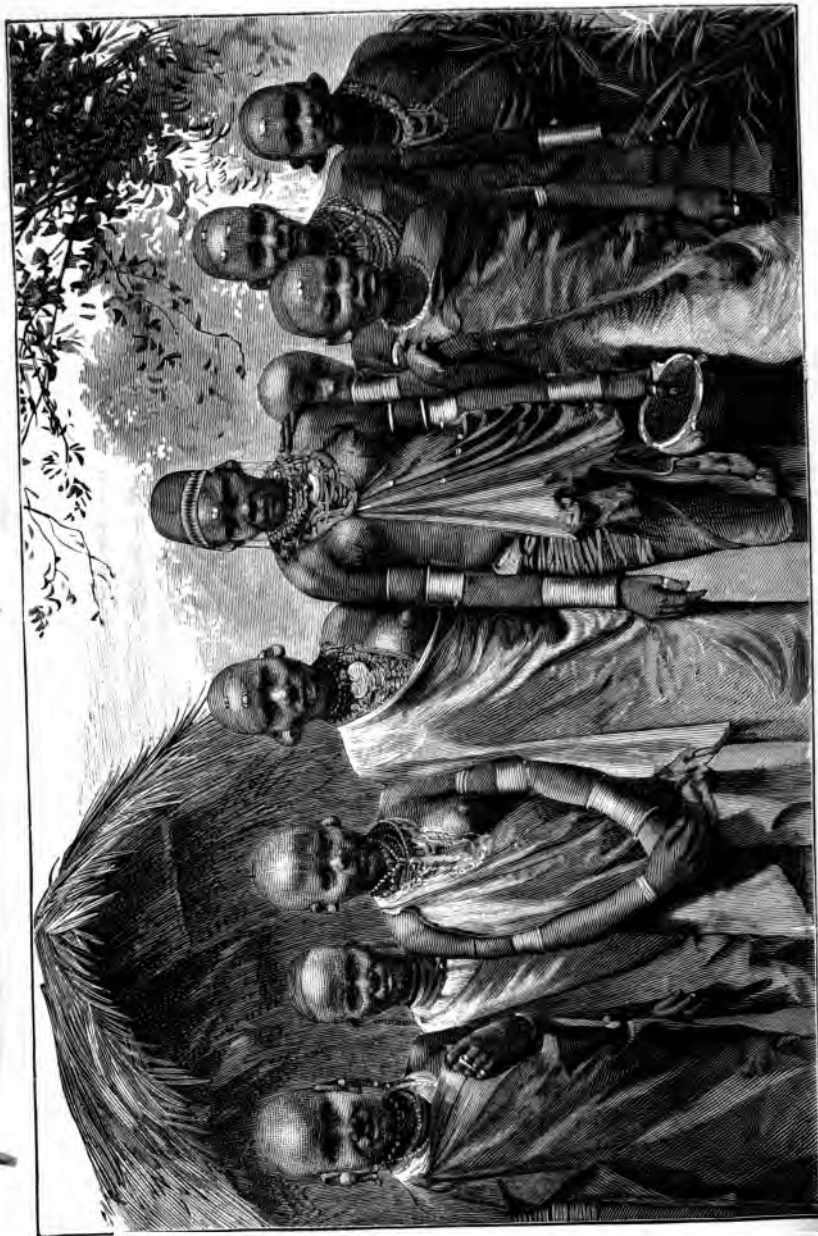
CHAPTER X.

MASAI LAND AND THE MASAI.

LET the reader imagine us now, after weeks of hardship, danger, and worry, enjoying a well-earned holiday. We were once more among most pleasing natives, who recalled by their honesty, their unassuming ways, and their charming, unsophisticated manners, the delightful Arcadians of Taveta—to whom, indeed, they are allied by blood. It required but the gorgeous vegetation, and the rich supplies of food, to make our position quite as agreeable as among the Wataveta. One thing above all we thoroughly appreciated. We were safe from the ferocious and arrogant warriors of the Masai country. We could ramble about without guns or attendants, doze over the babbling Guaso Tigrish, under shady sycamores, and read a favourite poet, or pretend to catch the wary denizens of the liquid deeps. How glorious it was to loll about in all the Bohemian *abandon* permissible in Central Africa—to swing in a hammock, contemplating our toes or gazing into space as we enwrapped ourselves in *dolce far niente* dreams! In such circumstances we could vow to ourselves that African travelling was not such a bad thing after all—though pictures of home, friends, and country would somehow project themselves on the magic screen of memory—and impart an element of pleasing melancholy to our thoughts.

At other times we bethought ourselves that we were travelling with scientific objects in view, and in our imagination we would go up in a balloon and try to focus the country and to form a comprehensive picture or a bird's-eye view of the region we had traversed. Then, again, as the mood changed, we would glide into reverie over the strange ways of the peoples we had seen, musing within ourselves as to what this or that meant, and otherwise striving to fathom the queer problems presented by the many aspects of savage life.

Let me make a corresponding pause in the career of my narrative while I attempt to give you some of the results of my Njemps cogitations, that you may learn more in detail what kind of people we have visited in each other's company, and make quite sure that you have a clear idea of the general physical features of the region. In other words, let me, in the pages of this chapter, describe to you the Masai and their country.



NATIVES OF NJEMPS.

Let us take the country first.

The Masai country is very markedly divided into two quite distinct regions, the southerly or lower desert area and the northerly or plateau region. The southerly is comparatively low in altitude, that is to say, from 3000 to nearly 4000 feet. It is sterile and unproductive in the extreme. This is owing, not to a barren soil, but to the scantiness of the rainfall, which for about three months in the year barely gives sufficient sustenance to scattered tufts of grass. The acacia and mimosa have almost sole possession of those dreary plains, except near the base of some isolated mountain, or other highland where small rivulets trickle down, to be speedily absorbed in the arid sands. No river traverses this region, and many parts are covered with incrustations of natron, left by the evaporation of salt-charged springs. We have seen something of this lower region in the flat reach of Njiri, and the forbidding desert of Dogilani.

It is not, however, to be conceived as a monotonous level. Far from it. The colossal Kilimanjaro, and the conical Mount Meru belong to it. The hills of Geläi and the Guaso N'Ebor circle round in the form of an amphitheatre, to meet the metamorphic masses of Ndapduk and Donyo Erok. Further to the west and north are the volcanic masses of Donyo Engäi, Donyo la Nyuki, and Donyo Logonot, with the hills of Nguruma-ni.

Except in the immediate vicinity of the higher mountains, such as Mount Meru and Donyo Engäi, the country is to a large extent uninhabited. To summarize this tract we may say that it is triangular in general shape, the apex towards the north, reaching to within thirty miles of the equator, and extending beyond to Baringo as a species of trough or deep, irregular cutting. The Masai are only to be found at all seasons about such favourable situations as the base of Kilimanjaro, Mount Meru, Ndapduk, Geläi, Kisongo, to the west of Meru, Donyo Engäi, and along the edge of the plain at the bases of the bordering highlands Maū and Kapṭä.

The country is sufficiently characterized when the fact is stated that it is a region of later volcanic activity, which in a very recent geological period has produced the cones and craters already referred to. These results of volcanic energy may, to some extent, be accounted for—though the statement may seem to savour of reasoning in a circle—by the lower region as an area of depression having subsided or sunk from the higher level of the flanking table-lands.

THE FERTILE AREA OF MASAI LAND. 237

The northerly or higher plateau region of Masai Land may be described as rising from an elevation of nearly 5000 feet on either side, and culminating in the centre at an elevation of little short of 9000 feet—although through this very line of highest elevation runs from the Dogilani plain the remarkable meridional trough which encloses the charming chain of isolated lakes, Naivasha, Elmeteita, Nakuro, and Baringo; and which, at the last-named place, begins to widen out till it assumes the characteristics of the southerly plain of Masai Land.

On the eastern half of this divided plateau rises, as we have seen, the snow-clad peak of Kenia—and the picturesque range of the Aberdare Mountains, which runs almost parallel with the central line of depression. A more charming region is probably not to be found in all Africa, probably not even in Abyssinia. Though lying at a general elevation of 6000 feet, it is not mountainous, but extends out in billowy, swelling reaches, and is characterized by everything that makes a pleasing landscape. Here are dense patches of flowering shrubs; there noble forests. Now you traverse a park-like country enlivened by groups of game; anon, great herds of cattle, or flocks of sheep and goats are seen wandering knee-deep in the splendid pasture. There is little in the aspect of the country to suggest the popular idea of the Tropics. The eye rests upon coniferous trees, forming pine-like woods, and you can gather sprigs of heath, sweet-scented clover, anemone, and other familiar forms. In vain you look for the graceful palm—ever present in the mental pictures of the untravelled traveller. The country is a very network of babbling brooks and streams—those of Lykipia forming the mysterious Guaso Nyiro; those of Kikuyu the Tana, which flows to the Indian Ocean through the Galla country; while further south in Kaptè the streams converge to form the Athi River, which flows through U-kambani to the Sabaki River.

Kikuyu occupies the higher areas of the eastern half of the plateau, cutting across it immediately south of the equator. Some of the higher parts are covered with a dense forest of bamboo; notably to the east of Naivasha, and between it and the Aberdare Mountains. Hence the Swahili name of one recruiting-place—Mianzi-ni (Bamboo Country).

The greater part of Lykipia—and that the richer portion—is quite uninhabited, owing, in a great degree, to the

decimation of the Masai of that part, through their intestine wars—a fact that has caused them to retreat from the northerly districts, which are in dangerous proximity to the Wa-sūk.

The Masai country, so called, may be said to include the area lying between 1° N. lat., and 5° S. In breadth it is very irregular; but if we say that the average is ninety miles, we shall be pretty near the truth. In this, however, we are including several isolated areas occupied either by tribes wholly different from the Masai, or by the agricultural Wakwafi, who are mere off-shoots of the Masai.

The rainfall is very small over the greater part of this large area. Only an approximate guess, of course, can be given—but I think I am within the mark in placing the rainfall of the lower desert region at fifteen inches, and the higher plateau areas at from thirty to forty inches in the year. During the fourteen months in which I travelled in that region my caravan was not caught ten times on the march by rain,—a striking contrast to my experience in the region further south, where, for weeks together, rain was incessant. The rains are almost entirely confined to February, March, and April. The consequence of this insignificant rainfall is, as we have seen, that the lower plains are practically desert, though the soil is of the richest nature. There are absolutely no marshes, with their physical discomforts and poisonous exhalations breeding disease and death. The air is dry and invigorating, and though the days are hot yet the breezes blow with refreshing coolness, and a night of low temperature—and even frequently of intense cold—braces one up for the fatigues of the garish day. The contrast, indeed, is felt to be just a little too great, when you rise, shivering, in the morning, to see the grass covered with hoar frost, and then in the afternoon find yourself perspiring in the airiest of costumes, under a shady bush, with the temperature above 90° Fahr. The air, however, being so dry, I felt no inconvenience from these abrupt changes, and it was simply wonderful to see how the men would lie in the open air without a shred of clothing, and with the temperature at the freezing-point.

At the high altitudes of this plateau region, hailstorms of very great violence are of frequent occurrence, more particularly in the neighbourhood of the Aberdare Mountains. More than once caravans have been overtaken by them while on the march, and great numbers of the men killed by the

exposure; for the damp cold is singularly fatal to the coast natives, who, under its influence, drop down paralyzed, apparently utterly unable to make the slightest exertion to better themselves. On these occasions you may beat them with a stick till you are tired, but they will simply put their heads between their knees like an obstinate donkey, and whine out, "Si wezi," "Si wezi" (I am not able). On my return march at Mianzi-ni, to the east of Naivasha, one of these storms came on, accompanied with thunder and lightning of appalling fury and violence. The hail fell continuously for hours, and when it ceased the country was actually *white*, and remained so all night. If we had been caught out in that storm, without huts, I question very much if ten men would have survived. As it was, so utterly paralyzed were they that even in their huts they allowed their fires to go out, and they had literally to be compelled to bestir themselves.

So much for Masai Land. Let us now take up the deeply interesting subject of the inhabitants.

In dealing with the manners and customs of this remarkable race, I think I shall best picture them to the reader not by describing them in catalogue fashion, but by setting forth the prominent facts in the life history of a male and female Masai, tracing their career in the various epochs of their savage existence, and trying to understand their ideas of man and nature, and their sociological relations.

But first of all, let me say a few words more immediately descriptive of the Masai as a race. Learned philologists profess to have discovered from a study of the Masai language—and I suppose the theory may be accepted as correct—that it belongs to the Hamitic family, as does also the language spoken by the tribes of the Nile and North Africa. This seems to be the only clue to their family relationship, and it reveals very little. The reader, therefore, will clearly understand that the Masai are in no sense negroes, or allied to the Bantu tribes with which he is so familiar from the works of our most prominent later African travellers. In their cranial development, as in their language, they are widely different from the natives of Central and South Africa, occupying in the former respect a far higher position in the scale of humanity.

The Masai tribe is divided into about twelve principal clans or sub-tribes, with numerous smaller divisions. These have not all the same position in Masai society, some clans having more "blue" blood, and being reckoned of purer

breed than others. The most aristocratic of these clans are the Ngajè-Masai, Molilian, Lyserè, and Leteyo. These have the finest physical development, and are undoubtedly superior to the others in the shape of the head, the less depressed nose, and thinner lips. Indeed,—but for the prominence of the cheek-bones, a tendency to a Mongolian shape and upward slant of the eyes, the chocolate-coloured skin, and the hair with a tendency to become frizzy—they might pass muster as very respectable and commonplace Europeans. The Ngajè-Masai are the purest breed, and are to be found chiefly around Kilimanjaro. The most degraded tribe physically is that which is known to the coast traders by the name of Wa-kwafi. They seem to have acquired a strain of negro blood, as will be perceived by an examination of the photograph of the Masai of Lykipia (p. 205). The higher development of the Ngajè-Masai is seen in the photo of an aristocratic woman of Njiri.

The country is divided into about ten principal districts, such as Sigirari, Njiri, Matumbato, Kaptè, Dogilani, Lykipia, Guas' Ngishu, &c. The various members of the race are generally designated by their native district. Various clans may be found occupying the same district, but they usually keep in distinct kraals. Hence they speak of the "El-Masai Matumbato," or El-Masai Kaptè. Each district also is further distinguished by having special heraldic devices on the shields of the warriors, painted with wonderful skill and taste in black, white, red, or yellow colours. Between the various sections of the tribe there is not the slightest cohesion. Wars among themselves are of constant occurrence, though when a state of war is not declared, they are on the most friendly terms,—their feuds not being of that deep-seated character which distinguishes those of semi-civilized lands.

Of these internal wars none have been so disastrous or so oft-repeated as that between the main mass of the Masai and the Wa-kwafi (I here use the name for convenience). The original home of the latter was the large district lying between Kilimanjaro, Ugono, and Parè on the west, and Teita and U-sambara on the east. This large region is known to the Masai as Mbaravui. Some fifty years ago the Wa-kwafi were numerous and strong, able to hold their own against all comers. About 1830—as far as I can gather—a series of misfortunes fell upon them. In a great war-raid against the Wa-gogo to the south they suffered a severe repulse, and great numbers were slaughtered. The same

disaster fell upon them shortly after, in a raid against their brethren of Kisongo. The saying that misfortunes never come singly was well exemplified by their case, for nature took up the work of ruin. A cloud of locusts settled on the land, and left not a blade of grass or other green thing, so that the cattle died in enormous numbers through starvation.



MASAI MARRIED WOMAN, NJIRI.

While the Wa-kwafi were in this unhappy plight, the Masai of the plains to the west fell upon them and smote them hip and thigh, and thus broke up and revenged themselves upon the most powerful division of the tribe. Great numbers having lost their cattle and been reduced to starvation, were compelled to throw in their fortunes with tribes they had hitherto despised. Some found an asylum in the forests of Taveta and Kahè, and the lower slopes of Mount Meru or

Arusha-wa-jūū. Others, driven south, threw in their lot with the Wa-zeguha, keeping tribally more or less distinct from them. These are the hybrid tribes visited lately by the energetic missionaries, Messrs. Last and Baxter, and of which such interesting accounts have been given in the "Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society." Another section of the Wa-kwafi was driven westward, and now forms the colonies of Nderserria-ni and Nguruma-ni. The establishment of these colonies has been an unmitigated blessing to the country. In every case they have become the centres of trade, where men's lives and goods are safe; and indeed there is no more striking feature in the results of the enforced change in the people's mode of life than the remarkable development of peaceable habits and honest ways. This shows what the Masai, from their distinctly higher mental development, are capable of, when cut away from their traditions and brought under conditions more favourable to their advancement towards civilization. As throwing light on the origin of minor races and the blending of two distinct types as at Taveta, the subject is an interesting study.

The Wa-kwafi were not all scattered thus, however, for a large division of the clan kept together, and contrived to cut their way through Kikuyu and to reach Lykipia, where they settled.

Another section crossed the meridional trough and reached the opposite half of the plateau in Guas' Ngishu. In both districts they found superb grazing-grounds and plenty of elbow-room, and there for a time they remained quietly, and increased rapidly in numbers. At last their wars began again. Grown bold, they attacked the Masai about fifteen years ago. The opposing parties formed regular camps, and fought pitched battles with great fury, thousands being killed on both sides. The women stood by and watched, while they incited and urged on the combatants in their terrible hand-to-hand encounters. The Masai were at first beaten, but, fighting with the stubbornness of despair, they disputed every foot of ground. They were driven from the whole of Naivasha and Kinangop, and their enemies, still victorious, carried the war into Kaptè. Matters now changed, however. The Masai of the entire region to the south gathered together and came to the assistance of their brethren of Kaptè. Soon the tables were turned, and the Wa-kwafi were gradually forced back. The great majority of them

were killed, and the cattle driven off. Famine came upon them, and they were reduced to the terrible necessity of selling their children. Large numbers took refuge at Njemps and Nyiro, where they had to bow themselves to the cultivation of the soil. The war lasted several years. At last only a remnant of the Wa-kwafi of Lykipia were left, and these contrived to make peace. Not so fortunate were those of Guas' Ngishu. The Masai swept from north to south, and left not a man in the entire land, those who escaped the spear and sword finding refuge in Kavirondo.

Such is the history of the bloody feud between the Masai clans. Now they live peaceably together, with kraals in friendly proximity.

Having thus conveyed to the reader some general notions about the tribe as a whole, we may now conveniently turn to follow with the eye of our imagination the life-history of one of its members.

Very many years ago a matron of the Masai lay in what is pleasingly described as an "interesting condition." Her environment was not of a luxurious or even comfortable nature. She lay on no better a bed than a dressed bullock's hide spread on the bare ground. The hut which protected her from the blazing sun or the cold night was not built on sanitary principles, and was not commodious. It reached a maximum height of three feet and a half, and might be nine feet long by five feet broad. It was constructed of boughs bent over and interwoven together, forming a flat-roofed building with rounded corners. To keep out the wind a composition of cow's dung was liberally plastered over the boughs. This sufficed for the dry season, but for the rainy one a further covering of hides had to be laid upon it. The doorway was of the smallest, and stood at right angles to the line of the house in the manner of a porch. The hut of the expectant Masai lady was one of a circle enclosing a considerable area, in which the cattle were kept during the night. As this central space was never swept up, its condition may be better imagined than described. The smells were strikingly suggestive of the farmyard; and if the reader is so inclined, he may imagine some charming picture of full-uddered kine, with their mild eyes and expression of repose as they contentedly chew the cud. For any such picture, however, I can accept no responsibility. Outside the circle of huts there extends a strong fence of thorns as a protection from wild beasts, and in case of an attack. Inside

the hut were gathered together the gossips of the kraal, mingling, so far as space permitted, with calves and goats. A number of large calabashes lay in one corner, and a coarsely-made earthen cooking-pot in another. Fleas in thousands skipped about, and the midwives had their time well taken up with the myriads of flies which pertinaciously would insist on cultivating personal intimacy with them.

The anticipated event passed over safely. Indeed, the whole affair was hardly thought worthy of remark, except on the part of the mother, who heard with deep pleasure that her offspring was a boy. Girls are sadly at a discount among the Masai. They would always prefer to have boys, but happily nature sees ahead a little, and takes care that a fair

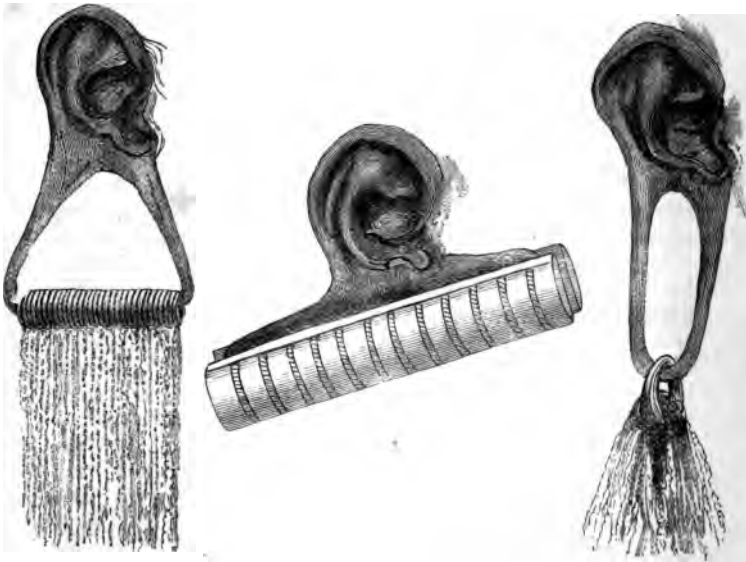


MASAI KRAAL, DONYO LONGONOT IN DISTANCE.

supply of girls is provided. As there is no registrar or birth column, I am totally unable to state when our hero first saw the light. That, however, is a small matter. No particular ceremonies marked the occasion, and the happy mother was about next day, attending to her household duties as if nothing unusual had happened, the little stranger being warmly ensconced on her back beneath the bullock's hide which formed the mother's garment.

Babies are babies everywhere, and for the first year or two the embryo warrior grappled with the problem of life like a philosopher as he sucked his mother's milk. Then he spoke. Having next found his legs, he grew apace. Getting above mother's milk, he was soon exercising his incipient teeth on a huge chunk of beef. Now this was a very reprehensible indulgence on the part of our young friend, for it doubtless

produced that unpleasant setting of the teeth which belongs to him in common with the whole of his race. The gums being tender, and the beef tough and leathery, the teeth acquired an outward projection unpleasant to behold, and, what was still worse, they seemed to become separated from each other, till they appeared as isolated fangs. It was noticeable also that his gums were of a very dark blue colour. Neither of these characteristics, however, were any disad-



EAR STRETCHER AND EAR ORNAMENTS.

vantage to the young Masai, as in his country to be hideous is to be beautiful.

As a boy Moran—for such we may call him for convenience' sake—was pleasing in the extreme—when his mouth was shut. He was the very ideal of an imp, and for diabolical versatility would doubtless have made an admirable page, such as were so much in vogue in former times. At a very early age Moran broke away from his mother's apron-strings, and with miniature bow and arrow aped the bigger boys in their play. As he had no linen to soil, he only roused his mother's laughter if he turned up encrusted with filth. He

was not even put through the horrors of the tub. Sometimes, however, his mother, in a fit of affection, and imbued with the belief that some day he would make a name for himself as a smasher of skulls and a lifter of cattle, would make up an unctuous and odoriferous composition of grease and clay, and anoint him therewith till he shone forth with a splendour dear to the Masai heart. On these occasions he would strut forth with all the pride proper to a small boy who has just had a suit of new clothes.

And so life went on, and he was promoted to the rank of a boy proper. He was provided with a real bow and arrow. A square piece of sheep-skin was tied over the left shoulder, leaving the legs quite bare. He now began to cultivate, not a moustache, but his ear-lobes; that is to say, he took means to stretch them out till they would almost touch his shoulder, and he could nearly put his fist through the distended portion. This is done by first putting a slender stick through the lobe, and gradually replacing it by a bigger, till a piece of ivory six inches long can be inserted lengthwise.

Our hero now looked longingly forward to the day when he should be a warrior; but meanwhile he must employ himself herding the goats and sheep. This was his first occupation. He had by this time acquired some notion of the geography of the country around, as his parents had not been stationary, having been compelled to move about from place to place according to the pasturage. The donkeys on these occasions conveyed their household gods, though his mother had to carry nearly as much, and build the hut after. He had also to accompany his parents in moving up from the plains to the highlands in the dry season and *vice versa* in the wet season. Beyond these studies in practical geography his education proceeded in a very irregular fashion. He learned something of the mystery of the universe by hearing his elders continually howl out prayers by the hour together to some unseen Being called Ngäi (God, or the heavens). He heard also that the place of Ngäi was among the eternal snows of Kilimanjaro, or that the thunders of Donyo Ngäi (an active volcanic mountain) were His voice.

It is very pleasing to think of Moran at this period reclining under a bush or standing watchfully over his flock with one foot brought up to his knee and supported by his bow, trying to penetrate the great problem as to the where, whence, and whither of life. We can imagine him appeal-

ing to his father to learn something about his origin, and this I believe is—among other stories—what he was told. The primal ancestor of the Masai was one Kidenoi, who lived at Donyo Egèrè (Mount Kenia), was hairy, and had a tail. Filled with the spirit of exploration, he left his home and wandered south. The people of the country, seeing him shaking something in a calabash, were so struck with admiration at the wonderful performance that they brought him women as a present. By these he had children, who, strangely enough, were not hairy, and had no tails, and these were the progenitors of the Masai. As Moran had not heard anything of the theories which were convulsing scientific Europe and America, he remained ignorant of the fact that he had struck upon an interesting legend which the *savants* of civilized society would have given their beards to verify.

Meanwhile Moran practised with the spear, and killed innumerable imaginary enemies. He listened intently with beating heart to the stories of daring cattle-raids and sanguinary fights, but as yet he could only dye his spear in the blood of an antelope, or, it might be, of a buffalo. His food still continued to be that of a non-fighter, namely, curdled milk, maize, or millet, and meat. But vegetable paste was the meat of women and children, and he loathed it, though he ate it.

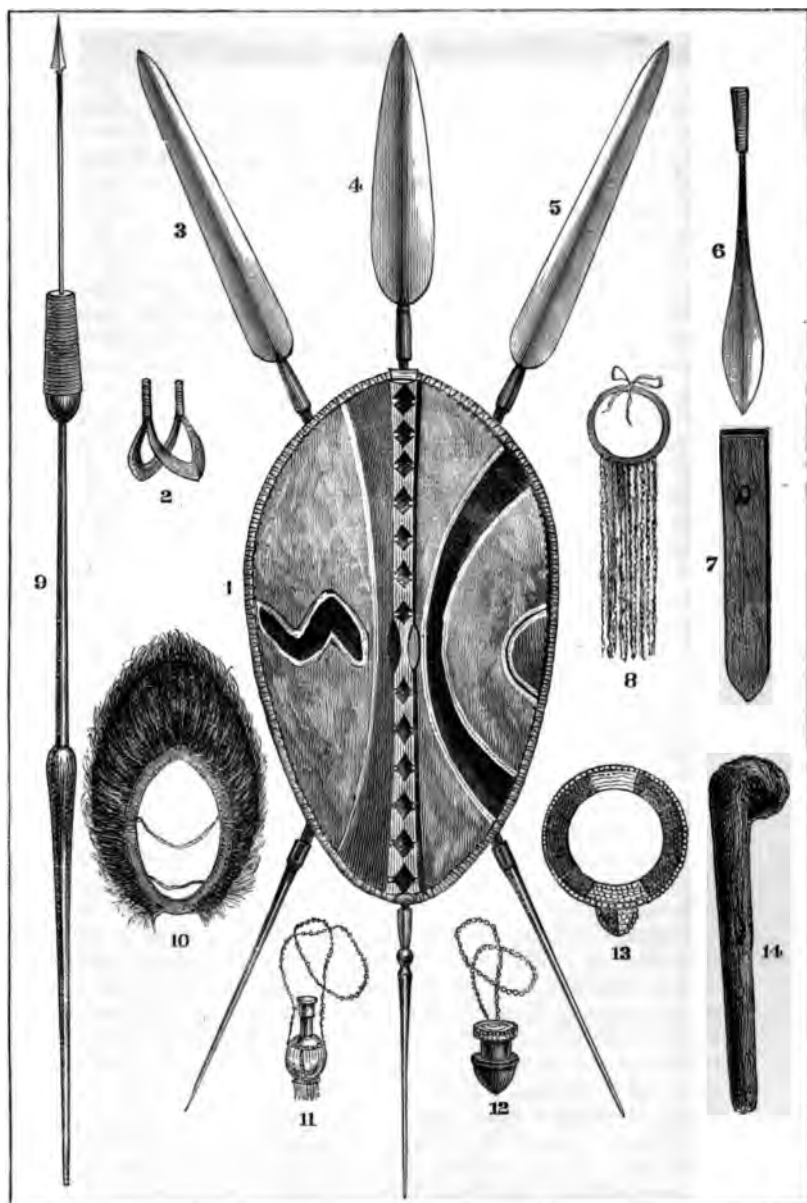
As he approached the age of fourteen he began to develop a truculent and ferocious expression, instead of making himself sick in the attempt to smoke a cigar, or examining his upper lip in the glass, as a lad of proper spirit in England would have done at the same age. It is quite laughable to think of Moran trying to look dangerous, pursing his brow, and generally cultivating the fiendish. And really, I am told he was the admiration and the envy of all the Lèon (boys) of the district, and quite won the hearts of the girls.

At last it was agreed that Moran had become a man, and was fit to be a warrior. A certain rite, better known in Africa than in Europe, was performed; and Moran was no longer a boy, he was an El-moran—a warrior. His father, who was wealthy, resolved to rig him out in the height of military fashion. For this purpose they journeyed to a neighbouring settlement of Andorobbo—a clan who are despised heartily by their distant relatives, the aristocratic Masai, on account of their ignoble mode of gaining a livelihood by the chase. After making the Andorobbo quake in their

sandals, they chose a handsome shield of buffalo hide, beautifully made, elliptical in shape, and warranted to stand a tremendous blow from a spear. The price being asked, a bullock was mentioned as the very lowest cost price. But the unfortunate maker had to be content with a scraggy sheep—and a blow. This purchase accomplished—for the Masai never *make* shields or spears, though there is nothing in the possession of which they pride themselves so much—they returned to the kraal, and then called for an El-konono. This is an inferior race kept in servitude to the Masai, for whom they make spears and swords. They do not go to war, and are not allowed to intermarry with their superiors. They all speak Masai, though it is believed they have a language of their own. In response to the call a miserable, half-starved object appeared with a selection of most murderous-looking weapons. After a careful examination Moran selected a spear, with a blade two feet and a half long, a wooden handle fifteen inches, and a spike at the end about one foot and a half. The blade had an almost uniform width of from two to three inches, up to near the top, where it abruptly formed a point. A sword and a knobkerrie of formidable appearance completed his warlike equipment.

These important acquisitions made, our hero now proceeded to dress himself up as became his new character. He first worked his hair into a mop of strings, those falling over the forehead being cut shorter than the rest. Instead of the ivory ear-stretcher hitherto used, he put in a swell ear ornament formed of a tassel of iron chain. Round his neck he put a bracelet of coiled wire, and round his wrists a neatly formed bead mitten. On his ankles he bound a strip of the black hair of the *colobus* (monkey) of Central Africa. A glorious layer of grease and clay was plastered on his head and shoulders. This completed, he donned a very neat and handsomely decorated kid-skin garment, of very scanty dimensions, which served to cover his breast and shoulders, but hardly reached below the waist, and thus stood forth the complete military masher, ready for love or war.

And now the great step of his life was taken. Thus far he had lived in the kraal of the married people, and accordingly had to comport himself as "only a boy." Now he proceeded to a distant kraal in which were none but young, unmarried men and women. To keep up his dignity and supply him with food his father provided him with a number



MASAI WEAPONS AND ORNAMENTS.

1. Shield. 2. Arm Ornament of horn. 3, 5. Spears of Northern Masai Clans. 4. Spear of Southern Masai. 6. Simé or Sword. 7. Skin Sheath. 8. Chain Neck Ornament. 9. Andorobbo Spear. 10. Ostrich Feather War Head-dress. 11. Ivory Snuff-Box. 12. Horn. 13. Bead Necklet. 14. Club.

of bullocks. Reaching the kraal, our friend found himself among a large number of splendidly built young savages—indeed the most magnificently modelled men conceivable. And here let me for a moment pause in my story to indulge in a passing word of description.

There is, as a rule, not one of the El-moran under six feet (I am speaking of a superior clan). Their appearance, however, is not suggestive of great strength, and they show little of the knotted and brawny muscle characteristic of the ideal Hercules or typical athlete. The Apollo type is the more characteristic form, presenting a smoothness of outline which might be called almost effeminate. In most cases the nose is well raised and straight, frequently as good as any European's (though passing into the negro type in the lower class, such as Wa-kwafi). The lips also vary from the thin and well-formed down to the thick and everted. The eyes are bright, with the sclerotic whiter than is common in Africa. The slits are generally narrow, with a Mongolian upward slant. The jaws are rarely prognathous, while the hair is a cross between the European and the negro, rarely in piles, but evenly spread over the head. Hair is scarcely in any case seen on the face or any part of the body. The cheek-bones are in all remarkably prominent, and the head narrow both above and below. The teeth and gums of almost every one are such as I have already described, though I think I have neglected to mention that the two lower middle incisors are extracted. Tatooing is not practised; but every Masai is branded with five or six marks on the thigh.

Such are the main characteristics of the El-moran; but before we resume our narrative let us note a few facts about the young damsels—the Ditto—who are soon to be flirting with our hero.

Happily facts support the verdict of gallantry when I say that they are really the best-looking girls I have ever met with in Africa. They are distinctly ladylike in both manner and physique. Their figures are slender and well formed, without the abnormal development about the hips characteristic of the negro. They share, like the men, the dark gums, and the bad sets of teeth. The hair is shaved off totally, leaving a shiny scalp. As to dress, they are very decent, and almost classical, if a stinking greasy hide can have anything to do with things classical. They wear a dressed bullock's hide from which the hair has been scraped. This is tied over the left shoulder, passing under the right

arm. A beaded belt confines it round the waist, leaving only one limb partly exposed. Frequently it is slipped off the shoulder, and depends entirely from the waist, leaving the bosom exposed. Their ornaments are of a very remarkable nature. Round the legs from the ankles to the knees telegraph wire is coiled closely in spiral fashion. So awkward is this ornament that the wearer cannot walk properly, she cannot sit down or rise up like any other human being, and she cannot run. Round the arms she has wire similarly coiled both above and below the elbow. Round the neck more iron wire is coiled—in this case, however, horizontally—till the head seems to sit on an inverted iron salver. When the leg-ornaments are once on they must remain till finally taken off, as it requires many days of painful work to fit them into their places. They chafe the ankles excessively, and evidently give much pain. As they are put on when very young, the calf is not allowed to develop, and the consequence is, that when grown up the legs remain at a uniform thickness from ankle to knee—mere animated stilts, in fact. The weight of this armour varies according to the wealth of the parties, up to thirty pounds. Besides the iron wire, great quantities of beads and iron chains are disposed in various ways round the neck.

Such, then, were the people that now greeted Moran, who, being a novice, had to suffer a good deal of chaff from both sexes. He was, however, soon initiated into the mysteries of a warrior kraal, and had seen a bit of life. The strictest diet imaginable was the rule. He had to be content with absolutely nothing but meat and milk. Tobacco or snuff, beer or spirits, vegetable food of all kinds, even the flesh of all animals except cattle, sheep, and goats, were alike eschewed. To eat any of those articles was to be degraded—to lose caste; to be offered them was to be insulted in the deepest manner. As if these rules were not strict enough, he must needs not be seen eating meat in the kraal, neither must he take it along with milk. So many days were devoted entirely to the drinking of new milk, and then, when carnivorous longings came over him, he had to retire with a bullock to a lonely place in the forest, accompanied by some of his comrades, and a Ditto to act as cook. Having scrupulously made certain that there was no trace of milk left on their stomachs by partaking of an extremely powerful purgative, they killed the bullock either with a blow from a rungu or by stabbing it in the back of the neck. They then

opened a vein and drank the blood fresh from the animal. This proceeding of our voracious young friends was a wise though repulsive one, as the blood thus drunk provided the salts so necessary in the human economy; for the Masai do not partake of any salt in its common form. This sanguinary draught concluded, they proceeded to gorge themselves on the flesh, eating from morning till night—and keeping their cook steadily at work. The half-dozen men were quite able to dispose of the entire animal in a few days, and then they returned to the kraal to resume the milk diet.

If they lived an ascetic life in the matter of food, they could not be said to do so in other ways. Life in the warriors' kraal, as may easily be conceived, was promiscuous in a remarkable degree. They may, indeed, be described as a colony of free lovers. Curiously enough the "sweetheart" system was largely in vogue, though no one confined his or her attentions to one only. Each girl, in fact, had several sweethearts, and, what is still stranger, this seemed to give rise to no jealousies. The most perfect equality prevailed between the Ditto and El-moran, and in their savage circumstances it was really pleasant to see how common it was for a young girl to wander about the camp with her arm round the waist of a stalwart warrior.

Till a war-raid was planned, Moran, our interesting *protégé*, found he had nothing to do but make acquaintances and amuse himself with the girls. His cattle were looked after by some poor menials, and though the kraal was stationed near a dangerous neighbour, yet no fighting took place. It was, however, a rule in the warrior kraals that no fence for protection was allowed, hence the utmost vigilance had to be exercised. Moran thus in the course of his duty had frequently to act as watch. At other times he practised various military evolutions, and he kept up his muscle by the peculiar mode of dancing described in the Taveta chapter. Unlike negro tribes, they led what might be called a serious life. They had no rollicking fun, no moonlight dancing, no lively songs, no thundering drums. No musical instrument whatsoever enlivened the Masai life, and their songs were entirely confined to such occasions as the return home from a successful raid, or the invocation of the deity. As soon as darkness fell upon the land the guard was appointed, the cattle milked, and everything hushed up in silence.

Shortly after joining the kraal, Moran was called upon to record his vote in the election of a *Lytunu* and a *Lygonani*.

The *Lytunu* is a warrior elected by a number of kraals as their captain or leader, with absolute power of life and death. He is their judge in cases of dispute. He directs their battles, though, curiously enough, he does not lead his men, but, like the general of a civilized army, he stands aside and watches the progress of the fight under the direct command of the *Lygonani*. If, however, he sees symptoms of his men wavering, he forthwith precipitates himself with his body-guard into the battle. Of course he holds his office purely on sufferance, and if he fails to give satisfaction he is summarily deposed. This, indeed, is almost the only attempt at a form of government. Each war-district elects its own *Lytunu*. The *Lygonani*, again, is a very different personage. He is the public leader of a kraal, leads and guides the debate in cases of dispute. To be such arrogant and pugnacious savages, the Masai are the most remarkable speakers and debaters imaginable. In some American novels we have the Indian belauded for his eloquence and dignity; but commend me to the Masai for grace and oratorical power, for order and decorum in debate; and, indeed, for most of the good qualities which in these days are conspicuous by their absence in our own House of Talking. Not that their genius in this line is always worthily applied; for in their finical persistency in talking out a question they might even beat our Parliamentary Obstructionists. They will spend days discussing the most trivial matter—nothing, indeed, can be settled without endless talk. But we must proceed with our history.

The *Lytunu* and *Lygonani* having been elected, a raid to the coast was determined on. For a month they devoted themselves to an indispensable, though somewhat revolting, preparation. This consisted in their retiring in small parties to the forest, and there gorging themselves with beef. This they did under the belief that they were storing up a supply of muscle and ferocity of the most pronounced type. This strange process being finished, and the day fixed on, the women of the kraal went outside before sunrise, with grass dipped in the cream of a cow's milk. Then they danced and invoked Ngai for a favourable issue to the enterprise, after which they threw the grass in the direction of the enemy. The young men spent several hours at their devotions, howling out in the most ludicrous street-singer fashion, "Aman Ngai-ai! Aman Mbaratien!" (We pray to God! We pray to Mbaratien!). Previous to this, how-

of bullocks. Reaching the kraal, our friend found himself among a large number of splendidly built young savages—indeed the most magnificently modelled men conceivable. And here let me for a moment pause in my story to indulge in a passing word of description.

There is, as a rule, not one of the El-moran under six feet (I am speaking of a superior clan). Their appearance, however, is not suggestive of great strength, and they show little of the knotted and brawny muscle characteristic of the ideal Hercules or typical athlete. The Apollo type is the more characteristic form, presenting a smoothness of outline which might be called almost effeminate. In most cases the nose is well raised and straight, frequently as good as any European's (though passing into the negro type in the lower class, such as Wa-kwafi). The lips also vary from the thin and well-formed down to the thick and everted. The eyes are bright, with the sclerotic whiter than is common in Africa. The slits are generally narrow, with a Mongolian upward slant. The jaws are rarely prognathous, while the hair is a cross between the European and the negro, rarely in piles, but evenly spread over the head. Hair is scarcely in any case seen on the face or any part of the body. The cheek-bones are in all remarkably prominent, and the head narrow both above and below. The teeth and gums of almost every one are such as I have already described, though I think I have neglected to mention that the two lower middle incisors are extracted. Tatooing is not practised; but every Masai is branded with five or six marks on the thigh.

Such are the main characteristics of the El-moran; but before we resume our narrative let us note a few facts about the young damsels—the Ditto—who are soon to be flirting with our hero.

Happily facts support the verdict of gallantry when I say that they are really the best-looking girls I have ever met with in Africa. They are distinctly ladylike in both manner and physique. Their figures are slender and well formed, without the abnormal development about the hips characteristic of the negro. They share, like the men, the dark gums, and the bad sets of teeth. The hair is shaved off totally, leaving a shiny scalp. As to dress, they are very decent, and almost classical, if a stinking greasy hide can have anything to do with things classical. They wear a dressed bullock's hide from which the hair has been scraped. This is tied over the left shoulder, passing under the right

arm. A beaded belt confines it round the waist, leaving only one limb partly exposed. Frequently it is slipped off the shoulder, and depends entirely from the waist, leaving the bosom exposed. Their ornaments are of a very remarkable nature. Round the legs from the ankles to the knees telegraph wire is coiled closely in spiral fashion. So awkward is this ornament that the wearer cannot walk properly, she cannot sit down or rise up like any other human being, and she cannot run. Round the arms she has wire similarly coiled both above and below the elbow. Round the neck more iron wire is coiled—in this case, however, horizontally—till the head seems to sit on an inverted iron salver. When the leg-ornaments are once on they must remain till finally taken off, as it requires many days of painful work to fit them into their places. They chafe the ankles excessively, and evidently give much pain. As they are put on when very young, the calf is not allowed to develop, and the consequence is, that when grown up the legs remain at a uniform thickness from ankle to knee—mere animated stilts, in fact. The weight of this armour varies according to the wealth of the parties, up to thirty pounds. Besides the iron wire, great quantities of beads and iron chains are disposed in various ways round the neck.

Such, then, were the people that now greeted Moran, who, being a novice, had to suffer a good deal of chaff from both sexes. He was, however, soon initiated into the mysteries of a warrior kraal, and had seen a bit of life. The strictest diet imaginable was the rule. He had to be content with absolutely nothing but meat and milk. Tobacco or snuff, beer or spirits, vegetable food of all kinds, even the flesh of all animals except cattle, sheep, and goats, were alike eschewed. To eat any of those articles was to be degraded—to lose caste; to be offered them was to be insulted in the deepest manner. As if these rules were not strict enough, he must needs not be seen eating meat in the kraal, neither must he take it along with milk. So many days were devoted entirely to the drinking of new milk, and then, when carnivorous longings came over him, he had to retire with a bullock to a lonely place in the forest, accompanied by some of his comrades, and a Ditto to act as cook. Having scrupulously made certain that there was no trace of milk left on their stomachs by partaking of an extremely powerful purgative, they killed the bullock either with a blow from a rungu or by stabbing it in the back of the neck. They then

of bullocks. Reaching the kraal, our friend found himself among a large number of splendidly built young savages—indeed the most magnificently modelled men conceivable. And here let me for a moment pause in my story to indulge in a passing word of description.

There is, as a rule, not one of the El-moran under six feet (I am speaking of a superior clan). Their appearance, however, is not suggestive of great strength, and they show little of the knotted and brawny muscle characteristic of the ideal Hercules or typical athlete. The Apollo type is the more characteristic form, presenting a smoothness of outline which might be called almost effeminate. In most cases the nose is well raised and straight, frequently as good as any European's (though passing into the negro type in the lower class, such as Wa-kwafi). The lips also vary from the thin and well-formed down to the thick and everted. The eyes are bright, with the sclerotic whiter than is common in Africa. The slits are generally narrow, with a Mongolian upward slant. The jaws are rarely prognathous, while the hair is a cross between the European and the negro, rarely in piles, but evenly spread over the head. Hair is scarcely in any case seen on the face or any part of the body. The cheek-bones are in all remarkably prominent, and the head narrow both above and below. The teeth and gums of almost every one are such as I have already described, though I think I have neglected to mention that the two lower middle incisors are extracted. Tatooing is not practised; but every Masai is branded with five or six marks on the thigh.

Such are the main characteristics of the El-moran; but before we resume our narrative let us note a few facts about the young damsels—the Ditto—who are soon to be flirting with our hero.

Happily facts support the verdict of gallantry when I say that they are really the best-looking girls I have ever met with in Africa. They are distinctly ladylike in both manner and physique. Their figures are slender and well formed, without the abnormal development about the hips characteristic of the negro. They share, like the men, the dark gums, and the bad sets of teeth. The hair is shaved off totally, leaving a shiny scalp. As to dress, they are very decent, and almost classical, if a stinking greasy hide can have anything to do with things classical. They wear a dressed bullock's hide from which the hair has been scraped. This is tied over the left shoulder, passing under the right

arm. A beaded belt confines it round the waist, leaving only one limb partly exposed. Frequently it is slipped off the shoulder, and depends entirely from the waist, leaving the bosom exposed. Their ornaments are of a very remarkable nature. Round the legs from the ankles to the knees telegraph wire is coiled closely in spiral fashion. So awkward is this ornament that the wearer cannot walk properly, she cannot sit down or rise up like any other human being, and she cannot run. Round the arms she has wire similarly coiled both above and below the elbow. Round the neck more iron wire is coiled—in this case, however, horizontally—till the head seems to sit on an inverted iron salver. When the leg-ornaments are once on they must remain till finally taken off, as it requires many days of painful work to fit them into their places. They chafe the ankles excessively, and evidently give much pain. As they are put on when very young, the calf is not allowed to develop, and the consequence is, that when grown up the legs remain at a uniform thickness from ankle to knee—mere animated stilts, in fact. The weight of this armour varies according to the wealth of the parties, up to thirty pounds. Besides the iron wire, great quantities of beads and iron chains are disposed in various ways round the neck.

Such, then, were the people that now greeted Moran, who, being a novice, had to suffer a good deal of chaff from both sexes. He was, however, soon initiated into the mysteries of a warrior kraal, and had seen a bit of life. The strictest diet imaginable was the rule. He had to be content with absolutely nothing but meat and milk. Tobacco or snuff, beer or spirits, vegetable food of all kinds, even the flesh of all animals except cattle, sheep, and goats, were alike eschewed. To eat any of those articles was to be degraded—to lose caste; to be offered them was to be insulted in the deepest manner. As if these rules were not strict enough, he must needs not be seen eating meat in the kraal, neither must he take it along with milk. So many days were devoted entirely to the drinking of new milk, and then, when carnivorous longings came over him, he had to retire with a bullock to a lonely place in the forest, accompanied by some of his comrades, and a Ditto to act as cook. Having scrupulously made certain that there was no trace of milk left on their stomachs by partaking of an extremely powerful purgative, they killed the bullock either with a blow from a rangu or by stabbing it in the back of the neck. They then

opened a vein and drank the blood fresh from the animal. This proceeding of our voracious young friends was a wise though repulsive one, as the blood thus drunk provided the salts so necessary in the human economy; for the Masai do not partake of any salt in its common form. This sanguinary draught concluded, they proceeded to gorge themselves on the flesh, eating from morning till night—and keeping their cook steadily at work. The half-dozen men were quite able to dispose of the entire animal in a few days, and then they returned to the kraal to resume the milk diet.

If they lived an ascetic life in the matter of food, they could not be said to do so in other ways. Life in the warriors' kraal, as may easily be conceived, was promiscuous in a remarkable degree. They may, indeed, be described as a colony of free lovers. Curiously enough the "sweetheart" system was largely in vogue, though no one confined his or her attentions to one only. Each girl, in fact, had several sweethearts, and, what is still stranger, this seemed to give rise to no jealousies. The most perfect equality prevailed between the Ditto and El-moran, and in their savage circumstances it was really pleasant to see how common it was for a young girl to wander about the camp with her arm round the waist of a stalwart warrior.

Till a war-raid was planned, Moran, our interesting *protégé*, found he had nothing to do but make acquaintances and amuse himself with the girls. His cattle were looked after by some poor menials, and though the kraal was stationed near a dangerous neighbour, yet no fighting took place. It was, however, a rule in the warrior kraals that no fence for protection was allowed, hence the utmost vigilance had to be exercised. Moran thus in the course of his duty had frequently to act as watch. At other times he practised various military evolutions, and he kept up his muscle by the peculiar mode of dancing described in the Taveta chapter. Unlike negro tribes, they led what might be called a serious life. They had no rollicking fun, no moonlight dancing, no lively songs, no thundering drums. No musical instrument whatsoever enlivened the Masai life, and their songs were entirely confined to such occasions as the return home from a successful raid, or the invocation of the deity. As soon as darkness fell upon the land the guard was appointed, the cattle milked, and everything hushed up in silence.

Shortly after joining the kraal, Moran was called upon to record his vote in the election of a *Lytumu* and a *Lygonani*.

The *Lytunu* is a warrior elected by a number of kraals as their captain or leader, with absolute power of life and death. He is their judge in cases of dispute. He directs their battles, though, curiously enough, he does not lead his men, but, like the general of a civilized army, he stands aside and watches the progress of the fight under the direct command of the *Lygonani*. If, however, he sees symptoms of his men wavering, he forthwith precipitates himself with his body-guard into the battle. Of course he holds his office purely on sufferance, and if he fails to give satisfaction he is summarily deposed. This, indeed, is almost the only attempt at a form of government. Each war-district elects its own *Lytunu*. The *Lygonani*, again, is a very different personage. He is the public leader of a kraal, leads and guides the debate in cases of dispute. To be such arrogant and pugnacious savages, the Masai are the most remarkable speakers and debaters imaginable. In some American novels we have the Indian belauded for his eloquence and dignity; but commend me to the Masai for grace and oratorical power, for order and decorum in debate; and, indeed, for most of the good qualities which in these days are conspicuous by their absence in our own House of Talking. Not that their genius in this line is always worthily applied; for in their finical persistency in talking out a question they might even beat our Parliamentary Obstructionists. They will spend days discussing the most trivial matter—nothing, indeed, can be settled without endless talk. But we must proceed with our history.

The *Lytunu* and *Lygonani* having been elected, a raid to the coast was determined on. For a month they devoted themselves to an indispensable, though somewhat revolting, preparation. This consisted in their retiring in small parties to the forest, and there gorging themselves with beef. This they did under the belief that they were storing up a supply of muscle and ferocity of the most pronounced type. This strange process being finished, and the day fixed on, the women of the kraal went outside before sunrise, with grass dipped in the cream of a cow's milk. Then they danced and invoked Ngai for a favourable issue to the enterprise, after which they threw the grass in the direction of the enemy. The young men spent several hours at their devotions, howling out in the most ludicrous street-singer fashion, "Aman Ngai-ai! Aman Mbaratien!" (We pray to God! We pray to Mbaratien!). Previous to this, how-

elephant is attacked at close quarters, the arrow part driven into the great brute, and being loosely fixed in the handle, it remains when the latter is withdrawn. Another arrow is then affixed, and the same operation performed. It is said that an elephant will live a very short time after being thus stabbed, and entire herds are killed without one escaping, so dexterous and daring are these hunters. The Andorobbo also use the ordinary bow and arrow, but only for the smaller game.

CHAPTER XI.

THROUGH KAVIRONDO TO VICTORIA NYANZA.

THE people (Wa-kwafi) of Njemps presented an interesting study to the observer as throwing light upon the origin of the various small tribes which people Africa. Unquestionably Masai in race, and only separated from that tribe through the loss of their cattle and the consequent necessity of breaking their cherished convictions by cultivating the soil, they had developed new ideas, manners, and customs in a comparatively short period.

They did not by any means supply an argument in favour of the vegetarians; for in personal appearance they had distinctly degenerated, and could not for a moment compete with their aristocratic carnivorous brethren of Lykipia. This was especially noticeable among the women, who had lost their slender, *genteel* shape and acquired the ill-proportioned, unwieldy contour of the negress. Perhaps an exception might be made in favour of the young women, many of whom were well-formed and characterized by most pleasing and interesting manners.

The colony consisted of two villages—Njemps of Guaso Tigrish, close to our camp, and Njemps of Guaso na Nyuki. The houses were of the haycock order, with floors beneath the level of the ground, very small and badly built. They were surrounded by a double fence of thorns, which, however, are a greater source of danger than of protection, as in this dry climate they become like tinder, and consequently can be set on fire easily. If this were done at several points simultaneously, the inhabitants could easily be burned to death.

In a hazy sort of way they tried to keep up the distinction

Before closing this chapter it may not be out of place to say a few words regarding a tribe of people whom I have referred to as the Andorobbo. This tribe—the Wa-andorobbo of the Wa-swahili—is a small race of people scattered over Masai-land, who gain their entire livelihood by the chase. They neither keep cattle nor cultivate the land. The antelope, the buffalo, and the elephant supply them with such meat as they may desire, while they always find neighbouring tribes, less skilful in hunting, eager to exchange vegetable food for game. The elephant, however, seems to be their staple food, and as a rule the Andorobbo are to be found only where those animals abound; as, for instance, in the dense forests of Kenia and Kikuyu, the forest-clad escarpment of Maū, the top of Elgeyo, Maragwet, Chibcharagnani, Buru, Dondolè, &c. They are rarely found in numbers, and usually in very small villages, so that there is nothing like tribal life among them. They enjoy considerable immunity from attack by the Masai, as they are sources of wealth to the latter by attracting the coast traders; usually, too, the Masai fall heir to a considerable share of the ivory. They also act as go-betweens or middlemen in getting the married people the vegetable food they require. To such an extent is this system carried, that on the plateau to the east of Naivasha, at the place called by the traders Mianzi-ni, a very large village of Andorobbo have altogether given up hunting, and subsist entirely by buying vegetable food from the Wa-kikuyu and selling it again to the Masai, or it may be the traders.

The language spoken by the Andorobbo is allied to that of the Masai, but they can all speak the latter in its purity. They build regular villages, and in general appearance they resemble the inferior class of the Masai. As I have already remarked, they make the buffalo-hide shields of the warriors, as well as the coarse earthen cooking-pots of the women. They are on the whole looked upon as a species of serf, and treated accordingly. Their transactions with the traders must be done secretly, or everything would be stolen from them.

In hunting the elephant the Andorobbo use a peculiar weapon. In shape it is like the rammer of a cannon, the heavy head being intended to give additional weight in dealing a blow. In the thickened part is placed a weapon like a short but thick arrow, fifteen inches long, the head of the arrow being smeared over with the deadly poison of the *murju*. The whole spear is little short of eight feet. With this the

elephant is attacked at close quarters, the arrow part driven into the great brute, and being loosely fixed in the handle, it remains when the latter is withdrawn. Another arrow is then affixed, and the same operation performed. It is said that an elephant will live a very short time after being thus stabbed, and entire herds are killed without one escaping, so dexterous and daring are these hunters. The Andorobbo also use the ordinary bow and arrow, but only for the smaller game.

CHAPTER XI.

THROUGH KAVIRONDO TO VICTORIA NYANZA.

THE people (Wa-kwafi) of Njemps presented an interesting study to the observer as throwing light upon the origin of the various small tribes which people Africa. Unquestionably Masai in race, and only separated from that tribe through the loss of their cattle and the consequent necessity of breaking their cherished convictions by cultivating the soil, they had developed new ideas, manners, and customs in a comparatively short period.

They did not by any means supply an argument in favour of the vegetarians; for in personal appearance they had distinctly degenerated, and could not for a moment compete with their aristocratic carnivorous brethren of Lykipia. This was especially noticeable among the women, who had lost their slender, *genteel* shape and acquired the ill-proportioned, unwieldy contour of the negress. Perhaps an exception might be made in favour of the young women, many of whom were well-formed and characterized by most pleasing and interesting manners.

The colony consisted of two villages—Njemps of Guaso Tigrish, close to our camp, and Njemps of Guaso na Nyuki. The houses were of the haystack order, with floors beneath the level of the ground, very small and badly built. They were surrounded by a double fence of thorns, which, however, are a greater source of danger than of protection, as in this dry climate they become like tinder, and consequently can be set on fire easily. If this were done at several points simultaneously, the inhabitants could easily be burned to death.

In a hazy sort of way they tried to keep up the distinction

between the married and the unmarried people, very little work being expected of the latter, and the sweetheart system being preserved. They all, however, occupy the same village, and of course the young men cannot afford to live on meat, though they always come in for the lion's share when any of it is going. When parties go off on war-raids, they also contrive to eat a bullock by way of getting up their courage.

They lead upon the whole a very miserable life, ever threatened with destruction by the Masai, who have swept off several villages and all their cattle. The soil being the very richest loam, brought down from the mountains and spread over a comparatively level plain to the south of the lake, it is capable of producing anything; only the extreme dryness of the air and the very small annual rainfall, confined to a couple of months, keeps it sterile and barren. To ameliorate this unhappy condition of things the Wa-kwafi have developed a wonderfully ingenious system of irrigation by artificial canals of (for them) great magnitude. They construct dams across the deep channel of the Guaso Tigrish and thus raise the level of the water to that of the plain, and then, by an intricate network of channels, they spread the precious fluid over a large area, and raise their millet and melons. These products form almost their sole food, eked out by what they are able to kill in the chase and by fish from the river, though when meat is scarce they are not disdainful even of rats. Of these there were simply myriads. They swarmed everywhere, and nothing was too sacred for them. Need it be wondered if "oft in the still night" were heard imprecations loud and deep upon the wretched pests when I have been wakened up by my nose being bitten or the sanctity of my toe invaded. My books were devoured, and even the bullets in my cartridges were not too indigestible. Everything, indeed, had to be kept under iron or hung up under sheds as represented on page 313.

As in the case of the Wa-taveta, the Wa-njemps are singularly honest and reliable, so much so that valuable goods and equally valuable food are left in their charge with the utmost confidence, and I have heard of no case of this being violated. To me, one of the most remarkable features in the character of the young women and girls was their absolute unconsciousness of fear in my presence, and the complete confidence they seemed to have in me. They indeed took

possession of my premises with the most agreeable *abandon*, lolled about the floor like young puppies, examining everything with the curiosity of monkeys. They scrupled not to sit down on my knee, and with feminine blandishments which I could not resist, compelled me to go through my fashionable and highly original entertainment of drawing my own teeth. This was a never-failing source of astonishment, and was received each time with flattering remarks of appreciation. Martin, desirous of reaping cheap fame and attracting the



D. LOBIKWÈ, KAMASIA, FROM NEAR NJEMPS.

attention of the damsels, got beautifully caught on one occasion. He had been trying to impress upon them that he could do all that sort of thing as well as I, and to clench his assertion declared that if one of them cut off his finger he could put it on again. He was holding out his finger, and before he knew what was up one girl had made a vicious cut at it, and nearly severed it. Martin did not try that little game again. Next in interest to the tooth-drawing was the examination of themselves in the looking-glass. It was some

between the married and the unmarried people, very little work being expected of the latter, and the sweetheart system being preserved. They all, however, occupy the same village, and of course the young men cannot afford to live on meat, though they always come in for the lion's share when any of it is going. When parties go off on war-raids, they also contrive to eat a bullock by way of getting up their courage.

They lead upon the whole a very miserable life, ever threatened with destruction by the Masai, who have swept off several villages and all their cattle. The soil being the very richest loam, brought down from the mountains and spread over a comparatively level plain to the south of the lake, it is capable of producing anything; only the extreme dryness of the air and the very small annual rainfall, confined to a couple of months, keeps it sterile and barren. To ameliorate this unhappy condition of things the Wa-kwafi have developed a wonderfully ingenious system of irrigation by artificial canals of (for them) great magnitude. They construct dams across the deep channel of the Guaso Tigrish and thus raise the level of the water to that of the plain, and then, by an intricate network of channels, they spread the precious fluid over a large area, and raise their millet and melons. These products form almost their sole food, eked out by what they are able to kill in the chase and by fish from the river, though when meat is scarce they are not disdainful even of rats. Of these there were simply myriads. They swarmed everywhere, and nothing was too sacred for them. Need it be wondered if "oft in the stilly night" were heard imprecations loud and deep upon the wretched pests when I have been wakened up by my nose being bitten or the sanctity of my toe invaded. My books were devoured, and even the bullets in my cartridges were not too indigestible. Everything, indeed, had to be kept under iron or hung up under sheds as represented on page 313.

As in the case of the Wa-taveta, the Wa-njemps are singularly honest and reliable, so much so that valuable goods and equally valuable food are left in their charge with the utmost confidence, and I have heard of no case of this being violated. To me, one of the most remarkable features in the character of the young women and girls was their absolute unconsciousness of fear in my presence, and the complete confidence they seemed to have in me. They indeed took

possession of my premises with the most agreeable *abandon*, lolled about the floor like young puppies, examining everything with the curiosity of monkeys. They scrupled not to sit down on my knee, and with feminine blandishments which I could not resist, compelled me to go through my fashionable and highly original entertainment of drawing my own teeth. This was a never-failing source of astonishment, and was received each time with flattering remarks of appreciation. Martin, desirous of reaping cheap fame and attracting the



D. LOBIKWÈ, KAMASIA, FROM NEAR NJEMPS.

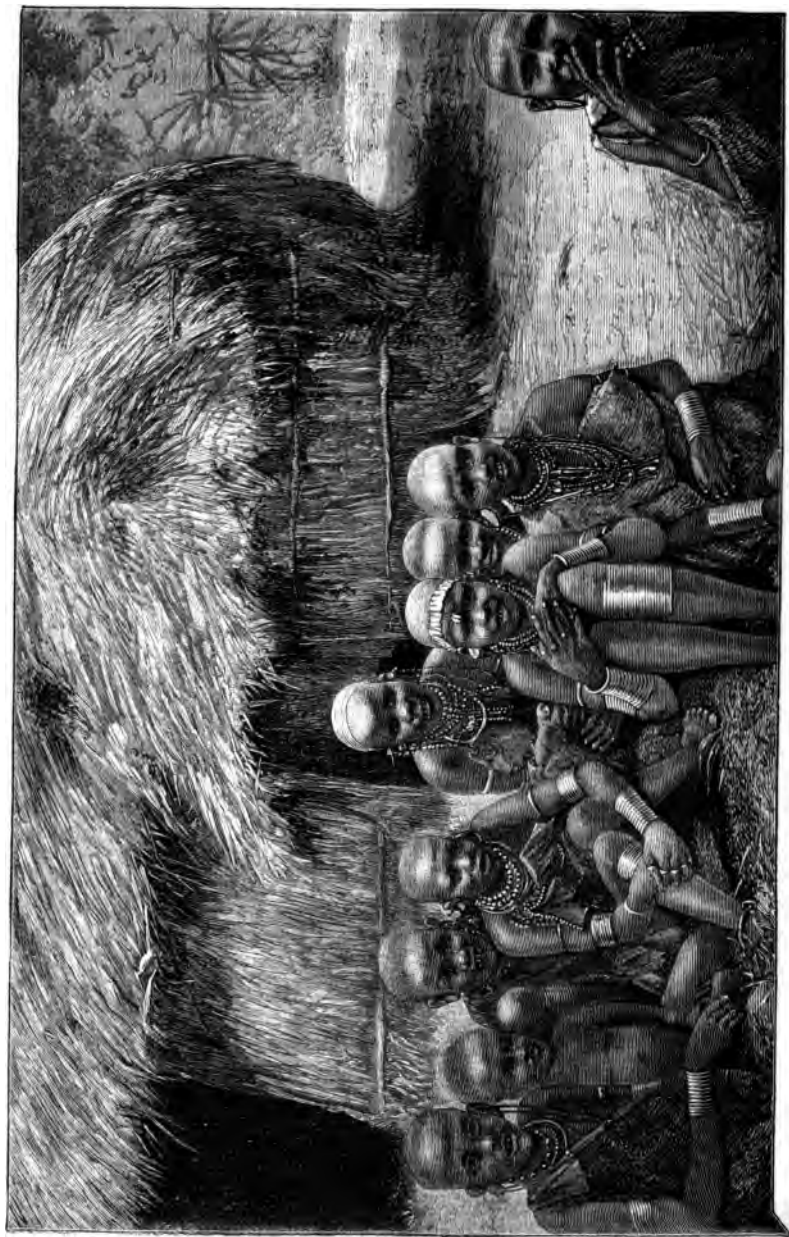
attention of the damsels, got beautifully caught on one occasion. He had been trying to impress upon them that he could do all that sort of thing as well as I, and to clench his assertion declared that if one of them cut off his finger he could put it on again. He was holding out his finger, and before he knew what was up one girl had made a vicious cut at it, and nearly severed it. Martin did not try that little game again. Next in interest to the tooth-drawing was the examination of themselves in the looking-glass. It was some

days before they seemed to grasp the uses of the mirror, but their feminine instincts soon told them, and they would frequently get it to see that their ornaments were properly arranged. A few photographs of some of their charming white sisters which I happened to have with me were a great source of delight. They actually supposed them to be living beings, and if told that they were asleep, they were quite satisfied.

In the midst of these unsophisticated people, and pleasing incidents which I delight to recall, several days rapidly passed. My experiences were further varied by some shooting trips, in one of which I was so fortunate as to secure two beisa antelopes (*Oryx beisa*), the first I had seen. I also saw for the first time the lesser kudu. The waterbuck were in great numbers about the lake to which I paid a visit.

Before my arrival at Baringo my friend Jumba Kimameta had proceeded to the country of Engobot, about 120 miles N.N.W., but had left several old men with large quantities of food, donkeys, &c., pending his return south. He had also left a goodnatured old fool to go with me, but as he knew no more than myself of the country I now wanted to traverse I could not see the use of him.

And now the final stage, the most uncertain of the whole journey, had to be attempted with the agreeable knowledge that the last three caravans which had preceded me had each lost more than one hundred men by violence. One of these disasters had occurred only the previous year, and yet I now proposed to go into the same country with only one hundred men all told. As in the case of my Lykipia trip, the traders swore it was impossible, and that I would never get back alive. My own men, however, had come to know me by this time, and there was not a remonstrance from one of them. Sadi, though greatly against it, rose considerably in my opinion by stating that he was ready to follow me. Not so Muhinna. He, knowing now the futility of tears and entreaties, took a new line, and feigned extreme illness, groaned mightily as if with racking pain, and if he came to the door did so only with the aid of a stick, his body bent over it, sighing deeply, and in general looking the very picture of woe. I knew it was all a sham, but so thoroughly did I detest him from the bottom of my soul, and so much was I afraid that in the event of my taking him he would play me some ruinous trick, that I pretended to



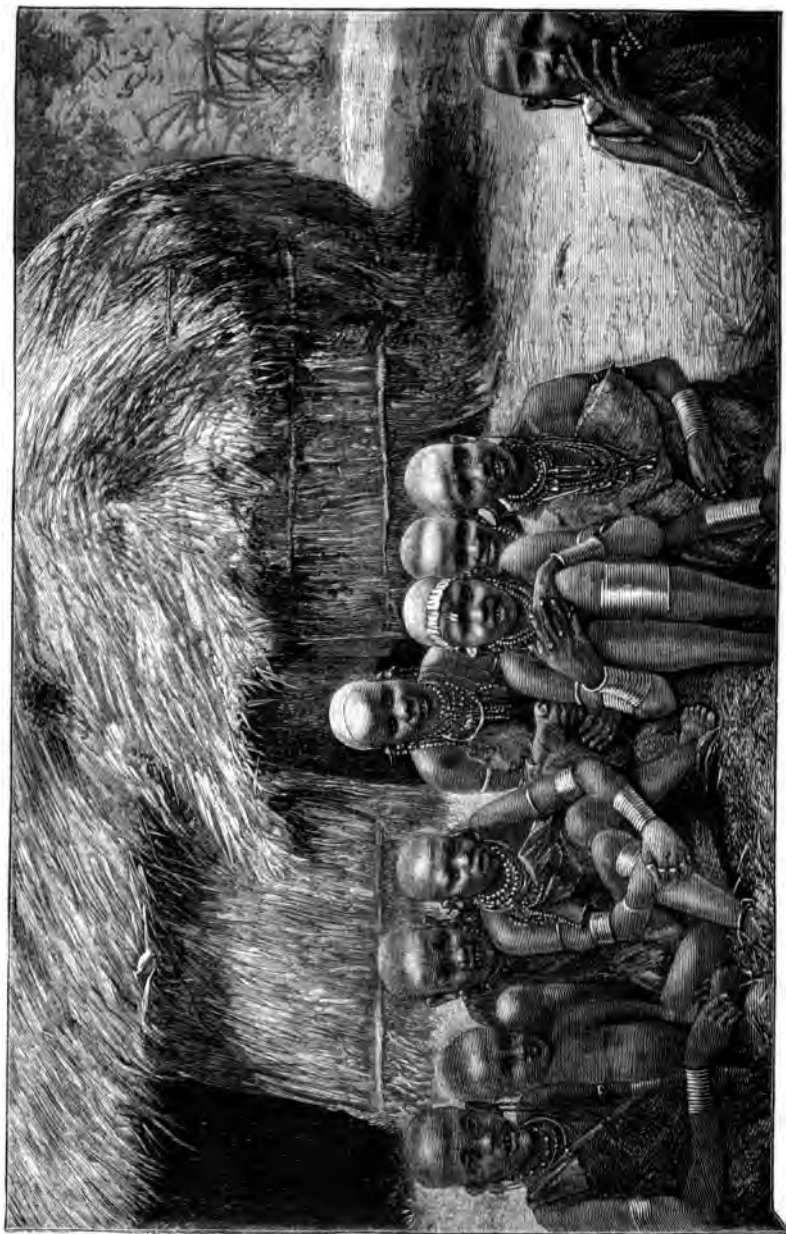
WA-KWAFI GIRLS OF NJEMPS.

days before they seemed to grasp the uses of the mirror, but their feminine instincts soon told them, and they would frequently get it to see that their ornaments were properly arranged. A few photographs of some of their charming white sisters which I happened to have with me were a great source of delight. They actually supposed them to be living beings, and if told that they were asleep, they were quite satisfied.

In the midst of these unsophisticated people, and pleasing incidents which I delight to recall, several days rapidly passed. My experiences were further varied by some shooting trips, in one of which I was so fortunate as to secure two beisa antelopes (*Oryx beisa*), the first I had seen. I also saw for the first time the lesser kudu. The waterbuck were in great numbers about the lake to which I paid a visit.

Before my arrival at Baringo my friend Jumba Kimameta had proceeded to the country of Engobot, about 120 miles N.N.W., but had left several old men with large quantities of food, donkeys, &c., pending his return south. He had also left a goodnatured old fool to go with me, but as he knew no more than myself of the country I now wanted to traverse I could not see the use of him.

And now the final stage, the most uncertain of the whole journey, had to be attempted with the agreeable knowledge that the last three caravans which had preceded me had each lost more than one hundred men by violence. One of these disasters had occurred only the previous year, and yet I now proposed to go into the same country with only one hundred men all told. As in the case of my Lykipia trip, the traders swore it was impossible, and that I would never get back alive. My own men, however, had come to know me by this time, and there was not a remonstrance from one of them. Sadi, though greatly against it, rose considerably in my opinion by stating that he was ready to follow me. Not so Muhinna. He, knowing now the futility of tears and entreaties, took a new line, and feigned extreme illness, groaned mightily as if with racking pain, and if he came to the door did so only with the aid of a stick, his body bent over it, sighing deeply, and in general looking the very picture of woe. I knew it was all a sham, but so thoroughly did I detest him from the bottom of my soul, and so much was I afraid that in the event of my taking him he would play me some ruinous trick, that I pretended to



WA-KWAFI GIRLS OF NJEMPE.

believe him, and was glad to leave him behind—though, with the exception of his brother Mansimba, who was too much of an idiot to be of much use, he was the only man in the caravan who had been to Kavirondo, and knew it well.

The date of my departure being fixed, everything that was not absolutely wanted was secretly buried, as much to safeguard it against fire as from any fear of its being stolen. All the weak and sickly were weeded out and left as a sort of guard under one of Stanley's "Immortals."

A few days previous a rather sad accident happened. One of the coastmen had got a huge thorn run into his foot-joint, which had utterly incapacitated him, as he would not allow me to cut it out. This had lasted nearly six weeks, and he had in consequence become very low in spirits. His hut in the camp happened to be pretty close to the thorn-fence, and apparently a hyena had discovered that there was a disabled man about. Acting on this idea it had crushed through the *boma* in some way, seized the helpless man, and dragged him out and right into the heart of the fence before his screams brought out the porters, who by firing their guns drove off the ferocious brute. Next morning the poor fellow died from the combined effects of his illness and the fright. I mention this incident as being the only case which came directly under my notice of a hyena seizing a living man. It would seem as if it must have known that he was helpless.

Before setting forth once more I found it necessary to "do in Rome as the Romans do" to the extent of assisting in the preliminary ceremonies of making the caravan medicines and finding out a proper day for the start. Muinyi Kombo—Jumba's man—took charge of these interesting matters. First a magic bullet had to be cast. This had to be made in an oblong form enclosing a verse of the Koran. At 1 p.m. precisely I had to fire it off facing due south. Its destination was warranted to be the hearts of all who meant me harm. Of this murderous fact I now make confession, though I have been pleased to imagine that I must have had very few enemies, as I have heard of no bloody deaths among them. An hour later a specially prepared piece of steel wrapped in red cloth was put in a fire by Martin, who had to express wishes for a safe and successful journey. The fire having been well lit, I had to extinguish it with water, expressing at the same time the amiable desire that

all who meant us harm might be quenched even as the flame. My men, being of a more irreverent nature than the coast people, laughed heartily at the whole farce. This finished our part in these curious ceremonies. A sacrifice, however, had to be made of a goat, which being devoured to the satisfaction of the coast greybeards it was discovered that Friday—their Sunday—at 11 a.m. was the day and hour decreed by the Higher Powers, and that we had to take a bullock with us.

On Friday, the 16th of November, we were all plunged into the agreeable stir and excitement of a renewed start. At 11 a.m. we crossed the Guaso Tigrish, passed to the village on the neighbouring river, and then struck W.N.W. towards Kamasia. Reaching the edge of a low, flat terrace of the range, we camped on the Guaso Tigrish, near the point where it escapes from the terrace—cutting its way by a deep, narrow gorge through crypto-crystalline lavas of recent origin.

In the afternoon I went out fishing, and in a short time caught three and a half dozen beautiful fish. Leaving camp next morning, we ascended the terrace. Crossing the top by an excruciating pathway over angular boulders and forbidding thorns, we found a second terrace, which, being traversed, we descended into the bed of the Guaso Kamnyè, a small stream from the mountains to the Lake, though only reaching it in the wet season. Following up the Kamnyè, we entered a picturesque glen which led us through a third terrace of lava rocks and carried us apparently in the very heart of the Kamasia Range.

Our arrival was speedily announced from hill to hill by the calls of the natives, who, living in isolated houses perched on the sides of the mountains, have no other means of communicating news but that of shouting. It was truly marvellous with what apparent ease they seemed to be able to project their voices immense distances. I have seen a man speaking across a deep valley to another who could barely be distinguished, and yet not raising his voice more than if he was speaking to one a few yards off. The reply of the other could be heard with remarkable distinctness. This curious mode of communication I had previously observed among the mountains of Ukinga, north of Nyassa. In response to this summons, men and women came trooping in on all sides; the former for their hongo, the latter to sell small quantities of food.

believe him, and was glad to leave him behind—though, with the exception of his brother Mansimba, who was too much of an idiot to be of much use, he was the only man in the caravan who had been to Kavirondo, and knew it well.

The date of my departure being fixed, everything that was not absolutely wanted was secretly buried, as much to safeguard it against fire as from any fear of its being stolen. All the weak and sickly were weeded out and left as a sort of guard under one of Stanley's "Immortals."

A few days previous a rather sad accident happened. One of the coastmen had got a huge thorn run into his foot-joint, which had utterly incapacitated him, as he would not allow me to cut it out. This had lasted nearly six weeks, and he had in consequence become very low in spirits. His hut in the camp happened to be pretty close to the thorn-fence, and apparently a hyena had discovered that there was a disabled man about. Acting on this idea it had crushed through the *boma* in some way, seized the helpless man, and dragged him out and right into the heart of the fence before his screams brought out the porters, who by firing their guns drove off the ferocious brute. Next morning the poor fellow died from the combined effects of his illness and the fright. I mention this incident as being the only case which came directly under my notice of a hyena seizing a living man. It would seem as if it must have known that he was helpless.

Before setting forth once more I found it necessary to "do in Rome as the Romans do" to the extent of assisting in the preliminary ceremonies of making the caravan medicines and finding out a proper day for the start. Muinyi Kombo—Jumba's man—took charge of these interesting matters. First a magic bullet had to be cast. This had to be made in an oblong form enclosing a verse of the Koran. At 1 p.m. precisely I had to fire it off facing due south. Its destination was warranted to be the hearts of all who meant me harm. Of this murderous fact I now make confession, though I have been pleased to imagine that I must have had very few enemies, as I have heard of no bloody deaths among them. An hour later a specially prepared piece of steel wrapped in red cloth was put in a fire by Martin, who had to express wishes for a safe and successful journey. The fire having been well lit, I had to extinguish it with water, expressing at the same time the amiable desire that

all who meant us harm might be quenched even as the flame. My men, being of a more irreverent nature than the coast people, laughed heartily at the whole farce. This finished our part in these curious ceremonies. A sacrifice, however, had to be made of a goat, which being devoured to the satisfaction of the coast greybeards it was discovered that Friday—their Sunday—at 11 a.m. was the day and hour decreed by the Higher Powers, and that we had to take a bullock with us.

On Friday, the 16th of November, we were all plunged into the agreeable stir and excitement of a renewed start. At 11 a.m. we crossed the Guaso Tigrish, passed to the village on the neighbouring river, and then struck W.N.W. towards Kamasia. Reaching the edge of a low, flat terrace of the range, we camped on the Guaso Tigrish, near the point where it escapes from the terrace—cutting its way by a deep, narrow gorge through crypto-crystalline lavas of recent origin.

In the afternoon I went out fishing, and in a short time caught three and a half dozen beautiful fish. Leaving camp next morning, we ascended the terrace. Crossing the top by an excruciating pathway over angular boulders and forbidding thorns, we found a second terrace, which, being traversed, we descended into the bed of the Guaso Kamnyè, a small stream from the mountains to the Lake, though only reaching it in the wet season. Following up the Kamnyè, we entered a picturesque glen which led us through a third terrace of lava rocks and carried us apparently in the very heart of the Kamasia Range.

Our arrival was speedily announced from hill to hill by the calls of the natives, who, living in isolated houses perched on the sides of the mountains, have no other means of communicating news but that of shouting. It was truly marvellous with what apparent ease they seemed to be able to project their voices immense distances. I have seen a man speaking across a deep valley to another who could barely be distinguished, and yet not raising his voice more than if he was speaking to one a few yards off. The reply of the other could be heard with remarkable distinctness. This curious mode of communication I had previously observed among the mountains of Ukinga, north of Nyassa. In response to this summons, men and women came trooping in on all sides; the former for their hongo, the latter to sell small quantities of food.

These people have much the general aspect of the Masai, to whom they are distantly related, judging from their language and a few minor details. They carried the spear distinctive of the Sūk country. It is seven feet long, with head small, and is used either for throwing or stabbing. They also carried the bow and arrow. The dress of the men consisted of a very small bit of kid-skin hung on the breast like a baby's bib, while the women wore two dressed skins, one round the loins, and the other round the shoulders. They cultivate chiefly the grain known as ūlüzè (*eleusine*) and a little millet. The former requires new ground yearly. Their mode of raising a crop is by cutting down a tract of dense bush, leaving the sticks and branches to dry, and then burning them *in situ* so as to form manure with the ashes. This entails an enormous labour. The existence of the Wa-kamasia depends entirely upon their small streams. These, like the grass with the Masai, receive their profoundest veneration, and a native rarely crosses a rivulet without spitting on some grass, and throwing it into the stream.

On the following morning we left our camp at Mkuyu-ni (place of sycamore-trees), and by a very precipitous pathway, further impeded by wretched bushes, we reached the top of the mountain-pass, and found ourselves looking down on a magnificent landscape. Immediately at our feet lay the glen which we had just left, with the outer dark-green bush-clad hills ebbing away into the variegated green of the lava terraces, and ending in the sere and yellow colours of the Njemps plain. Beyond to the north-west shimmered Baringo, with its charming islets backed by the weird outline of the Sūk and Lykipia mountains, seen through a dense haze. The view looking south-west embraced the head of the glen, and exhibited a wonderfully picturesque display of peaks and rugged masses of sharp, serrated ridges with scarred sides like colossal files, the whole covered with a tint of richest verdure, and the faintest suggestion of an ethereal, silvery sheen.

After recovering our breath and photographing the head of the glen, we once more resumed our way, descending into a deep gorge, which here divides the mountain into two ridges. Reaching the western ridge, we were filled with a feeling of awe at the impressive spectacle of Elgeyo rising as a stupendous precipice of frowning rocks to a height of over 8000 feet from the valley of the Wēiwēi, which lay between us and this grand sight.

During the whole of this charming though trying march we were kept in excitement by the seemingly supernatural shouts that echoed and re-echoed from apparently the most impossible places. We had to halt more than three times to arrange the hongo before we were allowed to pass. The road was "shut" by placing some green twigs across the pathway, and to pass over that sacred symbol before permission was accorded was sufficient to drive the people into fits of uncontrollable excitement. We camped on the western face of the range, and next day we reached the base of the moun-



GLEN OF THE GUASO KAMNYE.

tain by a more gentle gradient and a less stony path than had characterized the eastern side.

It remains but to be said that Kamasia is a distinct range of mountains, rising from 8000 to 9000 feet in the higher peaks, and forming a branch or offshoot from the Maū escarpment, which is here continued north under the name of Elgeyo. It is extremely steep and abrupt on the eastern aspect, shading away more gently on the western. It is covered with dense bush, though in the higher parts the bush becomes forest. Notwithstanding its comparative barrenness, it keeps alive a

These people have much the general aspect of the Masai, to whom they are distantly related, judging from their language and a few minor details. They carried the spear distinctive of the Sūk country. It is seven feet long, with head small, and is used either for throwing or stabbing. They also carried the bow and arrow. The dress of the men consisted of a very small bit of kid-skin hung on the breast like a baby's bib, while the women wore two dressed skins, one round the loins, and the other round the shoulders. They cultivate chiefly the grain known as ūlilizè (*eleusine*) and a little millet. The former requires new ground yearly. Their mode of raising a crop is by cutting down a tract of dense bush, leaving the sticks and branches to dry, and then burning them *in situ* so as to form manure with the ashes. This entails an enormous labour. The existence of the Wa-kamasia depends entirely upon their small streams. These, like the grass with the Masai, receive their profoundest veneration, and a native rarely crosses a rivulet without spitting on some grass, and throwing it into the stream.

On the following morning we left our camp at Mkuyu-ni (place of sycamore-trees), and by a very precipitous pathway, further impeded by wretched bushes, we reached the top of the mountain-pass, and found ourselves looking down on a magnificent landscape. Immediately at our feet lay the glen which we had just left, with the outer dark-green bush-clad hills ebbing away into the variegated green of the lava terraces, and ending in the sere and yellow colours of the Njemps plain. Beyond to the north-west shimmered Baringo, with its charming islets backed by the weird outline of the Sūk and Lykipia mountains, seen through a dense haze. The view looking south-west embraced the head of the glen, and exhibited a wonderfully picturesque display of peaks and rugged masses of sharp, serrated ridges with scarred sides like colossal files, the whole covered with a tint of richest verdure, and the faintest suggestion of an ethereal, silvery sheen.

After recovering our breath and photographing the head of the glen, we once more resumed our way, descending into a deep gorge, which here divides the mountain into two ridges. Reaching the western ridge, we were filled with a feeling of awe at the impressive spectacle of Elgeyo rising as a stupendous precipice of frowning rocks to a height of over 8000 feet from the valley of the Wēiwei, which lay between us and this grand sight.

During the whole of this charming though trying march we were kept in excitement by the seemingly supernatural shouts that echoed and re-echoed from apparently the most impossible places. We had to halt more than three times to arrange the hongo before we were allowed to pass. The road was "shut" by placing some green twigs across the pathway, and to pass over that sacred symbol before permission was accorded was sufficient to drive the people into fits of uncontrollable excitement. We camped on the western face of the range, and next day we reached the base of the moun-



GLEN OF THE GUASO KAMNYE.

tain by a more gentle gradient and a less stony path than had characterized the eastern side.

It remains but to be said that Kamasia is a distinct range of mountains, rising from 8000 to 9000 feet in the higher peaks, and forming a branch or offshoot from the Maū escarpment, which is here continued north under the name of Elgeyo. It is extremely steep and abrupt on the eastern aspect, shading away more gently on the western. It is covered with dense bush, though in the higher parts the bush becomes forest. Notwithstanding its comparative barrenness, it keeps alive a

pretty large population, who, however, are ever in danger of utter starvation from periods of drought. They have considerable herds of sheep and goats, and a few head of cattle.

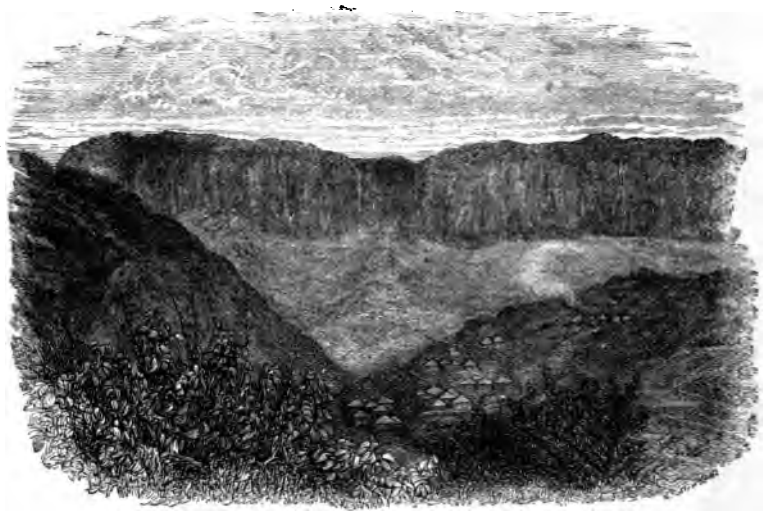
The range consisted geologically of a metamorphic rock composed of a white striated felspar, a little quartz, and black mica in minute scales. A fine grey clay is the result of the decomposition of this rock.

On the following day we crossed the narrow valley which lies between Kamasia and Elgeyo, through which flow the head-waters of the Wëiwëi, a stream which, after running north to the Sük Mountains, rounds the N.W. end of that range, and finds its way to Samburu.

At Elmetèi we had to stop a day to collect food for the desert march across the Angata Nyuki (Red Plain), of Guas' Ngishu. We here found that, though Elgeyo was marvelously steep and made us wonder how on earth we should ever be able to ascend it, yet it was not an absolute precipice. The lower part presented an aspect very different from that of the upper, being a striking assemblage of sharp ridges running down its face like the flutings of a column, though of course more irregular and picturesque, while the upper part was a sheer rock precipice of the most unmistakable character. On moving up a small stream which tumbles down the mountain, I soon found a clue to these topographical features in the shape of enormous masses of porphyritic sanidine rock, exactly resembling that found on the south of Kilimanjaro. These masses were so big that I could hardly believe that they were not in their natural place. They clearly, however, had crashed headlong from the upper precipices, which indeed were neither more nor less than a lava cap to the underlying metamorphic rocks.

In spite of a heavy day's climb, we only succeeded in getting about three-fourths up the mountain. When nearly at the base of the precipice, we camped to enjoy a lovely view,—a cascade tumbling little short of 1000 feet over the precipice, a charming ledge stretching from the sheltering wall, over whose bushy ridges peeped forth romantic huts and cultivated patches. A further clue to the origin of the lava precipice was obtained by finding that between the almost vertical beds of the metamorphic rocks and the lava lay a thick deposit of volcanic *débris*, whose easy erosion led to the undermining of the more compact lava and consequent toppling of the same down into the valley below, thus ever forming new surfaces.

Renewing our hard climb, we braced ourselves for the last spurt, though, as we looked up at the grim and frowning mass, it required a considerable amount of faith to imagine that it could ever be surmounted. However, a guide led the way, and gasping for breath, and grasping for life, we pushed up. As I was beginning to be afraid that we were to be beat, a small crack was descried in the apparently impregnable rocks, and by creeping and crawling we ascended foot by foot. As we neared the top, I was struck with astonishment to hear a sound like a great sighing as of a storm rushing through a



LAVA CAP, ELGEYO ESCARPMENT.

forest, and to see the clouds immediately overhead whirling with great violence eastward, and yet where I was hardly a breath of air disturbed the repose of the leaflets. As we crept on, however, slight whiffs of wind told us what was above, and these gradually increased in force, till, putting our heads above the shelter of the precipice, we got an unmistakable slap in the face which heightened my colour considerably. There was, in fact, a perfect hurricane raging at the top, and we had to crawl on hands and knees some distance from the face of the precipice lest we should be hurled back.

culminating in a grand "break-down," and shoulders and arms seemed as if they would fly off, so marvellous was the celerity with which they moved the muscles of the upper part of the body. This performance we encored heartily, and as we threw *largesse* to the performers, there was soon a grand struggle for the honour and emoluments attaching to the entertainment of such liberal visitors. They were ready to any extent to contribute to our delectation by their

"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles;
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles."

As night fell we voted each other right good friends, and retired to our respective quarters.

Next morning a large bowl of milk was brought to me. As I was about to enjoy the refreshing draught I thought I smelt something queer. I pursed my brow, and sniffed again. Then I screwed up my face, let the bowl fall, placed my hands across my stomach, and rushed into my tent, from which afterwards might have been heard sounds not unknown on the Channel boats in roughish weather. Equilibrium restored, I called a council to inquire into the ingredients of that strange drink. It was discovered that the cow is made to add to the volume and flavour of her milk by another animal liquid, which, as far as I am aware, has never been used in England for adulteration. The said liquid is kept standing a few days to develop its "bouquet" and "body," before being added to the milk. The result I will leave the reader to imagine. Another delightful discovery of the habits of the Wa-kavirondo was, that they milked their cows into vessels plastered inside with dung. Upon the whole, therefore, it will be seen that these unsophisticated people revel in somewhat highly flavoured refreshments.

We stopped a day at Kabaras, as it was imperative we should proceed gently if we wanted to go far. So in the intervals of photographing the village, and taking some astronomical observations, we set the young men and maidens a-dancing, and with lavish hand threw beads among them. Our day's stay allowed the news of our arrival to precede us, as well as the fact of our friendly character and open-handed generosity.

Next day we resumed our march for the chief town of Upper Kavirondo, namely Kwa-Sundu. We passed over a fertile, rolling country, watered by a perfect network of

A fire burns in the centre, and there is no other exit for the smoke than the door, which is kept closed. The native charms of this abode of unsophisticated "niggers" is mightily enlivened by innumerable fleas, lice, &c. It will be easily understood how cosy and warm the hut will be on chilly nights, and the imagination will not be at a loss to picture a delightful group. Children nestling close to the cow, like young puppies to their mother; the mother leaning contentedly on a sheep or a goat; the cow breathing heavily as it complacently chews its cud, and meditates, now on the rich pasturage, anon on the amenities of its nightly dwelling; the dog wriggling about till it has ensconced itself among the children; while the sage cock from its perch looks down benignantly through the gloom upon the happy family snoring below, and, seeing that all is well, waits patiently through the watches of the night, ready to sing forth its rousing notes on the approach of dawn.

The Wa-kavirondo protect their villages by strong mud walls with an outer fosse, or dry ditch. The clayey character of the soil formed by the decomposition of the granites, lends itself very well to this purpose, from its tenacity and hardness when dry. The engraving of Kabaras and that of Massala show this feature.

We were now in the midst of abundance. The hardships and horrors of our late fare were forgotten, as we picked the bones of fat Kavirondo fowls, with accompaniments of ground-nuts, sweet potatoes, and maize. How delicious these good things tasted, and with what a glorious appetite we applied ourselves to them, till sighs of satisfaction told us that the elasticity of even our digestive organs had a limit! We had partaken of our meal under the wondering gaze of the natives, and we now, in the cool of the evening, sat outside and examined them again as we sipped our coffee.

Observing some of the young women dancing a little distance off, we persuaded them, on the promise of beads, to come and perform before us. We were greatly amused at the manner in which they enjoyed the "poetry of motion." With demure aspect, bashful, and doubtless blushing (if their colour would have shown it), with hands laid close to each other in front of the waist, they advanced to the clapping and singing of the crowd. Next they alternately threw forward each foot; then there was a jerk of the shoulders as if a dynamite pill had burst beneath the shoulder blade. This was repeated with growing rapidity,

culminating in a grand "break-down," and shoulders and arms seemed as if they would fly off, so marvellous was the celerity with which they moved the muscles of the upper part of the body. This performance we encored heartily, and as we threw *largesse* to the performers, there was soon a grand struggle for the honour and emoluments attaching to the entertainment of such liberal visitors. They were ready to any extent to contribute to our delectation by their

"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles;
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles."

As night fell we voted each other right good friends, and retired to our respective quarters.

Next morning a large bowl of milk was brought to me. As I was about to enjoy the refreshing draught I thought I smelt something queer. I pursed my brow, and sniffed again. Then I screwed up my face, let the bowl fall, placed my hands across my stomach, and rushed into my tent, from which afterwards might have been heard sounds not unknown on the Channel boats in roughish weather. Equilibrium restored, I called a council to inquire into the ingredients of that strange drink. It was discovered that the cow is made to add to the volume and flavour of her milk by another animal liquid, which, as far as I am aware, has never been used in England for adulteration. The said liquid is kept standing a few days to develop its "bouquet" and "body," before being added to the milk. The result I will leave the reader to imagine. Another delightful discovery of the habits of the Wa-kavirondo was, that they milked their cows into vessels plastered inside with dung. Upon the whole, therefore, it will be seen that these unsophisticated people revel in somewhat highly flavoured refreshments.

We stopped a day at Kabaras, as it was imperative we should proceed gently if we wanted to go far. So in the intervals of photographing the village, and taking some astronomical observations, we set the young men and maidens a-dancing, and with lavish hand threw beads among them. Our day's stay allowed the news of our arrival to precede us, as well as the fact of our friendly character and open-handed generosity.

Next day we resumed our march for the chief town of Upper Kavirondo, namely Kwa-Sundu. We passed over a fertile, rolling country, watered by a perfect network of

rivulets, the existence of which I can only account for on the theory that they really come from the eastern highlands of Guas' Ngishu, finding their way underground, to spring forth in the lower levels of Kavirondo. We found that on leaving the grassy plateau of Guas' Ngishu, with its gentle, even slope westward, we had left behind the lava rocks, and entered a more broken area characterized geologically by porphyritic granites, which weathered rapidly into reddish clays, leaving innumerable enormous blocks of the less easily denuded parts. The district seemed to be strewn over with colossal boulders, just as in some parts of our own country, where glacial erratics dot the fields though not quite so numerous.

What most impressed me was the surprising number of villages, and the generally contented and well-to-do air of the inhabitants. It was almost like a triumphal progress, and we were quite in the mood to amuse ourselves by looking at it in that light, as we were rapidly approaching the goal of our hopes, Victoria Nyanza. Almost every foot of ground was under cultivation. Yet the people seem to have some idea of the value of a rotation of crops, for they allow land to lie fallow occasionally, such parts being used as pasture-ground for the cattle and flocks.

We passed along a perfect lane of people, all carrying baskets of food which they were dying to dispose of for beads. There were honey, milk, eggs, fowls, beans, &c., &c.

On the second day we reached the town of an important chief of this region, named Sakwa. We here found considerable numbers of the original Wa-kwafi of Guas' Ngishu, who had been compelled to take refuge among the Wa-kavirondo, and now they were proving to be a poisonous power among their more peaceable and genial hosts. They lived like paupers, and were setting one chief to fight another, breaking up the harmony of the tribe, and plunging it into endless feuds. They are also initiating their hosts into the charms of levying black-mail, and, like ideal stage-villains, they are ever ready to instil bad council into the ears of the chiefs.

They tried the same insolent swagger and arrogance with us, but I was not slow to let them understand that what I could endure among the Masai in their own country I would not tolerate from them. In fact, from a certain hitherto suppressed feeling of revenge, it gave me no small pleasure to cut up rough among these rascals, and to be explosive

when any one of them presumed too much on my forbearance. My men also delighted to have it out with them, and turned the tables on them by scowling fearfully and threatening to do unutterable things.

Sakwa made himself very agreeable by rushing after his subjects when they became too troublesome and pressing, driving them off with blows, and not even disdaining to pick up stones and hurl them after the scampering crowd. On some of these occasions a number of the young "mashers" of the town took advantage of the scramble to knock down several men of the neighbouring villages and steal their food.

On the 3rd of December I arrived at the town of Sundu (Kwa-Sundu). This place, under the father of the present chief, was one of great importance and size; but since his death it has gradually dwindled away, till the walls enclose more matamma fields and grass patches than huts. The inhabitants under an effeminate prince have no special advantages, and consequently prefer to live in smaller villages, to be nearer their fields. Kwa-Sundu occupies the summit of a ridge overlooking a splendid river, named the Nzoia, which, gathering its waters from the plateau, and from Elgon and Chibcharagnani, flows W.S.W. to the Lake.

The present chief is a mild and pleasant young man, and we were soon on the best of terms with each other. Though of a sluggish temperament, and possessing none of the mental activity of the Masai, he enjoyed enormously examining my photographs. He became so enthusiastic over the charms of one young lady, who was represented as posing æsthetically over a sunflower, that he gave me a large order for a bevy after that pattern at two tusks of ivory a head. I said I would see what I could do for him.

I was very much interested in discovering that Kavirondo does not at all occupy the place which has been assigned to it on our maps—that is to say, about the middle of the eastern shore of the Lake. In reality it lies on the north-east corner of the Lake, and extends from about thirty miles north of the equator to about as much south of it. What was still more important was the discovery that a part of Kavirondo really occupied a considerable area represented by water on the maps. According to the maps, Kwa-Sundu lay only some four or five miles north of the Lake, and yet from considerable eminence I could descry nothing but a rolling

rivulets, the existence of which I can only account for on the theory that they really come from the eastern highlands of Guas' Ngishu, finding their way underground, to spring forth in the lower levels of Kavirondo. We found that on leaving the grassy plateau of Guas' Ngishu, with its gentle, even slope westward, we had left behind the lava rocks, and entered a more broken area characterized geologically by porphyritic granites, which weathered rapidly into reddish clays, leaving innumerable enormous blocks of the less easily denuded parts. The district seemed to be strewn over with colossal boulders, just as in some parts of our own country, where glacial erratics dot the fields though not quite so numerous.

What most impressed me was the surprising number of villages, and the generally contented and well-to-do air of the inhabitants. It was almost like a triumphal progress, and we were quite in the mood to amuse ourselves by looking at it in that light, as we were rapidly approaching the goal of our hopes, Victoria Nyanza. Almost every foot of ground was under cultivation. Yet the people seem to have some idea of the value of a rotation of crops, for they allow land to lie fallow occasionally, such parts being used as pasture-ground for the cattle and flocks.

We passed along a perfect lane of people, all carrying baskets of food which they were dying to dispose of for beads. There were honey, milk, eggs, fowls, beans, &c., &c.

On the second day we reached the town of an important chief of this region, named Sakwa. We here found considerable numbers of the original Wa-kwafi of Guas' Ngishu, who had been compelled to take refuge among the Wa-kavirondo, and now they were proving to be a poisonous power among their more peaceable and genial hosts. They lived like paupers, and were setting one chief to fight another, breaking up the harmony of the tribe, and plunging it into endless feuds. They are also initiating their hosts into the charms of levying black-mail, and, like ideal stage-villains, they are ever ready to instil bad council into the ears of the chiefs.

They tried the same insolent swagger and arrogance with us, but I was not slow to let them understand that what I could endure among the Masai in their own country I would not tolerate from them. In fact, from a certain hitherto suppressed feeling of revenge, it gave me no small pleasure to cut up rough among these rascals, and to be explosive

when any one of them presumed too much on my forbearance. My men also delighted to have it out with them, and turned the tables on them by scowling fearfully and threatening to do unutterable things.

Sakwa made himself very agreeable by rushing after his subjects when they became too troublesome and pressing, driving them off with blows, and not even disdaining to pick up stones and hurl them after the scampering crowd. On some of these occasions a number of the young "mashers" of the town took advantage of the scramble to knock down several men of the neighbouring villages and steal their food.

On the 3rd of December I arrived at the town of Sundu (Kwa-Sundu). This place, under the father of the present chief, was one of great importance and size; but since his death it has gradually dwindled away, till the walls enclose more matamma fields and grass patches than huts. The inhabitants under an effeminate prince have no special advantages, and consequently prefer to live in smaller villages, to be nearer their fields. Kwa-Sundu occupies the summit of a ridge overlooking a splendid river, named the Nzoia, which, gathering its waters from the plateau, and from Elgon and Chibcharagnani, flows W.S.W. to the Lake.

The present chief is a mild and pleasant young man, and we were soon on the best of terms with each other. Though of a sluggish temperament, and possessing none of the mental activity of the Masai, he enjoyed enormously examining my photographs. He became so enthusiastic over the charms of one young lady, who was represented as posing æsthetically over a sunflower, that he gave me a large order for a bevy after that pattern at two tusks of ivory a head. I said I would see what I could do for him.

I was very much interested in discovering that Kavirondo does not at all occupy the place which has been assigned to it on our maps—that is to say, about the middle of the eastern shore of the Lake. In reality it lies on the north-east corner of the Lake, and extends from about thirty miles north of the equator to about as much south of it. What was still more important was the discovery that a part of Kavirondo really occupied a considerable area represented by water on the maps. According to the maps, Kwa-Sundu lay only some four or five miles north of the Lake, and yet from considerable eminence I could descry nothing but a rolling

expanse of cultivated country, and no lake in sight. On inquiry I learned that the nearest way to the Lake was *west*, and that going S.S.W. it could only be reached in four days. We shall thus make a very moderate estimate if we put the distance at forty miles—probably it is considerably more.

The Wa-kavirondo are apparently a homogeneous race, and have very much the same outward appearance, manners and customs. Yet on inquiry and examination I was enabled to bring the interesting fact to light that there were two totally distinct languages. The inhabitants of what we may call Lower Kavirondo, and the regions more immediately around the Lake shore, speak a language resembling in vocabulary and construction that spoken by the Nile tribes, while those of Upper Kavirondo speak a Bantu dialect so closely allied to the Ki-swahili that my men had no difficulty in making themselves understood. It is even more closely allied to the Ki-ganda. The natives of Lower Kavirondo further show their race affinities by their custom of wearing a stone ornament dangling from and through the lower lip.

It is quite unnecessary to enlarge upon the customs, religious beliefs, &c., of these people, as they present no marked variation from those already well known as characteristic of East African negroes generally. The connection of the natives of Upper Kavirondo with the latter is illustrated (and that very markedly) by their habit of throwing sticks, stones, and grass into heaps at particular places such as boundaries, with the idea of propitiating some guardian spirit. This custom prevails all through the countries southward to Nyassa.

I had a very good opportunity afforded me of observing what takes place on the death of a child. One morning, near my tent, a small boy died. Throughout the day the father and mother kept up a continuous wail, now rising into howls, anon into screams. Friends and passers-by added their voices to the dirge and occasionally broke into a dance. In the afternoon a grave was dug immediately outside the door, and beneath the eaves of the hut. When this was ready, the dead child was brought out for the last look. Every one then broke into sobbing howls, as the father suddenly laid hold of it with convulsive energy and laid it in the grave, while the mother threw herself on the ground and rolled about in the ecstasy of her grief. The father, little less affected and wailing sadly, was suddenly aroused by indignant protests from some of the grey-beards. He had laid the corpse in the

wrong position! The father declared that he had done quite right, and a lull in the wailing took place as they yelled and screamed at each other excitedly over this point. At last the father was shouted down, and had to alter the position, whereupon the wails and howls were resumed. The point of dispute was whether the face of the child should be towards the house or away from it. This having been put right, a single tree-leaf was placed below the lower ear, and another over the upper, while a tuft of grass was placed in the child's hand. This finished, a new howl was raised, which rose into a storm as the father and mother pushed the soil over the little naked body with frantic energy. A final howl being given and a dance performed, the party adjourned till the moon rose, and then with deep libations of *pombè* (native beer) they danced and threw their shoulders (not their legs) about, to allay the grief of the parents and soothe the spirit of the buried child.

The first person who dies in a new house is buried inside it—the second outside.

About the *Wa-kavirondo* it remains but to be said that they eloquently illustrate the fact, which some people cannot understand, that morality has nothing to do with clothes. They are the most moral of all the tribes of this region, and they are simply angels of purity beside the decently dressed Masai, among whom vice of the most open kind is rampant.

Food at *Kwa-Sundu* was surprisingly cheap and apparently inexhaustible. Four men's food in flour was got for one string of beads, eight men's food of sweet potatoes for the same, a sheep for fifteen strings, and a goat for twenty strings. Such were some of the prices which ruled. Fish also from the *Nzoia* was added to our fare, so that we were in a veritable land of Goshen. I might further have had hippopotamus beef, as I shot several in the *Nzoia*, and it was a sight to see several hundred natives quarrelling over the meat.

While the Lake was yet unseen I could not enjoy life contentedly. I therefore only stayed two days at *Kwa-Sundu* before I started with fifty men to complete my work, leaving the rest behind with *Makatubu*. The country that had yet to be traversed was, however, the dangerous region—the people being less accustomed to traders. *Mansimba* showed his appreciation of the dangers ahead, by hiding away to avoid being taken with us.

expanse of cultivated country, and no lake in sight. On inquiry I learned that the nearest way to the Lake was *west*, and that going S.S.W. it could only be reached in four days. We shall thus make a very moderate estimate if we put the distance at forty miles—probably it is considerably more.

The Wa-kavirondo are apparently a homogeneous race, and have very much the same outward appearance, manners and customs. Yet on inquiry and examination I was enabled to bring the interesting fact to light that there were two totally distinct languages. The inhabitants of what we may call Lower Kavirondo, and the regions more immediately around the Lake shore, speak a language resembling in vocabulary and construction that spoken by the Nile tribes, while those of Upper Kavirondo speak a Bantu dialect so closely allied to the Ki-swahili that my men had no difficulty in making themselves understood. It is even more closely allied to the Ki-ganda. The natives of Lower Kavirondo further show their race affinities by their custom of wearing a stone ornament dangling from and through the lower lip.

It is quite unnecessary to enlarge upon the customs, religious beliefs, &c., of these people, as they present no marked variation from those already well known as characteristic of East African negroes generally. The connection of the natives of Upper Kavirondo with the latter is illustrated (and that very markedly) by their habit of throwing sticks, stones, and grass into heaps at particular places such as boundaries, with the idea of propitiating some guardian spirit. This custom prevails all through the countries southward to Nyassa.

I had a very good opportunity afforded me of observing what takes place on the death of a child. One morning, near my tent, a small boy died. Throughout the day the father and mother kept up a continuous wail, now rising into howls, anon into screams. Friends and passers-by added their voices to the dirge and occasionally broke into a dance. In the afternoon a grave was dug immediately outside the door, and beneath the eaves of the hut. When this was ready, the dead child was brought out for the last look. Every one then broke into sobbing howls, as the father suddenly laid hold of it with convulsive energy and laid it in the grave, while the mother threw herself on the ground and rolled about in the ecstasy of her grief. The father, little less affected and wailing sadly, was suddenly aroused by indignant protests from some of the grey-beards. He had laid the corpse in the

wrong position ! The father declared that he had done quite right, and a lull in the wailing took place as they yelled and screamed at each other excitedly over this point. At last the father was shouted down, and had to alter the position, whereupon the wails and howls were resumed. The point of dispute was whether the face of the child should be towards the house or away from it. This having been put right, a single tree-leaf was placed below the lower ear, and another over the upper, while a tuft of grass was placed in the child's hand. This finished, a new howl was raised, which rose into a storm as the father and mother pushed the soil over the little naked body with frantic energy. A final howl being given and a dance performed, the party adjourned till the moon rose, and then with deep libations of pombè (native beer) they danced and threw their shoulders (not their legs) about, to allay the grief of the parents and soothe the spirit of the buried child.

The first person who dies in a new house is buried inside it—the second outside.

About the Wa-kavirondo it remains but to be said that they eloquently illustrate the fact, which some people cannot understand, that morality has nothing to do with clothes. They are the most moral of all the tribes of this region, and they are simply angels of purity beside the decently dressed Masai, among whom vice of the most open kind is rampant.

Food at Kwa-Sundu was surprisingly cheap and apparently inexhaustible. Four men's food in flour was got for one string of beads, eight men's food of sweet potatoes for the same, a sheep for fifteen strings, and a goat for twenty strings. Such were some of the prices which ruled. Fish also from the Nzoia was added to our fare, so that we were in a veritable land of Goshen. I might further have had hippopotamus beef, as I shot several in the Nzoia, and it was a sight to see several hundred natives quarrelling over the meat.

While the Lake was yet unseen I could not enjoy life contentedly. I therefore only stayed two days at Kwa-Sundu before I started with fifty men to complete my work, leaving the rest behind with Makatubu. The country that had yet to be traversed was, however, the dangerous region—the people being less accustomed to traders. Mansimba showed his appreciation of the dangers ahead, by hiding away to avoid being taken with us.

expanse of cultivated country, and no lake in sight. On inquiry I learned that the nearest way to the Lake was *west*, and that going S.S.W. it could only be reached in four days. We shall thus make a very moderate estimate if we put the distance at forty miles—probably it is considerably more.

The Wa-kavirondo are apparently a homogeneous race, and have very much the same outward appearance, manners and customs. Yet on inquiry and examination I was enabled to bring the interesting fact to light that there were two totally distinct languages. The inhabitants of what we may call Lower Kavirondo, and the regions more immediately around the Lake shore, speak a language resembling in vocabulary and construction that spoken by the Nile tribes, while those of Upper Kavirondo speak a Bantu dialect so closely allied to the Ki-swahili that my men had no difficulty in making themselves understood. It is even more closely allied to the Ki-ganda. The natives of Lower Kavirondo further show their race affinities by their custom of wearing a stone ornament dangling from and through the lower lip.

It is quite unnecessary to enlarge upon the customs, religious beliefs, &c., of these people, as they present no marked variation from those already well known as characteristic of East African negroes generally. The connection of the natives of Upper Kavirondo with the latter is illustrated (and that very markedly) by their habit of throwing sticks, stones, and grass into heaps at particular places such as boundaries, with the idea of propitiating some guardian spirit. This custom prevails all through the countries southward to Nyassa.

I had a very good opportunity afforded me of observing what takes place on the death of a child. One morning, near my tent, a small boy died. Throughout the day the father and mother kept up a continuous wail, now rising into howls, anon into screams. Friends and passers-by added their voices to the dirge and occasionally broke into a dance. In the afternoon a grave was dug immediately outside the door, and beneath the eaves of the hut. When this was ready, the dead child was brought out for the last look. Every one then broke into sobbing howls, as the father suddenly laid hold of it with convulsive energy and laid it in the grave, while the mother threw herself on the ground and rolled about in the ecstasy of her grief. The father, little less affected and wailing sadly, was suddenly aroused by indignant protests from some of the grey-beards. He had laid the corpse in the

wrong position ! The father declared that he had done quite right, and a lull in the wailing took place as they yelled and screamed at each other excitedly over this point. At last the father was shouted down, and had to alter the position, whereupon the wails and howls were resumed. The point of dispute was whether the face of the child should be towards the house or away from it. This having been put right, a single tree-leaf was placed below the lower ear, and another over the upper, while a tuft of grass was placed in the child's hand. This finished, a new howl was raised, which rose into a storm as the father and mother pushed the soil over the little naked body with frantic energy. A final howl being given and a dance performed, the party adjourned till the moon rose, and then with deep libations of pombè (native beer) they danced and threw their shoulders (not their legs) about, to allay the grief of the parents and soothe the spirit of the buried child.

The first person who dies in a new house is buried inside it—the second outside.

About the Wa-kavirondo it remains but to be said that they eloquently illustrate the fact, which some people cannot understand, that morality has nothing to do with clothes. They are the most moral of all the tribes of this region, and they are simply angels of purity beside the decently dressed Masai, among whom vice of the most open kind is rampant.

Food at Kwa-Sundu was surprisingly cheap and apparently inexhaustible. Four men's food in flour was got for one string of beads, eight men's food of sweet potatoes for the same, a sheep for fifteen strings, and a goat for twenty strings. Such were some of the prices which ruled. Fish also from the Nzoia was added to our fare, so that we were in a veritable land of Goshen. I might further have had hippopotamus beef, as I shot several in the Nzoia, and it was a sight to see several hundred natives quarrelling over the meat.

While the Lake was yet unseen I could not enjoy life contentedly. I therefore only stayed two days at Kwa-Sundu before I started with fifty men to complete my work, leaving the rest behind with Makatubu. The country that had yet to be traversed was, however, the dangerous region—the people being less accustomed to traders. Mansimba showed his appreciation of the dangers ahead, by hiding away to avoid being taken with us.

We crossed the Nzoia by a ford 100 yards broad, where the river rushes fiercely over a rocky bed three feet deep. Striking westward, we approached near a village, when we were suddenly startled by the war-cry. My guide immediately jumped on to an ant-mound and I followed him. Our appearance allayed the alarm in our immediate neighbourhood—but by that time the war-cry had been taken up by labourers in the field, and by other villages, and we could hear the signals spreading further and further. The whole country seemed suddenly to have given birth to multitudes of people, some hurrying towards the villages, others rushing out of them armed for war. Hundreds of the natives were soon gathered round us. These we were able at once to reassure, though, for several hours after, we met people tearing along as if for life or death towards the supposed enemy. From what I saw, I could understand how the traders had so frequently lost men, as within an hour several thousands of warriors could be collected from this populous region. We camped that night at a small village called Mwofu, and found our way forthwith to the hearts of the people by setting them to dance for beads.

The whole country was remarkable for its poverty in trees, a few small ones alone being seen in the villages, where they afford refreshing shade. There is in consequence a great dearth of wood, and it had to be bought for making fires. On this side of the Nzoia, however, the Euphorbia was not uncommon. We passed capital grazing-ground and found cattle numerous, though there were many villages that had been destroyed by the people of Elgumi to the north.

At the village where we stopped on the second day, we got an insight into the temper of the people. The Sultan of the place had presented us with a bullock, and I had given him a present of brass wire in return. We took care, however, not to kill the animal. In the morning the sons of the chief demanded another present, and would not allow us to take the bullock away. I immediately demanded the wire, and told them to keep their present. This brought the old chief out, and he entreated us to take it. Accordingly we pushed our way outside the village. The sons, however, were not so easily appeased. They raised a disturbance, and attempted, in the most excited and violent manner, to take forcible possession of the bullock. Other young men began to gather

about, and all looked as if they would enjoy a fight. I saw it was necessary to be firm and show them we were not to be easily frightened. At last, however, as I was getting hustled nastily, my bile was raised, and before the principal young agitator knew what he was about I had dexterously laid him on his back. It was a sight to see the picture of demoniacal and ungovernable rage which he presented as he sprang to his feet. He poised his spear, and pranced about like a madman, trying to get clear of his father, who kept in front of him, and prevented him from launching it at me. The



B. NZOIA NEAR SEREMBA, WITH SCHOOL OF HIPPOS.

moment was very critical. All my men held their guns ready. Brahim covered the young warrior with my Express rifle, while on the other hand hundreds of warriors grasped their spears as if only waiting a signal to precipitate themselves upon our small party. As for myself, I simply folded my arms and laughed derisively, a piece of acting I have always found to have a remarkable effect upon the natives, who at once conclude that I have supernatural powers of offence and defence. The old man succeeded at last in carrying off his son, very much to my relief—for in spite of

We crossed the Nzoia by a ford 100 yards broad, where the river rushes fiercely over a rocky bed three feet deep. Striking westward, we approached near a village, when we were suddenly startled by the war-cry. My guide immediately jumped on to an ant-mound and I followed him. Our appearance allayed the alarm in our immediate neighbourhood—but by that time the war-cry had been taken up by labourers in the field, and by other villages, and we could hear the signals spreading further and further. The whole country seemed suddenly to have given birth to multitudes of people, some hurrying towards the villages, others rushing out of them armed for war. Hundreds of the natives were soon gathered round us. These we were able at once to reassure, though, for several hours after, we met people tearing along as if for life or death towards the supposed enemy. From what I saw, I could understand how the traders had so frequently lost men, as within an hour several thousands of warriors could be collected from this populous region. We camped that night at a small village called Mwofu, and found our way forthwith to the hearts of the people by setting them to dance for beads.

The whole country was remarkable for its poverty in trees, a few small ones alone being seen in the villages, where they afford refreshing shade. There is in consequence a great dearth of wood, and it had to be bought for making fires. On this side of the Nzoia, however, the Euphorbia was not uncommon. We passed capital grazing-ground and found cattle numerous, though there were many villages that had been destroyed by the people of Elgumi to the north.

At the village where we stopped on the second day, we got an insight into the temper of the people. The Sultan of the place had presented us with a bullock, and I had given him a present of brass wire in return. We took care, however, not to kill the animal. In the morning the sons of the chief demanded another present, and would not allow us to take the bullock away. I immediately demanded the wire, and told them to keep their present. This brought the old chief out, and he entreated us to take it. Accordingly we pushed our way outside the village. The sons, however, were not so easily appeased. They raised a disturbance, and attempted, in the most excited and violent manner, to take forcible possession of the bullock. Other young men began to gather

about, and all looked as if they would enjoy a fight. I saw it was necessary to be firm and show them we were not to be easily frightened. At last, however, as I was getting hustled nastily, my bile was raised, and before the principal young agitator knew what he was about I had dexterously had him on his back. It was a sight to see the picture of demoniacal and ungovernable rage which he presented as he sprang to his feet. He poised his spear, and pranced about like a madman, trying to get clear of his father, who kept in front of him, and prevented him from launching it at me. The



my heroic attitude I was anything but comfortable inwardly, and in reality I had made a very narrow escape. We were now masters of the field, and were allowed to leave peaceably.

The extraordinary density of the population was to us a matter of great wonder. They streamed forth in thousands to see us, amid yells and shouts of the most deafening character. At first we were inclined to lay the flattering unction to our soul that this was an ovation specially got up to celebrate the successful crowning of the work of the Expedition. But when they began to be insolent, and tried to block our way, the crowds did not seem quite so pleasant. I began to lose my ordinary coolness and to get excited, as with threatening gestures they threw themselves in our path and tried to stop me getting forward. I vowed that I would march on, whether they liked it or not. Keeping down alike my fears and my wrath, therefore, I steadily pushed ahead, leading the way, while Martin brought up the rear. Two men of a neighbouring district who were accompanying me for protection, were set upon by some fiercely dressed warriors. Their goods were stolen, and they would infallibly have been murdered, had I not crushed myself into the heart of the *mêlée*, and rescued the poor fellows. At last we got past the worst, and we could breathe again.

Shortly after, we camped at a village named Seremba. I here found numerous smelting works, the ore being brought from regular mines, in a range of hills to the north. They smelted it in open furnaces of charcoal, heaped up against a low wall, at the bottom of which is a hole and drain leading from it to carry off the slag. The blast is kept up by a double bellows, worked with astonishing dexterity by a man standing. A whole day is employed in smelting the ore, and a mass from 15 lbs. to 20 lbs. is the result. The moment it is thought to be ready, they turn out the hot mass and as speedily as possible cut pieces off with axes, dealing with great rapidity herculean strokes. The iron thus produced is first class, and the Wa-kavirondo, especially those of Samia, are remarkably clever blacksmiths. They make wire in imitation of the coast senengè, only it is square instead of round. This takes a beautiful silvery polish, and is worn by the young swells round their necks, arms, and legs, after the fashion prevalent among the Masai women, only the coil is not continuous, but jointed on ring by ring. They make capital spears, hoes, &c., which are in use all over Kavirondo. I was greatly

interested to find that in shaping their various weapons, implements, &c., they use a variety of hammers. For the heaviest work they use large stones ; for the medium, (such as hoes in their secondary stages) a thick arrow-shaped piece of iron, striking with the edge of the head. The square wire is manipulated by being struck with the end of an iron cylinder.

Next day we were not allowed to go on. Difficulties were raised. Why was I tearing along in this manner by force, with the same cry of "Nyanja, Nyanja" (the Lake)? What were we wanting there? Probably we would make *uchavi* (black



VICTORIA NYANZA FROM MASSALA.

medicine), and *stop* the Lake!—whatever that might mean. We must be quarantined, and submit to a period of "observation," to see what sort of symptoms were likely to develop themselves. All this was horribly annoying, and I was afraid we should still be turned back at the very last moment. To let off my impatience I went to the Nzoia close at hand, and shot three hippos, which had the effect of putting the natives in good humour, and helped to smooth our way. I here photographed the river with a school of hippos in one of its bends.

my heroic attitude I was anything but comfortable inwardly, and in reality I had made a very narrow escape. We were now masters of the field, and were allowed to leave peaceably.

The extraordinary density of the population was to us a matter of great wonder. They streamed forth in thousands to see us, amid yells and shouts of the most deafening character. At first we were inclined to lay the flattering unction to our soul that this was an ovation specially got up to celebrate the successful crowning of the work of the Expedition. But when they began to be insolent, and tried to block our way, the crowds did not seem quite so pleasant. I began to lose my ordinary coolness and to get excited, as with threatening gestures they threw themselves in our path and tried to stop me getting forward. I vowed that I would march on, whether they liked it or not. Keeping down alike my fears and my wrath, therefore, I steadily pushed ahead, leading the way, while Martin brought up the rear. Two men of a neighbouring district who were accompanying me for protection, were set upon by some fiercely dressed warriors. Their goods were stolen, and they would infallibly have been murdered, had I not crushed myself into the heart of the *mêlée*, and rescued the poor fellows. At last we got past the worst, and we could breathe again.

Shortly after, we camped at a village named Seremba. I here found numerous smelting works, the ore being brought from regular mines, in a range of hills to the north. They smelted it in open furnaces of charcoal, heaped up against a low wall, at the bottom of which is a hole and drain leading from it to carry off the slag. The blast is kept up by a double bellows, worked with astonishing dexterity by a man standing. A whole day is employed in smelting the ore, and a mass from 15 lbs. to 20 lbs. is the result. The moment it is thought to be ready, they turn out the hot mass and as speedily as possible cut pieces off with axes, dealing with great rapidity herculean strokes. The iron thus produced is first class, and the Wa-kavirondo, especially those of Samia, are remarkably clever blacksmiths. They make wire in imitation of the coast senengè, only it is square instead of round. This takes a beautiful silvery polish, and is worn by the young swells round their necks, arms, and legs, after the fashion prevalent among the Masai women, only the coil is not continuous, but jointed on ring by ring. They make capital spears, hoes, &c., which are in use all over Kavirondo. I was greatly

interested to find that in shaping their various weapons, implements, &c., they use a variety of hammers. For the heaviest work they use large stones; for the medium, (such as hoes in their secondary stages) a thick arrow-shaped piece of iron, striking with the edge of the head. The square wire is manipulated by being struck with the end of an iron cylinder.

Next day we were not allowed to go on. Difficulties were raised. Why was I tearing along in this manner by force, with the same cry of "Nyanja, Nyanja" (the Lake)? What were we wanting there? Probably we would make *uchawi* (black



VICTORIA NYANZA FROM MASSALA.

medicine), and *stop* the Lake!—whatever that might mean. We must be quarantined, and submit to a period of "observation," to see what sort of symptoms were likely to develop themselves. All this was horribly annoying, and I was afraid we should still be turned back at the very last moment. To let off my impatience I went to the Nzoia close at hand, and shot three hippos, which had the effect of putting the natives in good humour, and helped to smooth our way. I here photographed the river with a school of hippos in one of its bends.

Next day, finding that we were in the good graces of most of the people (we had set them a-dancing on the previous day), and that it was only the chief and his satellites who opposed our going forward, in the hope of screwing more presents out of us, I resolved to proceed in spite of him. On getting ready for the road I found the gate taken possession of by a band of armed men, and no time had to be lost. Selecting a party, we made a sudden dash among the obstructors and hustled them away, while a second lot came behind us, tore the gate to pieces, and threw them into the fosse. They then kept the opening clear while we tried to get everything away. This was not quite so easy. Several men seized hold of loads, and clung to them with tooth and nail, and required some fearful tussling before they were dislodged. A few blows with sticks were given treacherously, but fortunately the resistance did not go any further. We at last proved to be the victors, and marched off triumphantly.

Half an hour sufficed to bring us to the top of a low range of hills, and there lay the end of our pilgrimage—a glistening bay of the great Lake surrounded by low shores and shut in to the south by several islands, the whole softly veiled and rendered weirdly indistinct by a dense haze. The view, with arid-looking euphorbia-clad slopes shading gently down to the muddy beach, could not be called picturesque, though it was certainly pleasing. This scene was in striking contrast to all the views of African lakes it had yet been my privilege to see. In all previous cases I had looked down from heights of not less than 7000 feet into yawning abysses some thousands of feet below; but here I stood on an insignificant hill and saw it gradually subsiding to the level of the great sheet of water.

We had no patience, however, to stand and take in all the details of the scene, we were too eager to be on the actual shores. An hour's feverish tramp, almost breaking into a run, served to bring us to the edge of Lake Victoria Nyanza, and soon we were joyously drinking deep draughts of its waters, while the men ran in knee-deep, firing their guns and splashing about like madmen, apparently more delighted at the sight of the Lake than I was—though doubtless the adage held good here, as in so many cases, that still waters run deep.

When my escort had thus effervesced to some extent they gathered round, and the good fellows, knowing that my dearest wish had been attained, shook hands with me with

such genuine heartiness and good-will that they brought tears to my eyes. Having recovered tone, I—as it behoved me to do—made a speech to them on the heroic lines more commonly heard at a City banquet or Mutual Admiration Society than in Central Africa. This duty performed, we proceeded to the village of the second chief of Samia—in which district of Kavirondo we now were—and there we camped.

Next day I rested from my labours with the delicious consciousness that a great feat had been accomplished and that I had home as the new beacon-star ahead to direct my wandering footsteps. Next day, finding ourselves among a very pleasant people, we laid aside our natural reserve, and, pocketing our high dignity, we set all the young people of the village to trip it. In the cool of the evening Martin and I illustrated the “poetry of motion” as practised in Malta and Scotland; that is to say, Martin tried to initiate the damsels into the mysterious charm of the waltz, while I showed them how to do the “fantastic” in the spirited movements of a Scotch dance. Need I say that Martin was simply nowhere, while they became enthusiastic over my performance. That night, as I sat musing and star-gazing, I concluded that the Wa-kavirondo were decidedly susceptible of civilizing influences!

My agreeable conclusions—derived from their appreciation of my dancing—received rather a shock during the night. I was outside my tent with Martin about midnight, taking some lunars to determine my longitude, when I observed a man running rapidly past, and, jumping up, I saw some other men joining him. Thinking some small article of a porter's had been stolen, I went to their quarters to inquire. I soon made a sadder discovery than I had anticipated. The cook's hut had been broken into with consummate courage, and the entire contents of my canteen carried off. Not even a knife and fork was left to console me, and I had the agreeable picture before me of eating from wooden platters and using chopsticks or my fingers. If I was to avoid this undesirable possibility, prompt action was required. I therefore shouted out our war-cry, “Bunduki! bunduki!” (Guns! guns!) In a twinkling every man was on his feet, his sleeping-mat rolled up and conveyed to my tent. Leaving a guard there, I took all the rest and made for the gates, which I secured by placing a guard at each one. With the remainder bearing lighted brands I proceeded to the house

Next day, finding that we were in the good graces of most of the people (we had set them a-dancing on the previous day), and that it was only the chief and his satellites who opposed our going forward, in the hope of screwing more presents out of us, I resolved to proceed in spite of him. On getting ready for the road I found the gate taken possession of by a band of armed men, and no time had to be lost. Selecting a party, we made a sudden dash among the obstructors and hustled them away, while a second lot came behind us, tore the gate to pieces, and threw them into the fosse. They then kept the opening clear while we tried to get everything away. This was not quite so easy. Several men seized hold of loads, and clung to them with tooth and nail, and required some fearful tussling before they were dislodged. A few blows with sticks were given treacherously, but fortunately the resistance did not go any further. We at last proved to be the victors, and marched off triumphantly.

Half an hour sufficed to bring us to the top of a low range of hills, and there lay the end of our pilgrimage—a glistening bay of the great Lake surrounded by low shores and shut in to the south by several islands, the whole softly veiled and rendered weirdly indistinct by a dense haze. The view, with arid-looking euphorbia-clad slopes shading gently down to the muddy beach, could not be called picturesque, though it was certainly pleasing. This scene was in striking contrast to all the views of African lakes it had yet been my privilege to see. In all previous cases I had looked down from heights of not less than 7000 feet into yawning abysses some thousands of feet below; but here I stood on an insignificant hill and saw it gradually subsiding to the level of the great sheet of water.

We had no patience, however, to stand and take in all the details of the scene, we were too eager to be on the actual shores. An hour's feverish tramp, almost breaking into a run, served to bring us to the edge of Lake Victoria Nyanza, and soon we were joyously drinking deep draughts of its waters, while the men ran in knee-deep, firing their guns and splashing about like madmen, apparently more delighted at the sight of the Lake than I was—though doubtless the adage held good here, as in so many cases, that still waters run deep.

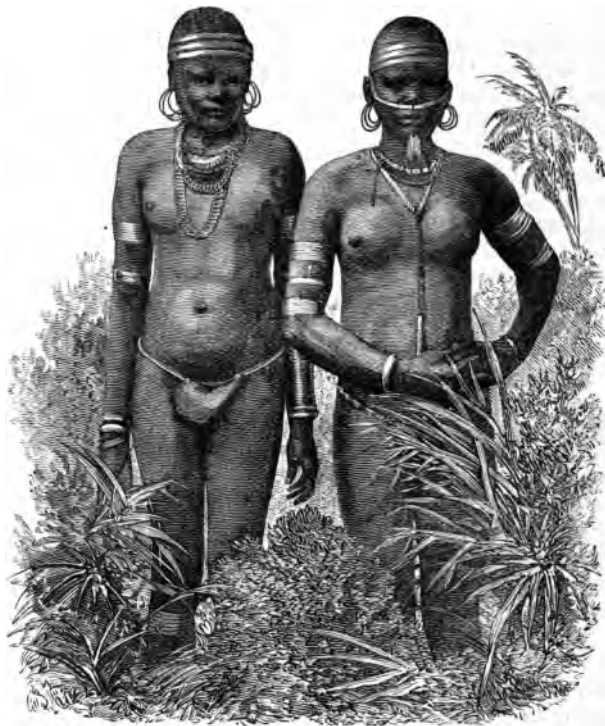
When my escort had thus effervesced to some extent they gathered round, and the good fellows, knowing that my dearest wish had been attained, shook hands with me with

such genuine heartiness and good-will that they brought tears to my eyes. Having recovered tone, I—as it behoved me to do—made a speech to them on the heroic lines more commonly heard at a City banquet or Mutual Admiration Society than in Central Africa. This duty performed, we proceeded to the village of the second chief of Samia—in which district of Kavirondo we now were—and there we camped.

Next day I rested from my labours with the delicious consciousness that a great feat had been accomplished and that I had home as the new beacon-star ahead to direct my wandering footsteps. Next day, finding ourselves among a very pleasant people, we laid aside our natural reserve, and, pocketing our high dignity, we set all the young people of the village to trip it. In the cool of the evening Martin and I illustrated the “poetry of motion” as practised in Malta and Scotland; that is to say, Martin tried to initiate the damsels into the mysterious charm of the waltz, while I showed them how to do the “fantastic” in the spirited movements of a Scotch dance. Need I say that Martin was simply nowhere, while they became enthusiastic over my performance. That night, as I sat musing and star-gazing, I concluded that the Wa-kavirondo were decidedly susceptible of civilizing influences!

My agreeable conclusions—derived from their appreciation of my dancing—received rather a shock during the night. I was outside my tent with Martin about midnight, taking some lunars to determine my longitude, when I observed a man running rapidly past, and, jumping up, I saw some other men joining him. Thinking some small article of a porter's had been stolen, I went to their quarters to inquire. I soon made a sadder discovery than I had anticipated. The cook's hut had been broken into with consummate courage, and the entire contents of my canteen carried off. Not even a knife and fork was left to console me, and I had the agreeable picture before me of eating from wooden platters and using chopsticks or my fingers. If I was to avoid this undesirable possibility, prompt action was required. I therefore shouted out our war-cry, “Bunduki! bunduki!” (Guns! guns!) In a twinkling every man was on his feet, his sleeping-mat rolled up and conveyed to my tent. Leaving a guard there, I took all the rest and made for the gates, which I secured by placing a guard at each one. With the remainder bearing lighted brands I proceeded to the house

of the chief. The scene that now took place was indescribable, as the entire population rushed from their huts with the idea that the town was captured and that they would all be killed. The men shouted and the women screamed and yelled. They were utterly out of their senses, and rushed about like madmen from gate to gate, only to



DAUGHTERS OF THE CHIEF OF MASSALA.

find on their approach stern-visaged men with guns levelled at them. There were at that moment from three to four hundred men in the village, but so utterly were they paralyzed by our prompt and audacious action that they knew not what to do. I found myself in the midst of a large crowd, and I knew what to do. Pointing to my men carry-

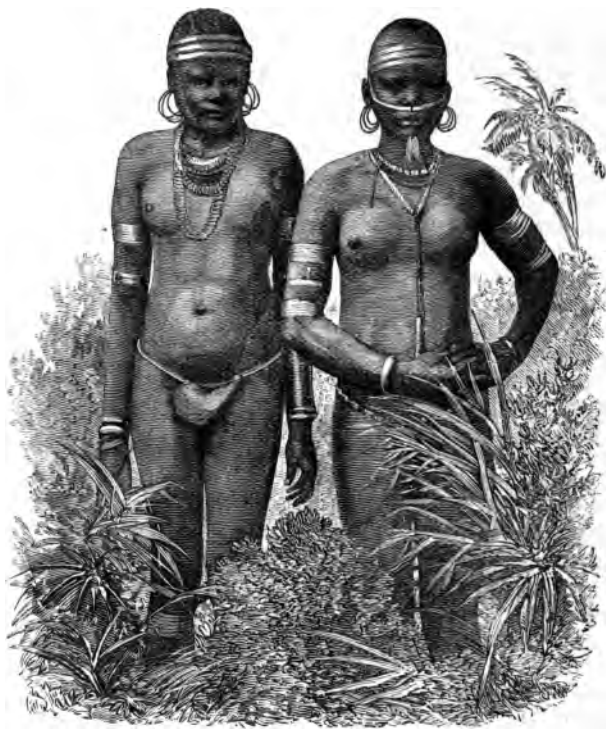
ing brands, I announced my ultimatum: "Restore my stolen property, or I burn down the town!" I was the more remorseless in my demand as I had every reason to believe that almost the whole town was implicated in the affair; indeed on the previous day the chief, Massala himself, had been specially anxious to have some of the very articles now stolen. We obviously had them completely at our mercy, and they implored me not to proceed to extremities, promising that all would be returned. At this moment one man was captured with some plates, and to show we were not afraid of them we at once administered a substantial drubbing, and threatened to shoot him on the morrow when we had time. Seeing we meant business, and that a minute's delay might issue in the place being set on fire, they gathered almost everything up and brought them to us just as the sun appeared in the horizon. Then the guards were withdrawn, and we could retire to chuckle over our triumph, though the incident had been a most perilous one.

This adventure curiously enough seemed distinctly to raise us in the good-will of the people, and in the afternoon we were such excellent friends that they stood without fear to be photographed—Njemps being the only other place where this took place. The young women here were very well shaped, meriting as regards the figure the distinction of being called tall and handsome, though they are unusually narrow proportionately across the loins.

At this place I was only forty-five miles from the Nile, and I would gladly have proceeded thither. But there were several considerations which deterred me. First, an attack fever had resulted from my night adventure; secondly, my stock of goods was getting inconveniently low; and, thirdly, I had reached the western boundaries of Kavirondo, and the people beyond were at war with the natives of the latter. As I had thus considerable uncertainty in front of me, I came to the conclusion that in this case discretion was the better part of valour. To gain a little by going further I might run an imminent risk of losing all.¹ Here, then, I resolved to make my turning

¹ In the light of a subsequent tragic event these words, written in 1884, appear almost prophetic. On the 23rd of July, 1885, Bishop Hannington left Mombasa with the object of testing the practicability of the route through the Masai country to Uganda, which I had just explored. In the middle of October he had reached my furthest point, accompanied by fifty men. Then, heedless of the warning contained in the above lines, he appears to have rashly marched on without halting to feel his way, and ascertain the condition of affairs ahead. The result was, as I had

of the chief. The scene that now took place was indescribable, as the entire population rushed from their huts with the idea that the town was captured and that they would all be killed. The men shouted and the women screamed and yelled. They were utterly out of their senses, and rushed about like madmen from gate to gate, only to



DAUGHTERS OF THE CHIEF OF MASSALA.

find on their approach stern-visaged men with guns levelled at them. There were at that moment from three to four hundred men in the village, but so utterly were they paralyzed by our prompt and audacious action that they knew not what to do. I found myself in the midst of a large crowd, and I knew what to do. Pointing to my men carry-

ing brands, I announced my ultimatum: "Restore my stolen property, or I burn down the town!" I was the more remorseless in my demand as I had every reason to believe that almost the whole town was implicated in the affair; indeed on the previous day the chief, Massala himself, had been specially anxious to have some of the very articles now stolen. We obviously had them completely at our mercy, and they implored me not to proceed to extremities, promising that all would be returned. At this moment one man was captured with some plates, and to show we were not afraid of them we at once administered a substantial drubbing, and threatened to shoot him on the morrow when we had time. Seeing we meant business, and that a minute's delay might issue in the place being set on fire, they gathered almost everything up and brought them to us just as the sun appeared in the horizon. Then the guards were withdrawn, and we could retire to chuckle over our triumph, though the incident had been a most perilous one.

This adventure curiously enough seemed distinctly to raise us in the good-will of the people, and in the afternoon we were such excellent friends that they stood without fear to be photographed—Njemps being the only other place where this took place. The young women here were very well shaped, meriting as regards the figure the distinction of being called tall and handsome, though they are unusually narrow proportionately across the loins.

At this place I was only forty-five miles from the Nile, and I would gladly have proceeded thither. But there were several considerations which deterred me. First, an attack fever had resulted from my night adventure; secondly, my stock of goods was getting inconveniently low; and, thirdly, I had reached the western boundaries of Kavirondo, and the people beyond were at war with the natives of the latter. As I had thus considerable uncertainty in front of me, I came to the conclusion that in this case discretion was the better part of valour. To gain a little by going further I might run an imminent risk of losing all.¹ Here, then, I resolved to make my turning

¹ In the light of a subsequent tragic event these words, written in 1884, appear almost prophetic. On the 23rd of July, 1885, Bishop Hannington left Mombasa with the object of testing the practicability of the route through the Masai country to Uganda, which I had just explored. In the middle of October he had reached my furthest point, accompanied by fifty men. Then, heedless of the warning contained in the above lines, he appears to have rashly marched on without halting to feel his way, and ascertain the condition of affairs ahead. The result was, as I had

point. My hopes and my footsteps henceforth must be homeward.

CHAPTER XII.

BACK TO BARINGO *viâ* ELGON.

As there was little of special interest in the low shores and sedge-lined waters of the Lake, and few specimens of zoological interest to be picked up, I resolved at once to return to Kwa-Sundu. After the reception we had experienced on our way to Nyanza, we dared not retrace our steps by Seremba. We determined, therefore, to cut across the neighbouring line of hills. About Massala we observed numerous deserted villages, and on inquiry we learned that they were the result of raids of Mtesè's warriors, who were in the habit of making descents on the Samia coast. The neighbouring state of Akola to the west had lately fallen a victim to that potentate's imperial policy, and his name was held in great terror. We ourselves on more than one occasion were mistaken for Waganda, and the alarm and war-cry spread accordingly.

On the 13th of December we bundled together our traps, and moved a short distance north to Mzemba, the town of

feared for myself, the utter loss of all; for he marched into a trap, and only some one or two men escaped to tell the tale of the Bishop's rashness and his heroic death.

I consider it due to myself to mention a fact not stated in Dawson's "Life of Bishop Hannington," viz. that it was against my advice that his Expedition was undertaken. Before the Bishop left England, I was asked to attend a meeting of the Church Missionary Society, at which the advisability of utilizing the Masai route was discussed. I spoke in such emphatic terms against the proposal that the meeting unanimously concluded that the time had not yet come to adopt the Masai route for communicating with Uganda.

However, Bishop Hannington began to think differently when he found himself again in East Africa, and he then made up his mind to accept the advice of my caravan assistant, James Martin, in preference to mine.

In a letter sent home to the Society announcing this fact, he begged the Secretary not to refer the question to me again, knowing that I would be opposed to the project. Curiously enough this paragraph is omitted from the published letter.

The result of his running counter to my advice has been the adding of another martyr to the missionary roll, the death of fifty porters, the hastened massacre of nearly all the Uganda converts, and the practical closing of the Masai route for some time to come.

Uchen, the principal chief of Samia. We were very greatly interested to find that Uchen was the brother of one of my men named Mabruki. This man had been captured when a boy, and sold as a slave to the traders, and now he had returned to be recognized and welcomed as one who had been lost and found. Before he was allowed to enter the walls of the village, a goat had to be killed and the blood sprinkled on the door and posts.

The day after my arrival I was thoroughly prostrated by the fever, and I approached unpleasantly close to the stage of delirium. Notwithstanding that, and remembering the efficacy of exertion in such cases, I set off on the second day, and braced myself up by a six hours' march. Our progress was made exceedingly uncomfortable by the clouds of ashes raised by the wind from recently burnt jungle, making us as black as sweeps. Shortly after noon we reached a stream with dense forest. In seeking out for a suitable spot to camp I nearly stumbled over a python, which, on being killed, proved to be twelve feet long, and fifteen inches in girth. This reptile is known to the Wa-swahili as *chato*. After the day's march I collapsed like a machine wound up to do a certain work and no more.

The next march was very trying, from the number of marshy streams which had to be crossed, all flowing to the Sio. At two places we were taken for war-raiders, and had opportunities of seeing the natives turning out rigged up for battle.

The village at which we rested was distinguished by two features—its excessive neatness and cleanliness, and its possession of an undraped young lady, certainly not less than seven feet in height. One of my men who stands six feet three was quite dwarfed by comparison with her. She was unmarried, which would seem to indicate that even in Kavirondo they can have too much of a good thing.

On the third march we recrossed the Nzoia, and reached Kwa-Sundu early in the morning, to find Makatubu and the men all well and a large quantity of food collected for our return through the wilderness.

Though still suffering from fever, I had now to set myself to the task of taking a series of astronomical observations, to determine my position. This required me to be up at all hours of the night, and of course did not improve my health.

While this was going on the chief was continually bothering me to bring rain, which they were sadly in want of. As this was a trick which my conscience would not allow me to play,

point. My hopes and my footsteps henceforth must be homeward.

CHAPTER XII.

BACK TO BARINGO *viâ* ELGON.

As there was little of special interest in the low shores and sedge-lined waters of the Lake, and few specimens of zoological interest to be picked up, I resolved at once to return to Kwa-Sundu. After the reception we had experienced on our way to Nyanza, we dared not retrace our steps by Seremba. We determined, therefore, to cut across the neighbouring line of hills. About Massala we observed numerous deserted villages, and on inquiry we learned that they were the result of raids of Mtesè's warriors, who were in the habit of making descents on the Samia coast. The neighbouring state of Akola to the west had lately fallen a victim to that potentate's imperial policy, and his name was held in great terror. We ourselves on more than one occasion were mistaken for Waganda, and the alarm and war-cry spread accordingly.

On the 13th of December we bundled together our traps, and moved a short distance north to Mzemba, the town of

feared for myself, the utter loss of all; for he marched into a trap, and only some one or two men escaped to tell the tale of the Bishop's rashness and his heroic death.

I consider it due to myself to mention a fact not stated in Dawson's "Life of Bishop Hannington," viz. that it was against my advice that his Expedition was undertaken. Before the Bishop left England, I was asked to attend a meeting of the Church Missionary Society, at which the advisability of utilizing the Masai route was discussed. I spoke in such emphatic terms against the proposal that the meeting unanimously concluded that the time had not yet come to adopt the Masai route for communicating with Uganda.

However, Bishop Hannington began to think differently when he found himself again in East Africa, and he then made up his mind to accept the advice of my caravan assistant, James Martin, in preference to mine.

In a letter sent home to the Society announcing this fact, he begged the Secretary not to refer the question to me again, knowing that I would be opposed to the project. Curiously enough this paragraph is omitted from the published letter.

The result of his running counter to my advice has been the adding of another martyr to the missionary roll, the death of fifty porters, the hastened massacre of nearly all the Uganda converts, and the practical closing of the Masai route for some time to come.

Uchen, the principal chief of Samia. We were very greatly interested to find that Uchen was the brother of one of my men named Mabruki. This man had been captured when a boy, and sold as a slave to the traders, and now he had returned to be recognized and welcomed as one who had been lost and found. Before he was allowed to enter the walls of the village, a goat had to be killed and the blood sprinkled on the door and posts.

The day after my arrival I was thoroughly prostrated by the fever, and I approached unpleasantly close to the stage of delirium. Notwithstanding that, and remembering the efficacy of exertion in such cases, I set off on the second day, and braced myself up by a six hours' march. Our progress was made exceedingly uncomfortable by the clouds of ashes raised by the wind from recently burnt jungle, making us as black as sweeps. Shortly after noon we reached a stream with dense forest. In seeking out for a suitable spot to camp I nearly stumbled over a python, which, on being killed, proved to be twelve feet long, and fifteen inches in girth. This reptile is known to the Wa-swahili as *chato*. After the day's march I collapsed like a machine wound up to do a certain work and no more.

The next march was very trying, from the number of marshy streams which had to be crossed, all flowing to the Sio. At two places we were taken for war-raiders, and had opportunities of seeing the natives turning out rigged up for battle.

The village at which we rested was distinguished by two features—its excessive neatness and cleanliness, and its possession of an undraped young lady, certainly not less than seven feet in height. One of my men who stands six feet three was quite dwarfed by comparison with her. She was unmarried, which would seem to indicate that even in Kavirondo they can have too much of a good thing.

On the third march we recrossed the Nzoia, and reached Kwa-Sundu early in the morning, to find Makatubu and the men all well and a large quantity of food collected for our return through the wilderness.

Though still suffering from fever, I had now to set myself to the task of taking a series of astronomical observations, to determine my position. This required me to be up at all hours of the night, and of course did not improve my health.

While this was going on the chief was continually bothering me to bring rain, which they were sadly in want of. As this was a trick which my conscience would not allow me to play,

except in cases of absolute necessity, I put him off as long as possible. On his becoming importunate, I told him to be quiet. Did he not see that every night I was inquiring with my instruments into the secrets of the sky? Let him just wait and he would see the result! Curiously enough, in the evening after my oracular announcement there was a sharp thunderstorm and a heavy rainfall, which hardly required any self-satisfied comments on my part to secure for me immense prestige and applause.

On the 24th of December, having somewhat recovered from the fever, completed my observations, and collected the necessary supplies, I made what may be called the first retiring march. Each man carried twelve days' food in addition to his load, which was chiefly grain. Indeed we had very little short of a month's provision.

Not to go back on our footsteps, and being very desirous of visiting the reported caves and cave-dwellers of Elgon, I adopted a more northerly route. For this purpose we had to cross to the north bank of the Nzoia. The passage cost us two hours, but was performed without damage.

Our route for the next two hours lay north and then west, through an uninhabited No-man's-land. On entering the cultivated parts I was greatly puzzled to account for the evident terror of the inhabitants on sighting us, and the manner in which they fled into their villages and barricaded the doors, hiding themselves in the huts, or behind the walls. This was in striking contrast to our reception everywhere else in the country. Usually the whole populace turned out with shouts and laughter, and were only too anxious to inveigle us into their towns, in order to have the exclusive privilege of levying black-mail. Here, on the other hand, the inhabitants absolutely refused to open their doors, and at last we had to camp in a half-built village. But truly our reception was not to be wondered at, when we learned the reason of it. The wonder was, rather, that they did not raise their war-cry, gather together in overwhelming force, and annihilate us.

The district was Masawa (Ketosh of the Masai), and in it the traders had lost a few men through murder or otherwise. In revenge for this the traders, five years previous to our arrival, had resolved to *tengeneze* (put to rights) the natives. For this purpose a combined caravan of some 1500 men *stationed* at Kwa-Sundu was marched upon them. Dividing *into sections*, they entered the district at different points,

and crossed it, devastating every village on the way, killing thousands of the men and women, committing the most horrible atrocities, such as ripping up women with child, making great bonfires and throwing children into them, while the small boys and girls were captured as slaves. I have spoken with considerable numbers of the men who took part in this *battue*, and it was sufficient to sicken any one to hear the delight with which they described all those horrors, apparently quite unconscious they had been doing anything wrong. Indeed there is no monster more savage and cruel than the Swahili trader, when the demon nature within him is let loose.

As we were the first who had ventured into this part after it was "*amani*" (at peace), and "put to rights," we had every reason to fear reprisals. This indeed would have been "intelligent destruction." But the work of the traders had been done too thoroughly, and as the population was more than decimated they fled in terror from before us. At furthest they would only timidly peep forth from their villages, like rabbits from their holes, who knew only too well the death-knell of the gun. As a natural result no food was to be bought.

Christmas Day was not marked by any feast or revelling among good things. And yet I was supremely happy, for I was brimful of the thought that an arduous piece of work was completed, and that I was homeward-bound.

On the 26th we arrived at the confines of Masawa, and as they were at war with their neighbours of Elgon, we could get no guide to convey us thither. I may here incidentally remark that the week after we left this populous part, the Masai made a descent, and successfully carried off all the cattle.

Next day we had to trust in our good luck, and make a way for ourselves through the pathless forest which surrounds Elgon. On the way I shot an old buffalo cow, though I was still so weak from fever that it was with the utmost difficulty I held up my rifle. If after the first bullet she had charged me, she would have had me at her mercy, as, in my hurry to ram a second cartridge home, it stuck halfway, and nearly made me frantic before I put matters right.

After noon we reached the base of the mountain, and camped on a tributary of the Guaso Lodo. We here saw no signs of inhabitants, and we were at a loss what to do.

except in cases of absolute necessity, I put him off as long as possible. On his becoming importunate, I told him to be quiet. Did he not see that every night I was inquiring with my instruments into the secrets of the sky? Let him just wait and he would see the result! Curiously enough, in the evening after my oracular announcement there was a sharp thunderstorm and a heavy rainfall, which hardly required any self-satisfied comments on my part to secure for me immense prestige and applause.

On the 24th of December, having somewhat recovered from the fever, completed my observations, and collected the necessary supplies, I made what may be called the first retiring march. Each man carried twelve days' food in addition to his load, which was chiefly grain. Indeed we had very little short of a month's provision.

Not to go back on our footsteps, and being very desirous of visiting the reported caves and cave-dwellers of Elgon, I adopted a more northerly route. For this purpose we had to cross to the north bank of the Nzoia. The passage cost us two hours, but was performed without damage.

Our route for the next two hours lay north and then west, through an uninhabited No-man's-land. On entering the cultivated parts I was greatly puzzled to account for the evident terror of the inhabitants on sighting us, and the manner in which they fled into their villages and barricaded the doors, hiding themselves in the huts, or behind the walls. This was in striking contrast to our reception everywhere else in the country. Usually the whole populace turned out with shouts and laughter, and were only too anxious to inveigle us into their towns, in order to have the exclusive privilege of levying black-mail. Here, on the other hand, the inhabitants absolutely refused to open their doors, and at last we had to camp in a half-built village. But truly our reception was not to be wondered at, when we learned the reason of it. The wonder was, rather, that they did not raise their war-cry, gather together in overwhelming force, and annihilate us.

The district was Masawa (Ketosh of the Masai), and in it the traders had lost a few men through murder or otherwise. In revenge for this the traders, five years previous to our arrival, had resolved to *tengeneze* (put to rights) the natives. For this purpose a combined caravan of some 1500 men stationed at Kwa-Sundu was marched upon them. Dividing into sections, they entered the district at different points,

and crossed it, devastating every village on the way, killing thousands of the men and women, committing the most horrible atrocities, such as ripping up women with child, making great bonfires and throwing children into them, while the small boys and girls were captured as slaves. I have spoken with considerable numbers of the men who took part in this *battue*, and it was sufficient to sicken any one to hear the delight with which they described all those horrors, apparently quite unconscious they had been doing anything wrong. Indeed there is no monster more savage and cruel than the Swahili trader, when the demon nature within him is let loose.

As we were the first who had ventured into this part after it was "*amani*" (at peace), and "put to rights," we had every reason to fear reprisals. This indeed would have been "intelligent destruction." But the work of the traders had been done too thoroughly, and as the population was more than decimated they fled in terror from before us. At furthest they would only timidly peep forth from their villages, like rabbits from their holes, who knew only too well the death-knell of the gun. As a natural result no food was to be bought.

Christmas Day was not marked by any feast or revelling among good things. And yet I was supremely happy, for I was brimful of the thought that an arduous piece of work was completed, and that I was homeward-bound.

On the 26th we arrived at the confines of Masawa, and as they were at war with their neighbours of Elgon, we could get no guide to convey us thither. I may here incidentally remark that the week after we left this populous part, the Masai made a descent, and successfully carried off all the cattle.

Next day we had to trust in our good luck, and make a way for ourselves through the pathless forest which surrounds Elgon. On the way I shot an old buffalo cow, though I was still so weak from fever that it was with the utmost difficulty I held up my rifle. If after the first bullet she had charged me, she would have had me at her mercy, as, in my hurry to ram a second cartridge home, it stuck halfway, and nearly made me frantic before I put matters right.

After noon we reached the base of the mountain, and camped on a tributary of the Guaso Lodo. We here saw no signs of inhabitants, and we were at a loss what to do.

After firing off three guns—the customary signal of a caravan—and getting no response, I sent off Makatubu and some men to reconnoitre. They returned with the news that round a shoulder of the mountain, and on the opposite side of a small valley, they saw smoke apparently issuing from a black hole in the face of the declivity, and that several such holes were to be seen all along a line of precipice.

Next morning, taking Sadi and a select party, I set off to explore for myself, with the double purpose of examining the caves and of seeking a guide. Keeping along the face of the mountain, I observed that it was composed of enormous beds of agglomerate, alternating with sheets of lava, clearly demonstrating its volcanic origin.

Curiously enough, this enormous mountain mass, which, as I have said, is quite comparable to Mount Kenia *minus* the upper peak, forms, like Kenia and Kilimanjaro, what we may call an outpost of the great central lava-field of the Masai country, as it rises from metamorphic rocks, which are to be seen cropping out almost up to the very base. My examination would lead me to infer that it has originated in the later epoch of volcanic activity, and that it has no connection with the great lava sheet of Guas' Ngishu, which thickens eastward, whilst if it had flowed from Elgon, the contrary would have been the case. Another feature is noticeable in that it rises on a line of fault running north and south, which has formed the boundary between Guas' Ngishu and Kavirondo.

Noting these facts in passing, we soon rounded a flanking shoulder of the mountain, and pushing forward, we became aware of some natives perched on the top of an apparently inaccessible precipice. Hitting upon a footpath which seemed to lead in the right direction, we followed it, and sure enough it led us by a steep ascent up the mountain. Half-way we met some elders. Sadi tackled them, and by judicious presents we were soon on good terms.

Afterwards, though much against their will, I ascended the remaining part of the rocky declivity. Gaining a ledge, I found a great yawning hole staring me in the face. Clambering over some rocks, I reached the mouth, which was strongly protected by a palisade of tree-trunks. Looking over this barrier, I witnessed an unexpected and very remarkable sight. There lay before me a huge pit, thirty feet deep, one hundred feet long, and about twenty broad,

cut perpendicularly out of a volcanic agglomerate of great compactness. In the centre of this pit, or (as it may have been) mouth of a cave, stood several cows, and a number of the usual bee-hive arrangements for storing grain. On the side opposite to me were the openings of several huts, which were built in chambers out of sight, and which only showed the doorways, like the entrances to a dovecot. In and out of these were children running, in a fashion thoroughly suggestive of the lower animals, especially as seen in the midst of their strange surroundings. The inhabitants had all the appearance of the natives of Kamasia and Elgeyo, and I believe their language to be very similar, probably a dialect slightly removed.

On inquiry as to who made this curious excavation, I was told that it was God's work. "How," said they, "could we with our puny implements" (exhibiting a toy-like axe, their only non-warlike instrument) "cut a hole like this? And this is nothing in comparison with others which you may see all round the mountain. See there, and there, and there! These are of such great size that they penetrate far into utter darkness, and even we have not seen the end of them. In some there are large villages with entire herds of cattle. And yet you ask who made them! They are truly God's work!" Such was the substance of the people's remarks, and doubtless they in their limited knowledge spoke very wisely. I could not, however, accept their theory.

There was absolutely *no tradition* regarding these caves among the people. "Our fathers lived here, and *their* fathers did the same," was the invariable reply to all my questions. Clearly there was no clue in that direction. And yet the caves bore incontestible evidence on the face of them that they had neither a natural nor supernatural origin. They must have been excavated by the hand of man. That was a fact about which there could absolutely be no two opinions. My readers will naturally ask "What, then, were they made for?" And here I have to confess myself *non-plussed*. That such prodigious excavations in extremely solid rock, extending away into complete darkness, branching out in various directions, and from twelve to fifteen feet from floor to ceiling, were formed as dwelling-places or even as strongholds, is simply absurd. For natives such as those of the present day (supposing such had always been there) to have cut out even one cave would have been a sheer

After firing off three guns—the customary signal of a caravan—and getting no response, I sent off Makatubu and some men to reconnoitre. They returned with the news that round a shoulder of the mountain, and on the opposite side of a small valley, they saw smoke apparently issuing from a black hole in the face of the declivity, and that several such holes were to be seen all along a line of precipice.

Next morning, taking Sadi and a select party, I set off to explore for myself, with the double purpose of examining the caves and of seeking a guide. Keeping along the face of the mountain, I observed that it was composed of enormous beds of agglomerate, alternating with sheets of lava, clearly demonstrating its volcanic origin.

Curiously enough, this enormous mountain mass, which, as I have said, is quite comparable to Mount Kenia *minus* the upper peak, forms, like Kenia and Kilimanjaro, what we may call an outpost of the great central lava-field of the Masai country, as it rises from metamorphic rocks, which are to be seen cropping out almost up to the very base. My examination would lead me to infer that it has originated in the later epoch of volcanic activity, and that it has no connection with the great lava sheet of Guas' Ngishu, which thickens eastward, whilst if it had flowed from Elgon, the contrary would have been the case. Another feature is noticeable in that it rises on a line of fault running north and south, which has formed the boundary between Guas' Ngishu and Kavirondo.

Noting these facts in passing, we soon rounded a flanking shoulder of the mountain, and pushing forward, we became aware of some natives perched on the top of an apparently inaccessible precipice. Hitting upon a footpath which seemed to lead in the right direction, we followed it, and sure enough it led us by a steep ascent up the mountain. Half-way we met some elders. Sadi tackled them, and by judicious presents we were soon on good terms.

Afterwards, though much against their will, I ascended the remaining part of the rocky declivity. Gaining a ledge, I found a great yawning hole staring me in the face. Clambering over some rocks, I reached the mouth, which was strongly protected by a palisade of tree-trunks. Looking over this barrier, I witnessed an unexpected and very remarkable sight. There lay before me a huge pit, thirty feet deep, one hundred feet long, and about twenty broad,

cut perpendicularly out of a volcanic agglomerate of great compactness. In the centre of this pit, or (as it may have been) mouth of a cave, stood several cows, and a number of the usual bee-hive arrangements for storing grain. On the side opposite to me were the openings of several huts, which were built in chambers out of sight, and which only showed the doorways, like the entrances to a dovecot. In and out of these were children running, in a fashion thoroughly suggestive of the lower animals, especially as seen in the midst of their strange surroundings. The inhabitants had all the appearance of the natives of Kamasia and Elgeyo, and I believe their language to be very similar, probably a dialect slightly removed.

On inquiry as to who made this curious excavation, I was told that it was God's work. "How," said they, "could we with our puny implements" (exhibiting a toy-like axe, their only non-warlike instrument) "cut a hole like this? And this is nothing in comparison with others which you may see all round the mountain. See there, and there, and there! These are of such great size that they penetrate far into utter darkness, and even we have not seen the end of them. In some there are large villages with entire herds of cattle. And yet you ask who made them! They are truly God's work!" Such was the substance of the people's remarks, and doubtless they in their limited knowledge spoke very wisely. I could not, however, accept their theory.

There was absolutely *no tradition* regarding these caves among the people. "Our fathers lived here, and *their* fathers did the same," was the invariable reply to all my questions. Clearly there was no clue in that direction. And yet the caves bore incontestible evidence on the face of them that they had neither a natural nor supernatural origin. They must have been excavated by the hand of man. That was a fact about which there could absolutely be no two opinions. My readers will naturally ask "What, then, were they made for?" And here I have to confess myself *non-plussed*. That such prodigious excavations in extremely solid rock, extending away into complete darkness, branching out in various directions, and from twelve to fifteen feet from floor to ceiling, were formed as dwelling-places or even as strongholds, is simply absurd. For natives such as those of the present day (supposing such had always been there) to have cut out even one cave would have been a sheer

impossibility with the tools they possess. But there are not merely one or two excavations. There are surprising numbers of them—sufficient, indeed, to house a whole tribe, as I am informed that they extend all round the mountain.

There is one point of great interest as tending to throw some light on the subject. The caves all occupy a certain horizon or level of the mountain, and all occur in the compact agglomerate, none in the lava beds immediately overhead.

Looking at everything, I can come to but one conclusion, and that is, that in a very remote era some very powerful race, considerably advanced in arts and civilization, excavated these great caves in their search for precious stones or possibly some precious metal. However improbable this theory may seem, it is the only one which suggests itself to me after months of cogitation. Unfortunately, though I was from the first without a doubt about their being of artificial origin, this idea never crossed my brain while I was at Elgon, and I consequently made no special examination for evidence of precious stones or metals. Are we to suppose that the Egyptians really got so far south? If not, what other race could have cut these extraordinary recesses?

Getting no satisfaction from the Wa-elgon, and unable to persuade them to give me a guide to Elgeyo, I had reluctantly to return. Keeping along the agglomerate level, we passed numerous entrances to excavations, evidently unoccupied. At last we arrived at the mouth of one which was very strongly fortified with trees, though also deserted. Under the circumstances we made no scruple of breaking our way inside, and then we found a most capacious chamber over twelve feet high, though evidently there were several feet of dry dung. Occupying the nearer part of the chamber was a perfect representation of a Masai kraal—the basket-like huts surrounding a circular central space; only owing to the peculiar conditions, the huts had no roofs—the cave being perfectly dry. The excavation was of the most irregular character, and rough blocks were left standing like pillars, apparently more from accident than design. When I had sufficiently examined this unique sight I pushed further in. At last, after I had ventured little short of one hundred yards without reaching an end, I was fain to stop, as I was now in utter darkness, and did not know what I *might* fall into. Close to the mouth of this cave was a picturesque cascade, and the approach to it was most

difficult. Indeed, in native warfare, unless this stronghold could be taken by surprise, it could not be captured at all. Thoroughly puzzled with this astounding discovery, but too ill to continue my researches further, I had to return to camp.

Next day I should have liked greatly to resume my examination of the caves ; but, alas ! the explorer is a slave to the exigencies of his situation. Often, when on the very threshold of some stirring discovery, he is baffled by cruel fate. Thus was it now with me. We had a pathless wilderness to traverse with no better guide than mere vague notions assisted by a compass. Moreover, I felt that in order to get any proper clue to the history of the caves I should require a prolonged and careful examination, with excavations in the cave *débris*. In the circumstances I concluded that my most prudent course was to march, and hope for a more favourable opportunity of solving the mystery.

The only inhabited part of the mighty Elgon is the south side, and here there is a very small and miserable remnant of a tribe, probably once more powerful. They are continually at war with the Wa-kavirondo, and are not unlikely to disappear altogether from the face of the earth.

Our first march took us along the base of the mountain, and we had frequent occasion to note the occurrence of the mouths of excavations. We crossed four streams from the heights, which, owing to the depth of the channels and the rankness of the vegetation that lined their banks, made our progress slow and tedious.

On camping we were placed in a somewhat unpleasant position by the reckless firing of the grass to leeward. For a time all went right, but presently the wind veered round, and the flames came down on our rear with a tremendous roar. For the moment tents and goods were in considerable jeopardy, as the grass was tall and dry, and the wind strong. The men, however, having rushed with their own belongings, to a place of safety, attacked the fire manfully with branches, and fortunately they succeeded in putting it out before it reached the tents.

Next morning I killed two buffaloes, which came in handy as "kitchen" to the unpalatable grain-food of the men. As I myself acted in the capacity of guide, I had a weary busi-ness of it, tramping on ahead through extremely tall and dense grass.

The last day of the year, which had so far worn a smiling

impossibility with the tools they possess. But there are not merely one or two excavations. There are surprising numbers of them—sufficient, indeed, to house a whole tribe, as I am informed that they extend all round the mountain.

There is one point of great interest as tending to throw some light on the subject. The caves all occupy a certain horizon or level of the mountain, and all occur in the compact agglomerate, none in the lava beds immediately overhead.

Looking at everything, I can come to but one conclusion, and that is, that in a very remote era some very powerful race, considerably advanced in arts and civilization, excavated these great caves in their search for precious stones or possibly some precious metal. However improbable this theory may seem, it is the only one which suggests itself to me after months of cogitation. Unfortunately, though I was from the first without a doubt about their being of artificial origin, this idea never crossed my brain while I was at Elgon, and I consequently made no special examination for evidence of precious stones or metals. Are we to suppose that the Egyptians really got so far south? If not, what other race could have cut these extraordinary recesses?

Getting no satisfaction from the Wa-elgon, and unable to persuade them to give me a guide to Elgeyo, I had reluctantly to return. Keeping along the agglomerate level, we passed numerous entrances to excavations, evidently unoccupied. At last we arrived at the mouth of one which was very strongly fortified with trees, though also deserted. Under the circumstances we made no scruple of breaking our way inside, and then we found a most capacious chamber over twelve feet high, though evidently there were several feet of dry dung. Occupying the nearer part of the chamber was a perfect representation of a Masai kraal—the basket-like huts surrounding a circular central space; only owing to the peculiar conditions, the huts had no roofs—the cave being perfectly dry. The excavation was of the most irregular character, and rough blocks were left standing like pillars, apparently more from accident than design. When I had sufficiently examined this unique sight I pushed further in. At last, after I had ventured little short of one hundred yards without reaching an end, I was fain to stop, as I was now in utter darkness, and did not know what I *might* fall into. Close to the mouth of this cave was a picturesque cascade, and the approach to it was most

difficult. Indeed, in native warfare, unless this stronghold could be taken by surprise, it could not be captured at all. Thoroughly puzzled with this astounding discovery, but too ill to continue my researches further, I had to return to camp.

Next day I should have liked greatly to resume my examination of the caves ; but, alas ! the explorer is a slave to the exigencies of his situation. Often, when on the very threshold of some stirring discovery, he is baffled by cruel fate. Thus was it now with me. We had a pathless wilderness to traverse with no better guide than mere vague notions assisted by a compass. Moreover, I felt that in order to get any proper clue to the history of the caves I should require a prolonged and careful examination, with excavations in the cave *débris*. In the circumstances I concluded that my most prudent course was to march, and hope for a more favourable opportunity of solving the mystery.

The only inhabited part of the mighty Elgon is the south side, and here there is a very small and miserable remnant of a tribe, probably once more powerful. They are continually at war with the Wa-kavirondo, and are not unlikely to disappear altogether from the face of the earth.

Our first march took us along the base of the mountain, and we had frequent occasion to note the occurrence of the mouths of excavations. We crossed four streams from the heights, which, owing to the depth of the channels and the rankness of the vegetation that lined their banks, made our progress slow and tedious.

On camping we were placed in a somewhat unpleasant position by the reckless firing of the grass to leeward. For a time all went right, but presently the wind veered round, and the flames came down on our rear with a tremendous roar. For the moment tents and goods were in considerable jeopardy, as the grass was tall and dry, and the wind strong. The men, however, having rushed with their own belongings, to a place of safety, attacked the fire manfully with branches, and fortunately they succeeded in putting it out before it reached the tents.

Next morning I killed two buffaloes, which came in handy as "kitchen" to the unpalatable grain-food of the men. As I myself acted in the capacity of guide, I had a weary business of it, tramping on ahead through extremely tall and dense grass.

The last day of the year, which had so far worn a smiling

and encouraging face, was fated to be a remarkable one. For a time it seemed as if I had reached the limits of my earthly existence as well as that of the year. The agreeable and piquant situation happened in this wise. I had resolved to shoot something, however tough, to replenish our larder for the due celebration of the day. With this object in view I had kept ahead of the caravan, accompanied by Brahim. We struggled for some three hours through long, unburnt grass, and open, scraggy forest, which clothed a rich, rolling country. At last we were rewarded by the sight of a couple of buffaloes feeding some distance ahead. Gliding up warily till I got within fifty yards, I gave one of them a bullet close to the region of the heart. This was not sufficient to bring the animal down, and off it lumbered. Following it up, we were soon once more at close quarters, with the result that a bullet from my Express passed through its shoulder. With the obstinacy and tenacity of life characteristic of its kind, however, it did not quietly succumb. I next tried it with a fair header. This obviously took effect, for after it had struggled forward some distance it lay down, clearly, as I thought, to die. My belief was quite correct, only I should not have disturbed its last moments. Concluding, very foolishly, that the buffalo was completely *hors de combat*, and that the game was mine, I, with the jaunty air of a conqueror, tucked my rifle under my arm, and proceeded to secure my prize. Brahim, with more sense, warned me that it was not finished yet; and indeed, if I had not been a fool—which the most sensible people will be sometimes—I might have concluded that with so much of the evil one in its nature the brute had still sufficient life to play me a mischief, for it still held its head erect and defiant, though we were unseen. Heedless of Brahim's admonition, I obstinately went forward, intending to give it its *quietus* at close quarters. I had got within six yards, and yet I remained unnoticed, the head of the buffalo being turned slightly from me, and I not making much noise. I was not destined to go much further. A step or two more and there was a rustling among some dead leaves. Simultaneously the buffalo's head turned in my direction. A ferocious, blood-curdling grunt instantly apprised me of the brute's resolution to be revenged. The next moment it was on its feet. Unprepared to fire, and completely taken by surprise, I had no time for thought. Instinctively I turned my back upon my infuriated enemy. As far as my re-

collections serve me, I had no feeling of fear while I was running away. I am almost confident that I was not putting my best foot foremost, and that I felt as if the whole affair was rather a well-played game. It was a game, however, that did not last long. I was aware of Bralim tearing away in front of me. There was a loud crashing behind me. Then something touched me on the thigh, and I was promptly propelled skyward.

My next recollection was finding myself lying dazed and bruised, with some hazy notion that I had better take care ! With this indefinite sense of something unusual I slowly and painfully raised my head, and lo ! there was the brutal avenger standing three yards off, watching his victim, but apparently disdaining to hoist an inert foe. I found I was lying with my head towards the buffalo. Strangely enough even then, though I was in what may be called the jaws of death, I had not the slightest sensation of dread ; only the electric thought flashed through my brain, " If he comes for me again I am a dead man." It almost seemed to me as if my thought roused the buffalo to action. Seeing signs of life in my hitherto inanimate body, he blew a terrible blast through his nostrils, and prepared to finish me off. Stunned and bruised as I was, I could make no fight for life. I simply dropped my head down among the grass in the vague hope that it might escape being pounded into jelly. Just at that moment a rifle-shot rang through the forest, which caused me to raise my head once more. With glad surprise I found the buffalo's tail presented to my delighted contemplation. Instinctively seizing the unexpected moment of grace, I with a terrible effort pulled myself together and staggered away a few steps. As I did so, I happened to put my hand down to my thigh, and there I felt something warm and wet ; exploring further, my fingers found their way into a big hole in my thigh. As I made this discovery there was quite a volley, and I saw my adversary drop dead.

I began to feel that I myself might now succumb in peace, and I nearly fainted away. Momentarily realizing, however, the dangerous nature of my wound, I succeeded, with an almost superhuman effort, in pulling off my trousers, and with my handkerchief tightly binding up the wound, from which the blood was gushing. I could then only smile reassuringly to Martin, and glide sweetly into a faint in his arms. Shortly after, I was able further to console my alarmed followers by returning to consciousness, and as the bleeding had now con-

and encouraging face, was fated to be a remarkable one. For a time it seemed as if I had reached the limits of my earthly existence as well as that of the year. The agreeable and piquant situation happened in this wise. I had resolved to shoot something, however tough, to replenish our larder for the due celebration of the day. With this object in view I had kept ahead of the caravan, accompanied by Brahim. We struggled for some three hours through long, unburnt grass, and open, scraggy forest, which clothed a rich, rolling country. At last we were rewarded by the sight of a couple of buffaloes feeding some distance ahead. Gliding up warily till I got within fifty yards, I gave one of them a bullet close to the region of the heart. This was not sufficient to bring the animal down, and off it lumbered. Following it up, we were soon once more at close quarters, with the result that a bullet from my Express passed through its shoulder. With the obstinacy and tenacity of life characteristic of its kind, however, it did not quietly succumb. I next tried it with a fair header. This obviously took effect, for after it had struggled forward some distance it lay down, clearly, as I thought, to die. My belief was quite correct, only I should not have disturbed its last moments. Concluding, very foolishly, that the buffalo was completely *hors de combat*, and that the game was mine, I, with the jaunty air of a conqueror, tucked my rifle under my arm, and proceeded to secure my prize. Brahim, with more sense, warned me that it was not finished yet; and indeed, if I had not been a fool—which the most sensible people will be sometimes—I might have concluded that with so much of the evil one in its nature the brute had still sufficient life to play me a mischief, for it still held its head erect and defiant, though we were unseen. Headless of Brahim's admonition, I obstinately went forward, intending to give it its *quietus* at close quarters. I had got within six yards, and yet I remained unnoticed, the head of the buffalo being turned slightly from me, and I not making much noise. I was not destined to go much further. A step or two more and there was a rustling among some dead leaves. Simultaneously the buffalo's head turned in my direction. A ferocious, blood-curdling grunt instantly apprised me of the brute's resolution to be revenged. The next moment it was on its feet. Unprepared to fire, and completely taken by surprise, I had no time for thought. Instinctively I turned my back upon my infuriated enemy. As far as my re-

collections serve me, I had no feeling of fear while I was running away. I am almost confident that I was not putting my best foot foremost, and that I felt as if the whole affair was rather a well-played game. It was a game, however, that did not last long. I was aware of Bralim tearing away in front of me. There was a loud crashing behind me. Then something touched me on the thigh, and I was promptly propelled skyward.

My next recollection was finding myself lying dazed and bruised, with some hazy notion that I had better take care! With this indefinite sense of something unusual I slowly and painfully raised my head, and lo! there was the brutal avenger standing three yards off, watching his victim, but apparently disdaining to hoist an inert foe. I found I was lying with my head towards the buffalo. Strangely enough even then, though I was in what may be called the jaws of death, I had not the slightest sensation of dread; only the electric thought flashed through my brain, "If he comes for me again I am a dead man." It almost seemed to me as if my thought roused the buffalo to action. Seeing signs of life in my hitherto inanimate body, he blew a terrible blast through his nostrils, and prepared to finish me off. Stunned and bruised as I was, I could make no fight for life. I simply dropped my head down among the grass in the vague hope that it might escape being pounded into jelly. Just at that moment a rifle-shot rang through the forest, which caused me to raise my head once more. With glad surprise I found the buffalo's tail presented to my delighted contemplation. Instinctively seizing the unexpected moment of grace, I with a terrible effort pulled myself together and staggered away a few steps. As I did so, I happened to put my hand down to my thigh, and there I felt something warm and wet; exploring further, my fingers found their way into a big hole in my thigh. As I made this discovery there was quite a volley, and I saw my adversary drop dead.

I began to feel that I myself might now succumb in peace, and I nearly fainted away. Momentarily realizing, however, the dangerous nature of my wound, I succeeded, with an almost superhuman effort, in pulling off my trousers, and with my handkerchief tightly binding up the wound, from which the blood was gushing. I could then only smile reassuringly to Martin, and glide sweetly into a faint in his arms. Shortly after, I was able further to console my alarmed followers by returning to consciousness, and as the bleeding had now con-



siderably abated, I could let them take off my boots, which were filled with blood. To show that the accident was not worth speaking about, I attempted to walk a few steps, but again nearly fainted. I now learned that I had gone up in the most beautiful style, my hat going off in one direction and my rifle in another as if I was showering favours on an admiring crowd below. I must have come down on my side, as I was seriously bruised along the face and ribs. For a time I thought some of the ribs were broken. This, however, proved not to be the case. The curious thing is that I have no recollection of anything after feeling myself touched on the thigh by the buffalo's horn. I did not even feel myself fall. With regard to my unconsciousness of fear on finding myself *vis-à-vis* with the maddened and deadly animal, I can only imagine that I must have been in a manner mesmerized, and in the condition described by Livingstone when he found himself under a lion.

On examining my wound, which did not pain me much, I found that one horn had penetrated nearly six inches into my thigh, grazing the bone, and just reaching the skin several inches above. The wound was thus more of the nature of a stab than a rent or rupture, and if it should prove that there had been nothing poisonous on the horn, I should, with the constitution I had, have nothing to fear. The horns proved to be both massive and beautiful, the curves being exquisitely graceful, and I duly enjoyed the sight of them as I bade farewell to the old year with suitable regrets (conventional) that I was not to vanish with him, and drank to the hopeful new year in deep libations of buffalo soup. Through the sleepless watches of the night I was far from unhappy, as I pictured to myself the yearly family gathering far away in Scotland, and reflected that on the succeeding year I should have a proper story to tell them. I laughed heartily as I imagined to myself the queer differences in our respective positions—they enjoying them themselves with the good cheer of the paternal home, doubtless not forgetful of me; while I was wishing them the compliments of the season in soup of an animal which a few hours before had nearly killed me.

Thus ended the year 1883, and as a souvenir of the day, I have much pleasure in presenting to the sympathizing reader an engraving of the horns of the buffalo, which, it may be added, are three feet eight inches in a straight line from curve to curve.

New Year's morning found me little better than an animated log, though marvellously quick to the touch. My exposure in



THE BISON TRAMPS A MAN.

siderably abated, I could let them take off my boots, which were filled with blood. To show that the accident was not worth speaking about, I attempted to walk a few steps, but again nearly fainted. I now learned that I had gone up in the most beautiful style, my hat going off in one direction and my rifle in another as if I was showering favours on an admiring crowd below. I must have come down on my side, as I was seriously bruised along the face and ribs. For a time I thought some of the ribs were broken. This, however, proved not to be the case. The curious thing is that I have no recollection of anything after feeling myself touched on the thigh by the buffalo's horn. I did not even feel myself fall. With regard to my unconsciousness of fear on finding myself *vis-à-vis* with the maddened and deadly animal, I can only imagine that I must have been in a manner mesmerized, and in the condition described by Livingstone when he found himself under a lion.

On examining my wound, which did not pain me much, I found that one horn had penetrated nearly six inches into my thigh, grazing the bone, and just reaching the skin several inches above. The wound was thus more of the nature of a stab than a rent or rupture, and if it should prove that there had been nothing poisonous on the horn, I should, with the constitution I had, have nothing to fear. The horns proved to be both massive and beautiful, the curves being exquisitely graceful, and I duly enjoyed the sight of them as I bade farewell to the old year with suitable regrets (conventional) that I was not to vanish with him, and drank to the hopeful new year in deep libations of buffalo soup. Through the sleepless watches of the night I was far from unhappy, as I pictured to myself the yearly family gathering far away in Scotland, and reflected that on the succeeding year I should have a proper story to tell them. I laughed heartily as I imagined to myself the queer differences in our respective positions—they enjoying them themselves with the good cheer of the paternal home, doubtless not forgetful of me; while I was wishing them the compliments of the season in soup of an animal which a few hours before had nearly killed me.

Thus ended the year 1883, and as a souvenir of the day, I have much pleasure in presenting to the sympathizing reader an engraving of the horns of the buffalo, which, it may be added, are three feet eight inches in a straight line from curve to curve.

New Year's morning found me little better than an animated log, though marvellously quick to the touch. My exposure in

the open air after being wounded had resulted in a rheumatic affection of the shoulders, hips, and knees which rendered me so helpless that I could not stir without assistance, and I had actually to be fed. But this was no time to indulge in the luxury of being nursed. I was in an uninhabited wilderness, and move on we must. Martin had constructed a stretcher of sticks on the previous day, and thereon I had to submit to the humiliation of being carried—the first time that I had ever sunk so low. I concluded, however, that, everything considered, my situation was not so very bad after all. I could not but smile at the jocularities of my men, who were literally quarrelling to have the honour of being my carriers—a striking change from the time when they were the mere off-scourings of Zanzibar villany, and required to be driven like a slave caravan with language more forcible than elegant, and with the frequent application of the birch. They were now elevated to the *status* of men and brothers, and their enthusiasm to do work sometimes required to be restrained. The carriers dubbed me “Our dollars,” and continually incited each other with delightfully expressive freedom to “Hurry up with our dollars!” “Look alive there!” (one would shout to his fellow); “do you mean to leave our *piece* in the wilderness?” No! it was quite clear that I would not be left to die as long as they could hold up a hand! But my smiles at these curious exclamations were not unmixed with frowns, when I thought of the deep meaning underlying their allusion to me as their dollars—an allusion fraught with dishonour to the English name, rarely before sullied in East Africa. It has occurred at least once in the recent history of travel in that region, that the death of a leader meant the entire loss to the porters of their wages, honourably and arduously earned.

It had been my intention to ascend the high range of Chib-charagnani, both to determine its height and to get an extended view away north towards Elgumi. This, of course, proved to be out of the question, now that I had to be carried along helpless—and no mean weight I was; for at that time, though somewhat pulled down by the fever, I was in very respectable condition. We were forced, therefore, to content ourselves with skirting its base—a trying enough matter with the number of streams flowing to the Nzoia.

My wound meanwhile rapidly improved with no other medicine than pure cold water, and neither inflammation nor suppuration set in. By the 4th of January I was able to hobble a little bit in the evening.

On the 7th we reached the forest belt which caps the edge of the plateau of Guas' Ngishu, and we found ourselves somewhat in a quandary. To traverse that dense and gloomy tract without a road was simply impossible, except by spending days in cutting, to bring ourselves to the edge of the Elgeyo precipice. We knew there were only two places where the descent could be made, and we were now looking for the one which leads into the district of Maragwet. At this juncture we were overjoyed to meet an Andorobbo hunter, who promised for a consideration to convey us to our destination. We at once showered presents of senengè and beads upon him, and joyfully followed him. Meanwhile the country was so hilly and the pathway so narrow, that I was constrained to mount my donkey "*Nil Desperandum*" (alias Dick). We did not follow our guide far, for



HORNS OF THE BUFFALO.

he presently gave us the slip, and we found our progress cut short at the end of a *cul-de-sac*.

We duly anathematized the treacherous scoundrel; but there was nothing for us except to retreat. We now threw the reins upon the neck of circumstances, and in the spirit of pure venture we struck away north, vaguely hoping for some lucky accident to lead us out of our difficulties. For a time we knocked around aimlessly; but at last we struck upon a trace of a former pathway, which seemed to lead in the required direction. Into this we at once plunged, a dozen men leading the way to cut down all obstructions, in the shape of overhanging branches, creepers, &c., as I had to sit like a log on the donkey. We were pleased to find that the path did not end quickly, and we followed it with rising hopes. I got some terrible wrenches on the donkey, how-

the open air after being wounded had resulted in a rheumatic affection of the shoulders, hips, and knees which rendered me so helpless that I could not stir without assistance, and I had actually to be fed. But this was no time to indulge in the luxury of being nursed. I was in an uninhabited wilderness, and move on we must. Martin had constructed a stretcher of sticks on the previous day, and thereon I had to submit to the humiliation of being carried—the first time that I had ever sunk so low. I concluded, however, that, everything considered, my situation was not so very bad after all. I could not but smile at the jocularities of my men, who were literally quarrelling to have the honour of being my carriers—a striking change from the time when they were the mere off-scourings of Zanzibar villany, and required to be driven like a slave caravan with language more forcible than elegant, and with the frequent application of the birch. They were now elevated to the *status* of men and brothers, and their enthusiasm to do work sometimes required to be restrained. The carriers dubbed me “Our dollars,” and continually incited each other with delightfully expressive freedom to “Hurry up with our dollars!” “Look alive there!” (one would shout to his fellow); “do you mean to leave our *pice* in the wilderness?” No! it was quite clear that I would not be left to die as long as they could hold up a hand! But my smiles at these curious exclamations were not unmixed with frowns, when I thought of the deep meaning underlying their allusion to me as their dollars—an allusion fraught with dishonour to the English name, rarely before sullied in East Africa. It has occurred at least once in the recent history of travel in that region, that the death of a leader meant the entire loss to the porters of their wages, honourably and arduously earned.

It had been my intention to ascend the high range of Chib-charagnani, both to determine its height and to get an extended view away north towards Elgumi. This, of course, proved to be out of the question, now that I had to be carried along helpless—and no mean weight I was; for at that time, though somewhat pulled down by the fever, I was in very respectable condition. We were forced, therefore, to content ourselves with skirting its base—a trying enough matter with the number of streams flowing to the Nzoia.

My wound meanwhile rapidly improved with no other medicine than pure cold water, and neither inflammation nor suppuration set in. By the 4th of January I was able to hobble a little bit in the evening.

On the 7th we reached the forest belt which caps the edge of the plateau of Guas' Ngishu, and we found ourselves somewhat in a quandary. To traverse that dense and gloomy tract without a road was simply impossible, except by spending days in cutting, to bring ourselves to the edge of the Elgeyo precipice. We knew there were only two places where the descent could be made, and we were now looking for the one which leads into the district of Maragwet. At this juncture we were overjoyed to meet an Andorobbo hunter, who promised for a consideration to convey us to our destination. We at once showered presents of senengè and beads upon him, and joyfully followed him. Meanwhile the country was so hilly and the pathway so narrow, that I was constrained to mount my donkey "Nil Desperandum" (alias Dick). We did not follow our guide far, for



HORNS OF THE BUFFALO.

he presently gave us the slip, and we found our progress cut short at the end of a *cul-de-sac*.

We duly anathematized the treacherous scoundrel; but there was nothing for us except to retreat. We now threw the reins upon the neck of circumstances, and in the spirit of pure venture we struck away north, vaguely hoping for some lucky accident to lead us out of our difficulties. For a time we knocked around aimlessly; but at last we struck upon a trace of a former pathway, which seemed to lead in the required direction. Into this we at once plunged, a dozen men leading the way to cut down all obstructions, in the shape of overhanging branches, creepers, &c., as I had to sit like a log on the donkey. We were pleased to find that the path did not end quickly, and we followed it with rising hopes. I got some terrible wrenches on the donkey, he

ever, and nearly met the fate of Absalom on various trees. Once I was placed in extreme jeopardy in descending a slippery place, the donkey being attacked by ants, which drove it nearly mad. The excited animal required the combined efforts of two men at its head and two at its tail to bring it to a stop and allow me to be rescued.

After mid-day we reached the edge of the escarpment, and I commenced to move down in a painful manner. Finally at 1 p.m. we reached the upper limits of cultivation, and camped in a grove of wild bananas, by a purling rill. We were greatly pleased to learn that our Mombasa friend Moran, with his colleague Hamis, was in our immediate vicinity, hunting up ivory. Next morning we moved down to their camp, and here we stayed a couple of days to give my wound a better chance of healing than it had yet got.

Resuming our way, we were almost baffled in our attempt to descend, owing to the excessive steepness of the way, and the loose blocks which strewed the face of the mountain. I here noticed the employment of canals for irrigation, on a larger scale than in Teita, many of them being conveyed with surprising judgment along the most unexpected places. We contrived to make the descent without accident, and the men camped beside one of the artificial canals employed to bring the water from a great distance, to irrigate the ground at the base. In camping here, we found we had simply delivered ourselves into the hands of the Philistines. The natives at once put the screw upon us to extort a large hongo. Seeing us hesitate, they quietly retired, and the water with them—for they could easily divert it in its upper course. This was quite sufficient to produce the desired effect. We humbly paid up; and immediately, as if a modern rod of Moses had struck the rock, the water began to flow.

Leaving Maragwet, we skirted the base of the escarpment through horrid thorn-bushes, which speedily tore my trousers to tatters, while my legs bled profusely. In six hours we reached the Wēi-wēi, and camped.

Then we pushed on to the western base of Kamasia. Here one of my men had a very narrow escape from a puff adder. He nearly sat down on it before he knew it, and only saved himself by going off like a rocket. On killing it, we found the fangs to be two inches long, curved, and sharp as a needle.

We next moved on to our old camp at Kapte. There I

left Makatubu and the great majority of the men to collect food for our homeward march, while I went on to Baringo to see that all was well with the main body of my caravan. I left orders with Makatubu not to return till every man had a load of food and ten days' personal rations besides.

Our first march took us across the mountains, and our second to Baringo, where I had the satisfaction of finding everything right, with the exception that one man had died.

The elephant-hunters left by Jumba had met with two accidents, one of them having ended fatally. In the one case a wounded elephant had turned and caught its tormenter and shaken him about as a dog would a rat, and then thrown him aside breathless and nearly dead. In the other the same thing had occurred, but the man was killed outright. Strangest thing of all, the unfortunate man's gun was never found, though several days were spent in search of the valuable article, and the only conclusion that could be arrived at was that the elephant had carried it off to the mountains. The other men had been more fortunate, and had shot some elephants with fine tusks, several being considerably over 100 lbs. each.

The temperature proved to be much warmer now, indicating an approach to the wet season. No rain, however, had fallen, and everything was burnt up till the grass crumbled into powder under our feet, and the rich *alluvium* was cut up in all directions by yawning rents, which made it dangerous work hunting. In consequence of the warmer nights we were now very much annoyed with mosquitoes, which swarmed about us. When the actual rains do commence, the country is said to be almost unendurable, and the Wa-kwafi declare that they are utterly unable to sleep and have to spend the night beside bonfires, dancing. The possibility of this queer plight I soon demonstrated, though not much to my satisfaction. On one or two occasions on which I ventured near the marshy flats around the lake towards evening, in search of game, I was soon jumping vigorously to a naughty tune—but not for the fun of the thing. I had to flee precipitately.

For several days after my return to Baringo, I occupied myself taking a series of observations to determine my longitude and latitude, though under considerable difficulties, as my partially-healed wound was not conducive to the calm study of astronomical phenomena where a sitting posture was required.

ever, and nearly met the fate of Absalom on various trees. Once I was placed in extreme jeopardy in descending a slippery place, the donkey being attacked by ants, which drove it nearly mad. The excited animal required the combined efforts of two men at its head and two at its tail to bring it to a stop and allow me to be rescued.

After mid-day we reached the edge of the escarpment, and I commenced to move down in a painful manner. Finally at 1 p.m. we reached the upper limits of cultivation, and camped in a grove of wild bananas, by a purling rill. We were greatly pleased to learn that our Mombasa friend Moran, with his colleague Hamis, was in our immediate vicinity, hunting up ivory. Next morning we moved down to their camp, and here we stayed a couple of days to give my wound a better chance of healing than it had yet got.

Resuming our way, we were almost baffled in our attempt to descend, owing to the excessive steepness of the way, and the loose blocks which strewed the face of the mountain. I here noticed the employment of canals for irrigation, on a larger scale than in Teita, many of them being conveyed with surprising judgment along the most unexpected places. We contrived to make the descent without accident, and the men camped beside one of the artificial canals employed to bring the water from a great distance, to irrigate the ground at the base. In camping here, we found we had simply delivered ourselves into the hands of the Philistines. The natives at once put the screw upon us to extort a large hongo. Seeing us hesitate, they quietly retired, and the water with them—for they could easily divert it in its upper course. This was quite sufficient to produce the desired effect. We humbly paid up; and immediately, as if a modern rod of Moses had struck the rock, the water began to flow.

Leaving Maragwet, we skirted the base of the escarpment through horrid thorn-bushes, which speedily tore my trousers to tatters, while my legs bled profusely. In six hours we reached the Wëi-wëi, and camped.

Then we pushed on to the western base of Kamasia. Here one of my men had a very narrow escape from a puff adder. He nearly sat down on it before he knew it, and only saved himself by going off like a rocket. On killing it, we found the fangs to be two inches long, curved, and sharp as a needle.

We next moved on to our old camp at Kapte. There I

left Makatubu and the great majority of the men to collect food for our homeward march, while I went on to Baringo to see that all was well with the main body of my caravan. I left orders with Makatubu not to return till every man had a load of food and ten days' personal rations besides.

Our first march took us across the mountains, and our second to Baringo, where I had the satisfaction of finding everything right, with the exception that one man had died.

The elephant-hunters left by Jumba had met with two accidents, one of them having ended fatally. In the one case a wounded elephant had turned and caught its tormenter and shaken him about as a dog would a rat, and then thrown him aside breathless and nearly dead. In the other the same thing had occurred, but the man was killed outright. Strangest thing of all, the unfortunate man's gun was never found, though several days were spent in search of the valuable article, and the only conclusion that could be arrived at was that the elephant had carried it off to the mountains. The other men had been more fortunate, and had shot some elephants with fine tusks, several being considerably over 100 lbs. each.

The temperature proved to be much warmer now, indicating an approach to the wet season. No rain, however, had fallen, and everything was burnt up till the grass crumbled into powder under our feet, and the rich *alluvium* was cut up in all directions by yawning rents, which made it dangerous work hunting. In consequence of the warmer nights we were now very much annoyed with mosquitoes, which swarmed about us. When the actual rains do commence, the country is said to be almost unendurable, and the Wa-kwafi declare that they are utterly unable to sleep and have to spend the night beside bonfires, dancing. The possibility of this queer plight I soon demonstrated, though not much to my satisfaction. On one or two occasions on which I ventured near the marshy flats around the lake towards evening, in search of game, I was soon jumping vigorously to a naughty tune—but not for the fun of the thing. I had to flee precipitately.

For several days after my return to Baringo, I occupied myself taking a series of observations to determine my longitude and latitude, though under considerable difficulties, as my partially-healed wound was not conducive to the calm study of astronomical phenomena where a sitting posture was required.

At last, however, towards the end of the month, I had the satisfaction of finding the wound quite closed, and only a nasty stiffness remaining, which did not improve the elegance of my walking. This allowed me to go out and shoot several waterbuck to add to our small stock of food, as none could be got either at Njemps or Kamasia.

The Wa-kwafi of Njemps indeed were at a very sad pass, and were glad to eat rats or any unclean thing—a strange falling off from the original strict dietary of the Masai, which allows of neither fish nor feathered creature, nor even any wild animal. Their shambas, or plantations, were now well prepared for the reception of the seed, and it only required water to yield an abundant crop. The rains, however, could not be depended upon, or were so brief in duration as to be insufficient, hence the people had to fall back upon the waters of the Guaso Tigrish.

One night I was awakened by hearing great singing and dancing, as if the best of fun was going on in the village across the river. Thinking that it was only a man dead, and that they were about to hand him over to the hyenas outside, I was settling down to sleep again, when I was made aware that the revellers were moving along the river banks. Then they stopped and howled for about an hour to Ngäi. This done, they were addressed by some of the elders, and finally they crossed the stream and proceeded up its course. The singing had been a prayer to Ngäi to assist in the damming up of the stream for the purpose of spreading its waters into their fields. This operation occupied them several days. Their efforts were finally crowned with success, and the canals overflowed with their life-giving fluid.

At this time I was so fortunate as to meet several members of a tribe to the north, known as the Wa-sük. They were strong-boned, ugly-looking fellows, though their heads were not markedly negroid. They went absolutely naked, if we except a very small bit of kid-skin ornamented with beads, worn by one of them like a bib. A piece of flat brass hung from the lower lip of each, and must have been both painful and awkward to the wearer. The most remarkable feature, of the Wa-sük, however, was the manner in which they dressed their hair. By some process, which I have never been able to fathom, they work their hair into the shape of a bag, pointed somewhat at the bottom, having a piece of horn curling round and upwards as a termination. By some glutinous preparation the hair is worked into a solid mass,

resembling in texture a cross-cut of unpolished ebony-wood. The entrance to this remarkable bag was from beneath, the hand requiring to be passed backward over the shoulder. In this they placed all their small articles, beads, &c.

The Wa-sūk are described as very warlike, and generally quite a match for the Masai, in whose country they frequently make raids. They have, indeed, compelled the Masai to retire from the northern part of Lykipia. They occupy a magnificent and picturesque range of mountains, which lie across the central depression some thirty miles



NATIVES OF SŪK ON A VISIT TO NJEMPS.

north of Baringo. They keep cattle, sheep, and goats, but also cultivate the soil. It is said that they build no huts, unless we reckon as such a rude gathering of stones sufficient to enclose a couple of people. In wet weather they squat inside these roofless structures, sheltering themselves under dressed hides—certainly the most primitive mode of living imaginable, if the description is really true (of which I can give no guarantee). Their language is allied distantly to the Masai, and they doubtless form a connecting link between the latter race and the Nile tribes.

At last, however, towards the end of the month, I had the satisfaction of finding the wound quite closed, and only a nasty stiffness remaining, which did not improve the elegance of my walking. This allowed me to go out and shoot several waterbuck to add to our small stock of food, as none could be got either at Njemps or Kamasia.

The Wa-kwafi of Njemps indeed were at a very sad pass, and were glad to eat rats or any unclean thing—a strange falling off from the original strict dietary of the Masai, which allows of neither fish nor feathered creature, nor even any wild animal. Their shambas, or plantations, were now well prepared for the reception of the seed, and it only required water to yield an abundant crop. The rains, however, could not be depended upon, or were so brief in duration as to be insufficient, hence the people had to fall back upon the waters of the Guaso Tigrish.

One night I was awakened by hearing great singing and dancing, as if the best of fun was going on in the village across the river. Thinking that it was only a man dead, and that they were about to hand him over to the hyenas outside, I was settling down to sleep again, when I was made aware that the revellers were moving along the river banks. Then they stopped and howled for about an hour to Ngăi. This done, they were addressed by some of the elders, and finally they crossed the stream and proceeded up its course. The singing had been a prayer to Ngăi to assist in the damming up of the stream for the purpose of spreading its waters into their fields. This operation occupied them several days. Their efforts were finally crowned with success, and the canals overflowed with their life-giving fluid.

At this time I was so fortunate as to meet several members of a tribe to the north, known as the Wa-sūk. They were strong-boned, ugly-looking fellows, though their heads were not markedly negroid. They went absolutely naked, if we except a very small bit of kid-skin ornamented with beads, worn by one of them like a bib. A piece of flat brass hung from the lower lip of each, and must have been both painful and awkward to the wearer. The most remarkable feature, of the Wa-sūk, however, was the manner in which they dressed their hair. By some process, which I have never been able to fathom, they work their hair into the shape of a bag, pointed somewhat at the bottom, having a piece of horn curling round and upwards as a termination. By some *glutinous* preparation the hair is worked into a solid mass,

resembling in texture a cross-cut of unpolished ebony-wood. The entrance to this remarkable bag was from beneath, the hand requiring to be passed backward over the shoulder. In this they placed all their small articles, beads, &c.

The Wa-sūk are described as very warlike, and generally quite a match for the Masai, in whose country they frequently make raids. They have, indeed, compelled the Masai to retire from the northern part of Lykipia. They occupy a magnificent and picturesque range of mountains, which lie across the central depression some thirty miles



NATIVES OF SŪK ON A VISIT TO NJEMPS.

north of Baringo. They keep cattle, sheep, and goats, but also cultivate the soil. It is said that they build no huts, unless we reckon as such a rude gathering of stones sufficient to enclose a couple of people. In wet weather they squat inside these roofless structures, sheltering themselves under dressed hides—certainly the most primitive mode of living imaginable, if the description is really true (of which I can give no guarantee). Their language is allied distantly to the Masai, and they doubtless form a connecting link between the latter race and the Nile tribes.

Beyond the Sūk country is that of Engobot, only a few years ago opened up to coast trade. Then come about eighty miles of uninhabited forest, in which elephants are said to swarm unmolested and their ivory to rot untouched—for the people of the surrounding region have no trading relations with any one, and do not know the value of that precious article. A tusk worth 150*l.* in England may be picked up for nothing, or bought from any native for a pennyworth of beads.

Jumba Kimameta, as I learned afterwards, was the first to cross this pathless region. He reached Elgumi beyond, which he found to be a country with a dense population ready to sell donkeys for a few strings of beads, a goat for one string, a tusk of ivory for two or three strings, and great baskets of food at corresponding prices. He found the natives ornamented with beads such as are not known among traders, and which must have found their way thither at some very ancient period. The women wore only a very small skin appendage as a dress, and the men only a band of beads. Near the furthest point Jumba reached, the people spoke of a great salt lake on which were boats, and said that from that direction they had heard of guns, though they had never seen them. They brought the traders flour made from the fruit of the hyphené palm.

From the various accounts I concluded that the escarpment of Elgeyo extends indefinitely northward, though with a westerly trend, marking off, without a doubt, the eastern watershed of the Sobat and smaller tributaries of the Nile.

Then from some Wa-kwafi, who arrived from Samburu while I was at Baringo, I learned that the Lykipia range or escarpment also extends away north by east beyond Nyiro, and probably forms the eastern side of the great Lake Samburu. This lake they described as from twenty to thirty miles broad; but its length they knew not, as they had never seen the northern end. They further spoke of it as lying between mountains several thousands of feet high, though the water does not quite reach their base, and there Wa-kwafi dwell. They say that the water is salt, and has surprising numbers of enormous *white* fish, with crocodiles and hippopotami. The natives have no canoes.

Doubtless the eastern mountains extend even further north till they meet those of Southern Abyssinia, and form the watershed of the still mysterious Jüb River. The lake depression of Naivasha and Baringo would thus appear to

extend north, though gradually widening out, and to enclose the extensive area which includes Samburu and another large lake, the Sūk country, and Elgumi. It is probably a great plain with numerous large volcanic mountains and isolated ranges, from which descend various streams to irrigate the lower parts, and there die out or flow into the neighbouring lakes.

We may put the general level of the country at from 4000 to 5000 feet, excluding the mountains; and doubtless, like the great Masai plain to the south of Naivasha, it has no communication either with the Nile tributaries or with the Jüb. Clearly there is a region of great interest and importance here, the exploration of which will be a rich reward to the adventuresome traveller; and I can only say I shall envy the man who is first in the field.

A few words may now be said about the hitherto mysterious Lake Baringo. This sheet of water has long been heard of. It has been a delightful bone of contention between the geographers at home, who have delighted to draw it in various phases with the large and liberal hand characteristic of those who are guided by their inner consciousness and a theoretic eye. Sometimes it was comparable to the Nyanza in size; at other times it had no existence. Then it knocked around the map a bit, being at one time tacked on to Victoria Nyanza, and anon separated from it, or only connected by a thin watery line. After all this shuttlecock work, what is the truth about it? Well, it proves to be an isolated basin of no great size, but exquisitely charming, with its pretty isles, which look like a central big emerald surrounded by smaller topazes, and set in burnished silver. And then how sunnily it smiles up at its great parents, the shaggy overhanging masses of Kamasia and Lykipia, whose upper cloud-sucking heights collect the rain, and send it down with delightful nature-music, dancing and leaping! In extreme length the lake is 18 miles, and in breadth 10 miles.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable facts about it is the large amount of water it receives, even in the dry season, without rising in level to any extent, or finding an outlet. It is hardly conceivable that on such a small area the evaporation is sufficient to preserve the equilibrium. Even in the very driest part of the season, no less than five streams of considerable dimensions flow into it, and in the wet season two, if not three, more. The volume in the wet season must be very great, and yet the level of the lake rises extremely

Beyond the Sūk country is that of Engobot, only a few years ago opened up to coast trade. Then come about eighty miles of uninhabited forest, in which elephants are said to swarm unmolested and their ivory to rot untouched—for the people of the surrounding region have no trading relations with any one, and do not know the value of that precious article. A tusk worth 150*l.* in England may be picked up for nothing, or bought from any native for a pennyworth of beads.

Jumba Kimameta, as I learned afterwards, was the first to cross this pathless region. He reached Elgumi beyond, which he found to be a country with a dense population ready to sell donkeys for a few strings of beads, a goat for one string, a tusk of ivory for two or three strings, and great baskets of food at corresponding prices. He found the natives ornamented with beads such as are not known among traders, and which must have found their way thither at some very ancient period. The women wore only a very small skin appendage as a dress, and the men only a band of beads. Near the furthest point Jumba reached, the people spoke of a great salt lake on which were boats, and said that from that direction they had heard of guns, though they had never seen them. They brought the traders flour made from the fruit of the hyphené palm.

From the various accounts I concluded that the escarpment of Elgeyo extends indefinitely northward, though with a westerly trend, marking off, without a doubt, the eastern watershed of the Sobat and smaller tributaries of the Nile.

Then from some Wa-kwafi, who arrived from Samburu while I was at Baringo, I learned that the Lykipia range or escarpment also extends away north by east beyond Nyiro, and probably forms the eastern side of the great Lake Samburu. This lake they described as from twenty to thirty miles broad; but its length they knew not, as they had never seen the northern end. They further spoke of it as lying between mountains several thousands of feet high, though the water does not quite reach their base, and there Wa-kwafi dwell. They say that the water is salt, and has surprising numbers of enormous *white* fish, with crocodiles and hippopotami. The natives have no canoes.

Doubtless the eastern mountains extend even further north till they meet those of Southern Abyssinia, and form the watershed of the still mysterious Jūb River. The lake depression of Naivasha and Baringo would thus appear to

extend north, though gradually widening out, and to enclose the extensive area which includes Samburu and another large lake, the Sūk country, and Elgumi. It is probably a great plain with numerous large volcanic mountains and isolated ranges, from which descend various streams to irrigate the lower parts, and there die out or flow into the neighbouring lakes.

We may put the general level of the country at from 4000 to 5000 feet, excluding the mountains; and doubtless, like the great Masai plain to the south of Naivasha, it has no communication either with the Nile tributaries or with the Jūb. Clearly there is a region of great interest and importance here, the exploration of which will be a rich reward to the adventuresome traveller; and I can only say I shall envy the man who is first in the field.

A few words may now be said about the hitherto mysterious Lake Baringo. This sheet of water has long been heard of. It has been a delightful bone of contention between the geographers at home, who have delighted to draw it in various phases with the large and liberal hand characteristic of those who are guided by their inner consciousness and a theoretic eye. Sometimes it was comparable to the Nyanza in size; at other times it had no existence. Then it knocked around the map a bit, being at one time tacked on to Victoria Nyanza, and anon separated from it, or only connected by a thin watery line. After all this shuttlecock work, what is the truth about it? Well, it proves to be an isolated basin of no great size, but exquisitely charming, with its pretty isles, which look like a central big emerald surrounded by smaller topazes, and set in burnished silver. And then how sunnily it smiles up at its great parents, the shaggy overhanging masses of Kamasia and Lykipia, whose upper cloud-sucking heights collect the rain, and send it down with delightful nature-music, dancing and leaping! In extreme length the lake is 18 miles, and in breadth 10 miles.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable facts about it is the large amount of water it receives, even in the dry season, without rising in level to any extent, or finding an outlet. It is hardly conceivable that on such a small area the evaporation is sufficient to preserve the equilibrium. Even in the very driest part of the season, no less than five streams of considerable dimensions flow into it, and in the wet season two, if not three, more. The volume in the wet season must be very great, and yet the level of the lake rises extremely

little, probably not more than two feet. To make the puzzle more complete, the water is quite sweet, and harbours enormous numbers of fish, with some crocodiles (where can they have come from?) and hippopotami. It would almost seem as if there must be a subterranean outlet.

The central island is known as Kirwan, and is inhabited by Wa-kwafi, who cultivate the soil, and have cattle, sheep, and goats. They go backwards and forwards in small canoes of the most ideal type. They are formed to hold only one man or two boys, and are composed of a remarkable light mimosa-



GAZELLA THOMSONI.

wood, found growing round the lake in marshy places. It seems to be as light as cork. The component parts of the canoe are simply tied together in their rough state. I tried to get ferried over to the island, but the islanders believed I wanted to bewitch the place, and point-blank refused to take me.

Baringo does not seem to have been formed by the piling up of *débris* across the trough, as is the case with Naivasha. It appears rather to have been brought into existence by a secondary subsidence of the depression. On looking down

upon it at various times from a height, the thought was continually suggested to me that Kirwan was the upper part of the cone of a volcano which had disappeared by sinking below the level of the surrounding country, forming, in consequence, a receptacle for its waters. This, of course, is only a notion—though without a doubt subsidence is the explanation of Baringo's existence.

At the north end the most remarkable evidence of recent volcanic activity is to be seen in the block-strewn ground, presenting one of the most trying bits of country to traverse I have ever encountered. The angular slags and scoriaceous fragments are so unchanged and fresh-looking, that they seem to be the volcanic product of the day before. I have been on Vesuvius and seen the lava flow out, and fragments and stones piled up; and to me the resemblance to both in the phenomena of Baringo was marvellously striking. At the south end there are numerous hot springs, which speak eloquently, if other evidence was needed, of the recent potency of the volcanic forces. At one time Baringo must have extended much further south—quite ten miles—but seems to have been silted up by the enormous quantity of mud brought from the mountains. Even yet a considerable area is occupied by a marsh fed by several streams and springs on their way to Baringo.

CHAPTER XIII.

SPORT AT BARINGO AND JOURNEY COASTWARD.

At the end of January, Makatubu turned up from Kamasia. He brought, however, considerably less food than was needed for a prolonged stay at Baringo and a return through the Masai country. As my wound was now quite healed I would have resumed our march at once; but I felt I was in honour bound not to desert the few old traders left by Jumba. These were beginning to be anxious about his non-appearance, as all sorts of rumours were in the air about fearful massacres and fights. Under the circumstances I could do no other than wait some time, even though our stores and supplies were getting perilously near an end.

In order to fill up the time there, I resolved to explore the country to the north of Baringo, and, if possible, indulge

little, probably not more than two feet. To make the puzzle more complete, the water is quite sweet, and harbours enormous numbers of fish, with some crocodiles (where can they have come from ?) and hippopotami. It would almost seem as if there must be a subterranean outlet.

The central island is known as Kirwan, and is inhabited by Wa-kwafi, who cultivate the soil, and have cattle, sheep, and goats. They go backwards and forwards in small canoes of the most ideal type. They are formed to hold only one man or two boys, and are composed of a remarkable light mimosa-



GAZELLA THOMSONI.

wood, found growing round the lake in marshy places. It seems to be as light as cork. The component parts of the canoe are simply tied together in their rough state. I tried to get ferried over to the island, but the islanders believed I wanted to bewitch the place, and point-blank refused to take me.

Baringo does not seem to have been formed by the piling up of *débris* across the trough, as is the case with Naivasha. It appears rather to have been brought into existence by a secondary subsidence of the depression. On looking down

upon it at various times from a height, the thought was continually suggested to me that Kirwan was the upper part of the cone of a volcano which had disappeared by sinking below the level of the surrounding country, forming, in consequence, a receptacle for its waters. This, of course, is only a notion—though without a doubt subsidence is the explanation of Baringo's existence.

At the north end the most remarkable evidence of recent volcanic activity is to be seen in the block-strewn ground, presenting one of the most trying bits of country to traverse I have ever encountered. The angular slags and scoriaceous fragments are so unchanged and fresh-looking, that they seem to be the volcanic product of the day before. I have been on Vesuvius and seen the lava flow out, and fragments and stones piled up; and to me the resemblance to both in the phenomena of Baringo was marvellously striking. At the south end there are numerous hot springs, which speak eloquently, if other evidence was needed, of the recent potency of the volcanic forces. At one time Baringo must have extended much further south—quite ten miles—but seems to have been silted up by the enormous quantity of mud brought from the mountains. Even yet a considerable area is occupied by a marsh fed by several streams and springs on their way to Baringo.

CHAPTER XIII.

SPORT AT BARINGO AND JOURNEY COASTWARD.

At the end of January, Makatubu turned up from Kamasia. He brought, however, considerably less food than was needed for a prolonged stay at Baringo and a return through the Masai country. As my wound was now quite healed I would have resumed our march at once; but I felt I was in honour bound not to desert the few old traders left by Jumba. These were beginning to be anxious about his non-appearance, as all sorts of rumours were in the air about fearful massacres and fights. Under the circumstances I could do no other than wait some time, even though our stores and supplies were getting perilously near an end.

In order to fill up the time there, I resolved to explore the country to the north of Baringo, and, if possible, indulge

in a bit of sport for its own sake, all my previous deeds in that line having been prompted more by necessity than by any craving for the luxury of adventure.

On making my arrangements we were somewhat taken aback by discovering that no guide could be got to lead us to the place required, as no meat is allowed to be touched, except elephant, buffalo, and fish, between the period at which the water is let into their fields and the formation of the heads of grain. Any one known to touch antelope or zebra during that time is at once excommunicated and driven as an infected being from the village. How these strange ideas have arisen it would be difficult to say, as they do not belong to their brethren, the Masai, neither are they held by their neighbours, the Wa-kamasia. Doubtless, some disaster happened to the crops on the occasion of a zebra-hunt, and was ascribed to the fact that they did kill and eat that animal while the grain was springing. From such trivial causes many otherwise inexplicable phenomena of negro life have without a doubt arisen, and do not require the very profound and subtle explanations generally attempted.

We at last got a young man to guide us, one who, having no relations and no riches, was careless whether he was excommunicated or no, so long as he was assured of a handsome reward and protection from violence. This matter settled, we set off, going east to the base of the Lykipia mountains. We then ascended three steps, which were clearly formed by as many lines of fault running parallel to the principal direction of the escarpment. The grass had been only recently burnt off, leaving the country under a perfectly black pall, unrelieved by green or yellow. To add to the desolate aspect of the landscape and the horrors of the march, the entire country was like one continuous irregular mound of angular lava fragments, which made the march infinitely painful and harassing. After a killing tramp of six hours we reached an upper step with a more fertile and flat surface, on which we found great numbers of game and plenty of water. As we had determined to live entirely by the chase, no food had been brought; but in half an hour two zebras and one giraffe fell to my gun, and their bones were soon ornamenting the environs of our camp.

Next morning, on leaving camp, we spied great numbers of buffalo. I had, however, learned caution in dealing with these brutes, and though revenge for my recent rough handling appeared sweet, I cleared the way at a safe distance by a shot.

Further on I had to do the same with a rhinoceros, which looked defiant, and paid with its life in consequence. Its companion soon followed suit with a ball through the heart, and then a third falling in my way, I dropped it apparently dead. Brahim was speedily upon it, and in a twinkling his knife had performed its deadly work. But just as its blood began to flow in a crimson torrent, we were all astonished by seeing it make a sudden spurt. The next moment Brahim was pitched from the head of the wounded animal, and we were all scattered. Getting on to its feet, the rhinoceros furiously charged us with its throat completely cut. Of course it did not go far, as its life-tide was gushing forth, and in a few minutes it once more succumbed. The brute had only been stunned by my ball, and had come to its senses too late to avert Brahim's sanguinary incision. These three rhinoceroses were shot within half an hour, and at the same moment we could see three enormous herds of buffalo, together with zebra, giraffe, and antelope.

We now ascended another but more formidable step, leading to the upper plateau. On reaching the top of this step we had before us a marvellously desolate and dreary prospect—a narrow, stony valley, cut up by numerous *nullahs*, without a green thing to be seen, and backed to the east by another and final step to the top of the table-land (for, be it noted, the plateau escarpment, which further south rises in an almost unbroken precipice, is here broken up by a series of faults, producing an effect something like colossal steps). In this desolate place I noticed an antelope, though I failed to shoot it. It was unlike any I had yet seen, but I am now inclined to think it was the lesser kudu. Before camping we saw some eland and beisa antelope.

We rejoiced in a storm of thunder and rain during the night; but happily it cleared up shortly after sunrise, and we were enabled to proceed. For three hours we tramped on painfully over stony ground, and crossed with difficulty these extremely deep, dry gorges. About ten I stalked an old buffalo bull, and brought it down; but I was particularly careful not to go up to it till I was perfectly certain I would not *go up* in any other sense. The horns, though not nearly so long from curve to curve as many, were certainly the most massive and rugged of any I had yet set eyes on, even beating my Kimangelia pair. Like the animal from which the latter were taken, he was an old solitary bull, a fact which the lions had taken advantage of to relieve him of his caudal appendage.

3. *A Comparison of the Eastern with the Western Mountain Vegetation* can only be profitably undertaken when the flora of the former is as diligently gleaned as was that of the latter by Mr. Mann; and we may hope for contributions towards this end from Mr. Johnston's exploration of Kilimanjaro. It is, however, worthy of remark, that of the genera found in the east and not hitherto in the west, the majority are of either Abyssinian or South-African types, whilst the compensating wealth of the western flora is in European types not hitherto detected in the east.

4. *The Affinity of the Flora with that of the Highlands of Abyssinia* is very marked, as was to have been expected. Most of the genera are in fact Abyssinian, as are all, or nearly all, of the following species:—*Ranunculus oreophytus*, *Viola abyssinica*, *Sparmannia abyssinica*, *Geranium simense*?, *Trifolium simense*, *Lotus tigrensis*?, *Lythrum rotundifolium*, *Epilobium stenophyllum*, *Diplophium abyssinicum*, *Caucalis melanantha*, *Coreopsis abyssinica*, *Lightfootia abyssinica*, *Erica arborea*, *Swertia Schimperii*, *S. pumila*, and *Juniperus procera*. Besides the above, the Abyssinian affinity is shown by the presence of an *Ueberlinia*, a genus hitherto known only as a monotypic Abyssinian one, and by the species of several of the other genera being more nearly allied to plants of that country than of any other.

5. *On the Origin of the Flora*.—The most striking feature of the flora thus first explored by Mr. Thomson is the discovery in Lykipia of three such typical forest-trees in close association as the *Juniperus procera* of Abyssinia, the *Calodendron capense* of South Africa, and the noble *Podocarpus*, a close ally both of the Cape *P. elongata* and of the eastern tropical *P. Mannii*, discovered on the top of the peak of the island of St. Thomas by the naturalist whose name it bears. And these three plants no doubt indicate the affinities of the flora being most strong with the countries north and south of it, and less so with that far to the east of it. This is what the configuration of the continent would indicate as most probable, the loftier mountains being on the east side, and being connected by more or less continuity of highland from Abyssinia to the Cape Colony. That the flora of the latter country extended into the former was well known; and this renders the discovery of a locality in the line of continuous migration or distribution, where the most marked type of the northern flora (*Juniperus*) meets the most marked of the southern (*Calodendron*), and this at the respective limits of each, a most interesting one, and only second in importance to the general result of Mr. Thomson's labours, which is the discovery of so many northern forms in the comparatively isolated equatorial tracts which he has been the first to explore.

Thus I think it may be regarded as most probable that the Equatorial African mountain-flora is in the main an immigrant

one from Abyssinia, possessing many genera and species that have advanced even as far as the Cape Colony, besides many others that have not gone so far, and of which latter a few have been collected by Dr. Kirk during Dr. Livingstone's second expedition, in the mountains of comparatively low elevation near Lake Shirwa in lat. 15° S. In a lesser degree it has been peopled by a return flow of South-African genera and species, of which many have in like manner advanced further and reached Abyssinia, whilst others have been arrested in their northward spread. It would be interesting, but in the present state of our knowledge fruitless, to speculate on the direction in which the wave of migration is now advancing, and whether the later northern preceded the southern, or *vice versa*. Yet when it is considered that the whole area over which Mr. Thomson's collections were made is volcanic, and probably geologically modern, in its present configuration, it must be evident that the main features of its vegetation are of no great antiquity.

There is one more point of interest to which a study of Mr. Thomson's collection invites attention, which is that, whereas the lowlands of Eastern Tropical Africa (and indeed of all Tropical Africa) abound in species and representative species of the Deccan peninsula of India, the highlands of these two regions seem to have nothing in common, botanically or zoologically. And what renders this more noteworthy is that, though they have no types in common, there are desiderata common to both, as exemplified by the absence of Cupuliferae, and paucity of Coniferae, Cycadeae, and Palmae, all of which abound in the Eastern Archipelago and in most other tropical countries. Looking still further off, and comparing the African flora with the Australian, a singular difference is observable in this, that whereas the Tropical-Australian flora is in very great measure made up of species belonging to Temperate-Australian genera, the Tropical-African is, except in the highlands, of a totally different type from the South-African. The tropical floras of both have been obtained largely from the Asiatic continent; but whereas in Australia there is a mingling of the Asiatic and endemic southern genera and species, there is no such mingling of the elements in Africa, except at considerable elevations, in its tropical regions.

J. D. HOOKER.

Catalogue of the Plants collected by MR. J. THOMSON in East Tropical Africa. By Prof. OLIVER, F.R.S.

1. CLEMATIS SINENSIS, *Fres.*, forma. Lykipia.
2. C. THUNBERGII, *Steud.*, var. SERICEA. Lykipia.
3. RANUNCULUS ORBOPHYTUS, *Del.* Kilimanjaro.
4. ANEMONE THOMSONI, *Oliv.*, sp. n. (§ Pulsatilloidea, *A. californica*, *L.*, aff.); foliis triternatim sectis segmentis cuneato-ob-

3. *A Comparison of the Eastern with the Western Mountain Vegetation* can only be profitably undertaken when the flora of the former is as diligently gleaned as was that of the latter by Mr. Mann; and we may hope for contributions towards this end from Mr. Johnston's exploration of Kilimanjaro. It is, however, worthy of remark, that of the genera found in the east and not hitherto in the west, the majority are of either Abyssinian or South-African types, whilst the compensating wealth of the western flora is in European types not hitherto detected in the east.

4. *The Affinity of the Flora with that of the Highlands of Abyssinia* is very marked, as was to have been expected. Most of the genera are in fact Abyssinian, as are all, or nearly all, of the following species:—*Ranunculus oreophytus*, *Viola abyssinica*, *Sparmannia abyssinica*, *Geranium simense*?, *Trifolium simense*, *Lotus tigrensis*?, *Lythrum rotundifolium*, *Epilobium stenophyllum*, *Diplophium abyssinicum*, *Caucalis melanantha*, *Coreopsis abyssinica*, *Lightfootia abyssinica*, *Erica arborea*, *Swertia Schimperii*, *S. pumila*, and *Juniperus procera*. Besides the above, the Abyssinian affinity is shown by the presence of an *Ueberlinia*, a genus hitherto known only as a monotypic Abyssinian one, and by the species of several of the other genera being more nearly allied to plants of that country than of any other.

5. *On the Origin of the Flora*.—The most striking feature of the flora thus first explored by Mr. Thomson is the discovery in Lykipia of three such typical forest-trees in close association as the *Juniperus procera* of Abyssinia, the *Calodendron capense* of South Africa, and the noble *Podocarpus*, a close ally both of the Cape *P. elongata* and of the eastern tropical *P. Mannii*, discovered on the top of the peak of the island of St. Thomas by the naturalist whose name it bears. And these three plants no doubt indicate the affinities of the flora being most strong with the countries north and south of it, and less so with that far to the east of it. This is what the configuration of the continent would indicate as most probable, the loftier mountains being on the east side, and being connected by more or less continuity of highland from Abyssinia to the Cape Colony. That the flora of the latter country extended into the former was well known; and this renders the discovery of a locality in the line of continuous migration or distribution, where the most marked type of the northern flora (*Juniperus*) meets the most marked of the southern (*Calodendron*), and this at the respective limits of each, a most interesting one, and only second in importance to the general result of Mr. Thomson's labours, which is the discovery of so many northern forms in the comparatively isolated equatorial tracts which he has been the first to explore.

Thus I think it may be regarded as most probable that the Equatorial African mountain-flora is in the main an immigrant

one from Abyssinia, possessing many genera and species that have advanced even as far as the Cape Colony, besides many others that have not gone so far, and of which latter a few have been collected by Dr. Kirk during Dr. Livingstone's second expedition, in the mountains of comparatively low elevation near Lake Shirwa in lat. 15° S. In a lesser degree it has been peopled by a return flow of South-African genera and species, of which many have in like manner advanced further and reached Abyssinia, whilst others have been arrested in their northward spread. It would be interesting, but in the present state of our knowledge fruitless, to speculate on the direction in which the wave of migration is now advancing, and whether the later northern preceded the southern, or *vice versa*. Yet when it is considered that the whole area over which Mr. Thomson's collections were made is volcanic, and probably geologically modern, in its present configuration, it must be evident that the main features of its vegetation are of no great antiquity.

There is one more point of interest to which a study of Mr. Thomson's collection invites attention, which is that, whereas the lowlands of Eastern Tropical Africa (and indeed of all Tropical Africa) abound in species and representative species of the Deccan peninsula of India, the highlands of these two regions seem to have nothing in common, botanically or zoologically. And what renders this more noteworthy is that, though they have no types in common, there are desiderata common to both, as exemplified by the absence of Cupuliferæ, and paucity of Coniferæ, Cycadeæ, and Palmeæ, all of which abound in the Eastern Archipelago and in most other tropical countries. Looking still further off, and comparing the African flora with the Australian, a singular difference is observable in this, that whereas the Tropical-Australian flora is in very great measure made up of species belonging to Temperate-Australian genera, the Tropical-African is, except in the highlands, of a totally different type from the South-African. The tropical floras of both have been obtained largely from the Asiatic continent; but whereas in Australia there is a mingling of the Asiatic and endemic southern genera and species, there is no such mingling of the elements in Africa, except at considerable elevations, in its tropical regions.

J. D. HOOKER.

Catalogue of the Plants collected by MR. J. THOMSON in East Tropical Africa. By Prof. OLIVER, F.R.S.

1. CLEMATIS SINENSIS, *Fres.*, forma. Lykipia.
2. C. THUNBERGII, *Steud.*, var. SERICEA. Lykipia.
3. RANUNCULUS ORBOPHYTUS, *Del.* Kilimanjaro.
4. ANEMONE THOMSONI, *Oliv.*, sp. n. (§ Pulsatilloides, *A. capensi*, *L.*, aff.); foliis triternatim sectis segmentis cuneato-ob-

ovatis trifidis, lobulis ultimis obtuse acutatis paginis glabratiss parce ciliolatis, petiolo gracili glabro, scapis 1-2-pedalibus gracilibus parce pilosis, involucri tripartito segmentis trifidis lobis linearibus vagina æquilongis, pedunculo apice dense piloso, sepalis 14-20 linearibus v. oblongo-spathulatis extus parce pilosis glabratissve, carpellis (floriferis) dense hirsutis.

Kilimanjaro. The leaves are detached from the scapes, but I think not mismatched.

5. *DELPHINIUM MACROCENTRON*, *Oliv.*, sp. n. Herba erecta 2-3-pedalis vel ultra, pilosula, foliis caulinis palmatim 5-partitis segmentis (*fol. infer.*) 3-5fidis lobo centrali elongato linearilanceolato acuminato, fol. super. segmentis indivisis elongato-linearibus, racemis paucifloris pedunculatis, pedicellis erectis apice recurvis, floribus cæruleo-purpureis, calcare erecto subcylindræo obtuso lamina 2-4plo longiore pilosulo, petalis anterioribus longe unguiculatis lamina oblongo-spathulata bifida parce setulosa, carpellis 3 pilosis, stylis longiusculis superne glabratiss recurvis.

Lykipia.

Flores $1\frac{1}{2}$ -2 poll.; calcar $\frac{3}{4}$ -1 $\frac{1}{2}$ poll.

6. *VIOLA ABYSSINICA*, *Steud.* Kilimanjaro.

7. *UEBELINIA ROTUNDIFOLIA*, *Oliv.*, sp. n. Herbula foliosa, procumbens, caulibus pilis reflexis seriebus duabus longitudinaliter hirsutis, foliis suborbiculatis mucronulatis scaberrimis sublævibusve setuloso-ciliolatis crassiusculis subsessilibus v. breviter latiuscule petiolatis, floribus quasi axillaribus folio brevioribus solitariis, calyce 5fido lobis ovatis apiculato-acutatis, petalis lineari-spathulatis calyce sublongioribus, staminibus 9-10, ovario ellipsoideo, stylis distinctis, seminibus paucis (4-5).

Kilimanjaro.

Folia $\frac{1}{2}$ poll. lata.

8. *CERASTIUM VULGATUM*, *L.*, var. *UNILATERALE*. Lykipia.

9. *C. VULGATUM*, *L.* Kilimanjaro.

10. *HYPERICUM*. *H. peplidifolium*, *Rich.* aff. (an var. calycis lobis 2plo longioribus?). Kilimanjaro.

11. *H. LANCEOLATUM*, *Lam.* Lykipia.

12. *SIDA SCHIMPERIANA*, *Hochst.* Kapté.

13. *ARUTILON INDICUM*, *Don.* Lykipia.

14. *PAVONIA SCHIMPERIANA*, *Hochst.* Kapté.

15. *HIBISCUS CRASSINERVIS*, *Hochst.* Lykipia.

16. *H. GOSYPINUS*, *Thunb.* Crater south of Lake Naivascha and Kapté.

17. *GREWIA OCCIDENTALIS*, *L.* Crater south of Lake Naivascha and Lykipia.

18. *SPARMANNIA ABYSSINICA*, *Hochst.* Lykipia.

19. *GERANIUM*, an *G. simense*? (folia radicalia). Kilimanjaro.

20. *G. SIMENSE*, *Hochst.*, var. *GLABRIUS*. Kilimanjaro.

21. *IMPATIENS THOMSONI*, *Oliv.*, sp. n. Glaberrima, succulenta, foliis verticillatis ovalibus v. oblanceolato-ovalibus breviter

acuminatis subsessilibus setoso-ciliatis pedunculis axillaribus unifloris supra medium bibracteatis folio sæpius brevioribus, sepalis lateralibus petalis 2-3plo brevioribus ovatis acuminato-apiculatis, sepalo postico ovato cucullato abrupte acuminato petalis brevioribus in calcar elongatum gracile abrupte producto, petalo antico rotundato amplo apiculato alis bipartitis æquilongis.

Lykipia.

Folia $3\frac{1}{2}$ - $5\frac{1}{2}$ poll. longa, $1-1\frac{1}{2}$ poll. lata. Flores ut videtur purpurei, $1\frac{1}{2}$ -2 poll. diam.

22. *IMPATIENS KILIMANJARII*, *Oliv.*, sp. n. Herbula glabra, succulenta, ramosa, foliis alternis petiolatis ovatis acutiusculis latiuscule setoso-crenatis, pedunculis axillaribus folio sæpius longioribus 1-floris, sepalis lateralibus parvis ovatis lanceolatisve acuminatis, calcare cylindrico valido incurvato acuto ore dilatato breviter apiculato, petalo antico concavo late ovato apiculato, alis bifidis petalo antico æquilongis, lobo antico obovato postico angustiore obovato-oblongo.

Kilimanjaro.

Folia $\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{3}{4}$ poll. longa, petiolo sæpius subæquilonga. Flores 1 poll. longi.

23. *IMPATIENS*, sp. nov. (Insufficient for description.) Crater south of Lake Naivascha.

24. *CALODENDRON CAPENSE*, *Thunb.* Kapté and Lykipia. Fine tree of 30-50 feet.

25. *TURBÆA MOMBASANA*, *C. de C. & H.*, forma. Crater south of Lake Naivascha.

26. *HELINUS MYSTACINUS*, *E. Mey.* Kapté.

27. *CROTALARIA DILLONIANA*, *Baker.* Kapté.

28. *C. THOMSONI*, *Oliv.*, sp. n. Fruticulus, ramosus, caulibus gracilibus ultimis hirtis, foliis petiolatis 3-foliolatis, foliolis ellipticis obovatisve obtusis mucronatis reticulatis pilis setisve paucis appressis pagina superiore v. utrinque onustis, floribus majusculis pedunculatis solitariis (v. geminis?), pedunculis folio oppositis vel quasi terminalibus medio articulatis bracteatis apice bibracteolatis, bracteolis lineari-subulatis tubo calycis subæquilongis, calyce parce et appresse hirtello profunde 5fido lobis lanceolatis acutis, vexillo purpureo striato dorsi medio hirsuto calyce fere 2plo longiore.

Kapté.

Folia petiolo hirtis gracili stricto $\frac{1}{2}$ poll. longo v. brevioribus, foliolo centrali $\frac{1}{2}$ poll. longo. Flores $\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{3}{4}$ poll. lati. Legumen turgidum, appresse hirtellum, utrinque attenuatum, apice stylo persistente falcato coronatum.

29. *PSORALEA POLIOSA*, *Oliv.*, sp. n.; ramulis pubescentibus dense foliosis, foliis trifoliolatis brevissime petiolatis petiolo stipulis erectis lanceolatis sæpius brevioribus, foliolis oblanceolatis obtusis mucronatis brevissime petiolulatis glandulis immersis conspicue punctatis supra glabris subtus præcipue in costa parce pubescentibus, floribus breviter pedicellatis in fasciculos

ovatis trifidis, lobulis ultimis obtuse acutatis paginis glabratiss parce ciliolatis, petiolo gracili glabro, scapis 1-2-petalibus gracilibus parce pilosis, involucri tripartito segmentis trifidis lobis linearibus vagina æquilongis, pedunculo apice dense piloso, sepalis 14-20 linearibus v. oblongo-spathulatis extus parce pilosulis glabratissve, carpellis (floriferis) dense hirsutis.

Kilimanjaro. The leaves are detached from the scapes, but I think not mismatched.

5. *DELPHINIUM MACROCENTRON*, *Oliv.*, sp. n. Herba erecta 2-3-pedalis vel ultra, pilosula, foliis caulinis palmatim 5-partitis segmentis (*fol. infer.*) 3-5fidis lobo centrali elongato linearilanceolato acuminato, fol. super. segmentis indivisis elongato-linearibus, racemis paucifloris pedunculatis, pedicellis erectis apice recurvis, floribus cæruleo-purpureis, calcar erecto subcylindraceo obtuso lamina 2-4plo longiore pilosulo, petalis anterioribus longe unguiculatis lamina oblongo-spathulata bifida parce setulosa, carpellis 3 pilosis, stylis longiusculis superne glabratiss recurvis.

Lykipia.

Flores $1\frac{1}{2}$ -2 poll.; calcar $\frac{3}{4}$ -1 $\frac{1}{2}$ poll.

6. *VIOLA ABYSSINICA*, *Steud.* Kilimanjaro.

7. *UEBELINIA ROTUNDIFOLIA*, *Oliv.*, sp. n. Herbula foliosa, procumbens, caulibus pilis reflexis seriebus duabus longitudinaliter hirsutis, foliis suborbiculatis mucronulatis scaberulis sublævibusve setuloso-ciliolatis crassiusculis subsessilibus v. breviter latiuscule petiolatis, floribus quasi axillaribus folio brevioribus solitariis, calyce 5fido lobis ovatis apiculato-acutatis, petalis linearispathulatis calyce sublongioribus, staminibus 9-10, ovario ellipsoideo, stylis distinctis, seminibus paucis (4-5).

Kilimanjaro.

Folia $\frac{1}{2}$ poll. lata.

8. *CERASTIUM VULGATUM*, *L.*, var. *UNILATERALE*. Lykipia.

9. *C. VULGATUM*, *L.* Kilimanjaro.

10. *HYPERICUM*. *H. peplidifolio*, *Rich.* aff. (an var. calycis lobis 2plo longioribus?). Kilimanjaro.

11. *H. LANCEOLATUM*, *Lam.* Lykipia.

12. *SIDA SCHIMPERIANA*, *Hochst.* Kapté.

13. *ARUTILON INDICUM*, *Don.* Lykipia.

14. *PAVONIA SCHIMPERIANA*, *Hochst.* Kapté.

15. *HIBISCUS CRASSINERVIS*, *Hochst.* Lykipia.

16. *H. GOSYPINUS*, *Thunb.* Crater south of Lake Naivascha and Kapté.

17. *GREWIA OCCIDENTALIS*, *L.* Crater south of Lake Naivascha and Lykipia.

18. *SPERMANNIA ABYSSINICA*, *Hochst.* Lykipia.

19. *GERANIUM*, an *G. simense*? (folia radicalia). Kilimanjaro.

20. *G. SIMENSE*, *Hochst.*, var. *GLABRIUS*. Kilimanjaro.

21. *IMPATIENS THOMSONI*, *Oliv.*, sp. n. Glaberrima, succulenta, foliis verticillatis ovalibus v. oblanceolato-ovalibus breviter

acuminatis subsessilibus setoso-ciliatis pedunculis axillaribus unifloris supra medium bibracteatis folio sæpius brevioribus, sepalis lateralibus petalis 2-3plo brevioribus ovatis acuminato-apiculatis, sepalo postico ovato cucullato abrupte acuminato petalis brevioribus in calcar elongatum gracile abrupte producto, petalo antico rotundato amplo apiculato alis bipartitis æquilongis.

Lykipia.

Folia $3\frac{1}{2}$ - $5\frac{1}{2}$ poll. longa, $1-1\frac{1}{2}$ poll. lata. Flores ut videtur purpurei, $1\frac{1}{2}$ -2 poll. diam.

22. *IMPATIENS KILIMANJARII*, *Oliv.*, sp. n. Herbula glabra, succulenta, ramosa, foliis alternis petiolatis ovatis acutiusculis latiuscule setoso-crenatis, pedunculis axillaribus folio sæpius longioribus 1-floris, sepalis lateralibus parvis ovatis lanceolatisve acuminatis, calcare cylindrico valido incurvato acuto ore dilatato breviter apiculato, petalo antico concavo late ovato apiculato, alis bifidis petalo antico æquilongis, lobo antico obovato postico angustiore obovato-oblongo.

Kilimanjaro.

Folia $\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{3}{4}$ poll. longa, petiolo sæpius subæquilonga. Flores 1 poll. longi.

23. *IMPATIENS*, sp. nov. (Insufficient for description.) Crater south of Lake Naivascha.

24. *CALODENDRON CAPENSE*, *Thunb.* Kapté and Lykipia. Fine tree of 30-50 feet.

25. *TURRÆA MOMBASANA*, *C. de C. & H.*, forma. Crater south of Lake Naivascha.

26. *HELINUS MYSTACINUS*, *E. Mey.* Kapté.

27. *CROTALARIA DILLONIANA*, *Baker.* Kapté.

28. *C. THOMSONI*, *Oliv.*, sp. n. Fruticulus, ramosus, caulibus gracilibus ultimis hirtis, foliis petiolatis 3-foliolatis, foliolis ellipticis obovatisve obtusis mucronatis reticulatis pilis setisve paucis appressis pagina superiore v. utrinque onustis, floribus majusculis pedunculatis solitariis (v. geminis?), pedunculis folio oppositis vel quasi terminalibus medio articulatis bracteatis apice bibracteolatis, bracteolis lineari-subulatis tubo calycis subæquilongis, calyce parce et appresse hirtello profunde 5-fido lobis lanceolatis acutis, vexillo purpureo striato dorsi medio hirsuto calyce fere 2plo longiore.

Kapté.

Folia petiolo hirta gracili stricto $\frac{1}{2}$ poll. longo v. brevioribus, foliolo centrali $\frac{1}{2}$ poll. longo. Flores $\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{3}{4}$ poll. lati. Legumen turgidum, appresse hirtellum, utrinque attenuatum, apice stylo persistente falcato coronatum.

29. *PSORALEA FOLIOSA*, *Oliv.*, sp. n.; ramulis pubescentibus dense foliosis, foliis trifoliolatis brevissime petiolatis petiolo stipulis erectis lanceolatis sæpius brevioribus, foliolis oblanceolatis obtusis mucronatis brevissime petiolulatis glandulis immersis conspicue punctatis supra glabratibus subtus præcipue in costa parce pubescentibus, floribus breviter pedicellatis in fasciculosis

terminales foliis breviores dispositis, calyce 5fido lobis acutis lobo antico subulato cæteris duplo longiore.

Lykipia.

Folia $\frac{3}{4}$ –1 $\frac{1}{2}$ poll. longa. Foliola 4–5 lin. longa. Legumen non vidi.

30. TRIFOLIUM SIMENSE, *Fres.*, var. ANGUSTIFOLIA. Lykipia.

31. TRIFOLIUM, sp. (Inadequate. Destroyed.) Kapté.

32. LOTUS TIGRENSIS, *Baker?* Crater south of Lake Naivascha.

33. VIGNA, sp. (Inadequate fragment.) Kapté.

34. CASSIA DIDYMOBOTRYA, *Fres.* Kapté.

35. LYTHRUM ROTUNDIFOLIUM, *Hochst.* Kapté.

36. EPILOBIUM STENOPHYLLUM, *Fres.* Kilimanjaro.

37. ALFIDEA AMATYMBICA, *Eck. & Zey?* (Imperfect.) Lykipia.

38. DIPLOLOPHIUM ABYSSINICUM, *Benth. & Hook. f.* Lykipia.

39. CAUCALIS MELANANTHA, *Benth. & Hook. f.*, var. Kapté.

40. C. INFESTA, *Curt.* Lykipia.

41. PENTAS SCHIMPERIANA, *Vatke.* Lykipia.

42. P. CARNEA, *Benth.*, forma. Kapté.

43. P. PURPUREA, *Oliv.*, forma. Lykipia.

44. GALIUM APARINE, *L.* Kilimanjaro.

45. SCABIOSA COLUMBARIA, *L.* Lykipia.

46. GUTENBERGIA CORDIFOLIA, *Benth.* Kapté and Lykipia.

47. VERNONIA, aff. *V. Melleri*, *Oliv. & Hiern*, an var.? Kapté.

48. FELICIA MURICATA (*Aster*, *Less.*), var.? Crater south of Lake Naivascha.

49. MICROGLOSSA VOLUBILIS, *DC.* Kapté.

50. SPHÆRANTHUS SUAVEOLENS, *DC.* Kapté.

51. S. GRACILIS, *Oliv.* sp. n. Herba 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ –pedalis, erecta, glaberrima, caule aptero gracili, foliis anguste linearibus utrinque attenuatis integris, capitulis compositis solitariis terminalibus pedunculatis hemisphæricis bracteis exterioribus paucis linearilanceolatis obtusiusculis floribus æquilongis, capitulis 9–12-floris, bracteis oblongis obtusis truncatisve apicem versus denticulatis floribus subæquilongis, floribus omnibus fertilibus v. 1–2 abortivis, acheniis crassiusculis leviter compressis parce hirtellis.

Kapté.

Folia 2–3 poll. longa, 1–2 lin. lata. Capitula $\frac{1}{2}$ poll. diam pedunculo 1–2 poll. longo.

52. DICHROCEPHALA CHRYSANTHEMIFOLIA, *DC.* Lykipia.

53. SPILANTHES ACMELLA, *L.*, forma. Kapté.

54. ACHYROCLINE SCHIMPERI, *Sch. Bip.* Kapté.

55. GNAPHALIUM, aff. *G. auriculato*. Kilimanjaro.

56. G. UNIONIS, *Sch. Bip.* Kapté.

57. HELICHRYSUM FETIDUM, *Cass.* Kapté.

58. H. ADENOCARPUM, *DC.* var. ALPINUM. Kilimanjaro.

59. COREOPSIS, sp. nov.? Allied to *C. abyssinica*, *Sch.*, and perhaps abnormal. Not in a state for description. Lykipia.

60. *BIDENS PILOSA*, *L.*—*B. leucantha*, *W.* Kapté and Kilimanjaro.
61. *MALANTHERA BROWNEI*, *Sch. Bip.* Kapté.
62. *WEDELIA MOSSAMBICENSIS*, *Oliv.* ? Kapté.
63. *GUIZOTIA*, an *G. Schultzii*, *Hochst.* ? Lykipia.
64. *TRIPTERIS VAILLANTII*, *Decne.* Kapté.
65. *TRIPTERIS*, sp. nov. ? (No fruit.) Kilimanjaro.
66. *EMILIA*, aff. *E. angustifoliae*, *DC.* ? Lykipia.
67. *GYNURA VITELLINA*, *Benth.* Kapté and Lykipia.
68. *CINERARIA ABYSSINICA*, *Sch.*, forma. Lykipia.
69. *SENECIO*, sp. nov. ? (Inadequate.) Kapté.
70. *OTHONNA*, sp. nov. ? (1 capitulum only.) Crater south of Lake Naivascha.
71. *ECHINOPS AMPLEXICAULIS*, *Oliv.* Lykipia.
72. *BERKHEYA SPEKEANA*, *Oliv.* Lykipia.
73. *CREPIS*, sp. ? (No leaves.) Lykipia.
74. *SONCHUS ASPER*, *L.* Lykipia.
75. *LOBELIA*. (Fragment.) Lykipia.
76. *LOBELIA*, an var. *L. coronipifoliae*, *L.*, foliis subintegriss glabris ? Crater south of Lake Naivascha.
77. *LIGHTFOOTIA ABYSSINICA*, *Hochst.*, var. *tenuis*, glaberrima, foliis anguste linearibus integriss. Crater south of Lake Naivascha.
78. *ERICA ARBOREA*, *L.* Crater south of Lake Naivascha and Lykipia.
79. *JASMINUM AURICULATUM*, *Vahl.*—*J. settense*, *KL.* Lykipia.
80. *J.* "ABYSSINICUM, *R. Br.*" Lykipia.
81. *CARISSA*, an *C. edulis*, *Vahl* ? Lykipia.
82. *ACOKANTHERA* (*Carissa Schimperi*, *A. DC.*, *Strychnos abyssinica*, *Hochst.*) Mixed with the *Carissa*, but no doubt the plant to which the label "Murju—a deadly poison"—applies.
83. *GOMPHOCARPUS PHYSOCARPUS*, *E. Mey.*, or *G. abyssinicus*, *Hochst.* ? Lykipia.
84. *SWERTIA SCHIMPERI*, *Griseb.* Kilimanjaro.
85. *S. PUMILA*, *Hochst.* Kilimanjaro.
86. *SWERTIA*, sp. Lykipia.
87. *EHRETIA*, an var. *E. abyssinicae* ? Kapté.
88. *CYNGLOSSUM LANCEOLATUM*, *Forsk.* ? (Fragmentary.) Lykipia.
89. *SOLANUM*, sp. (Fragment.) Lykipia.
90. *S. NIGRUM*, *L.*, forma. Kilimanjaro.
91. *SOPUBIA*, an var. *S. Dregeanae*, *Benth.* ? Lykipia.
92. *ALECTRA ASPERRIMA*, *Benth.* Lykipia.
93. *RHAMPHICARPA* ? or *STRIGA* ? (No fruit.) Kapté.
94. *RHAMPHICARPA*—— ? (No fruit.) Kapté.
95. *SELAGO THOMSONI*, *Rolfe*, sp. n. Annua, ramis erectis albido-pubescentibus, foliis lineari-lanceolatis subobtusis integris puberulis, capitulis terminalibus subglobosis in fructu parum elongatis, floribus sessilibus, bracteis linearibus obtusis

pubescentibus, calyce 5-fido lobis subulato-linearibus arcte ciliatis, corollæ tubo brevi lobis oblongis tubo duplo brevioribus, staminibus styloque breviter exsertis, fructu ovoideo-globoso subcompresso.

Kilimanjaro.

Planta $\frac{1}{2}$ –1 ped. alt. Folia 3–6 lin. longa, $\frac{1}{2}$ –1 lin. lata. Capitula 2–3 lin. lata. Bracteæ 1 lin. longæ. Calyx $\frac{3}{4}$ lin. longus. Corolla 1 lin. longa. Fructus $\frac{1}{4}$ lin. longus.—A very distinct species, approaching *S. cephalophora*, Thunb., in habit, but readily distinguished by its minute flowers. (*E. A. Rolfe.*)

96. *HEBENSTREITIA INTEGRIFOLIA*, *L.*? Crater south of Lake Naivascha.

97. *H. DENTATA*, *L.* Lykipia and Kilimanjaro.

98. *JUSTICIA NEGLECTA*, *T. And.*? Lykipia.

99. *JUSTICIA*, sp. Lykipia.

100. *DICLIPTERA*, near *D. maculata*, Nees. (Fragment.) Lykipia.

101. *BARLERIA*, aff. *B. repenti*, Nees. Kapté.

102. *CROSSANDRA*, aff. *C. undulatifolia*, Salisb. Lykipia.

103. *HYPOESTES ANTENNIFERA*, *S. Moore*? Lykipia.

104. *H. ROTHII*, *And.*, var. *PUBESCENS*? Lykipia.

105. *H. VERTICILLARIS*, *R. Br.* Kapté.

106. *THUNBERGIA FUSCATA*, *T. And.* Kapté.

107. *LANTANA KISI*, *A. Rich.*? Lykipia.

108. *LANTANA*, sp. Kapté.

109. *LIPPIA ASPERIFOLIA*, *Rich.*? Kapté.

110. *OCYUM*, sp. Lykipia.

111. *OCYUM*, sp.? Kapté.

112. *OCYUM*, sp. Lykipia.

113. *PLECTRANTHUS*, sp.? Kilimanjaro.

114. *LEUCAS MASAIENSIS*, *Oliv.*, sp. n. Herba decumbens, caulibus pilis brevibus decurvatis hirtellis, foliis petiolatis obovato-rotundatis obtusis late crenatis basi cuneatis late angustatis rotundatisve, verticillastris solitariis longiuscule pedunculatis multifloris, bracteolis anguste linearibus calycem subæquantibus, calyce tubuloso campanulato ore subæquali 12-dentato dentibus brevibus subulatis, corollæ labio antico 3-partito lobo centrali rotundato-obovato retuso, tubo calycem æquante.

Lykipia.

115. *LEUCAS*, aff. *L. stachydiformis*, Benth. Kapté.

116. *LEONOTIS RUGOSA*, *Benth.* Kapté.

117. *MICROMERIA PUNCTATA*, *Benth.*, var. Crater south of Lake Naivascha.

118. *CYATHULA*, an. *C. globulifera*? Kapté.

119. *ACHYRANTHES ARGENTEA*, *Lam.* Kapté.

120. *ÆRUA LANATA*, *Juss.* Kapté.

121. *RUMEX OBTUSIFOLIUS*? (No leaves.) Kilimanjaro.

122. *THYMELACEA*, dub.; near *Synaptolepis*, but without hypogynous disk, and 8 faucial squamæ half as long as perianth-

segments, entire or notched. (Fragmentary.) Crater south of Lake Naivascha.

123. *STRUTHIOLOA THOMSONI*, Oliv., sp. n., aff. *S. ovata*, Thunb. Frutex ramis erectis pilosulis superne dense foliatis, foliis enerviis laxè imbricatis verticillatis sessilibus ovato-lanceolatis ovalibusve subacutis concaviusculis paginis glabris pilosulo-ciliatis, bracteolis lineari-ovalibus conduplicatis folii dimidio brevioribus, floribus folio æquilongis v. leviter exsertis, tubo perianthii glabro apice dilatato, limbi lobis ovato-lanceolatis acutis glandulis setis subæquilongis lobis perianthii 4-5plo brevioribus.

Lykipia.

Folia 4-5 poll. longa.

A Cape type, not previously represented from Tropical Africa in the Kew Herbarium.

124. *CLUYTIA LANCEOLATA*, Forsk. ? (*C. Richardiana*, M. Arg., var. ?) Lykipia.

125. *JUNIPERUS PROCERA*, Hochst. Tree of 80-100 feet. Lykipia.

126. *PODOCARPUS ELONGATA*, L'Hér., forma ? Tree of over 100 feet. Lykipia.

127. *HABENARIA PLEISTADENIA*, Reichb. f., sp. nov. Ultra spithamæa, foliis basilaribus (geminis ?) cuneato-oblongis apiculatis (0.07-0.02 m.), siccis bene nervosis, caule gracili solido (excl. inflorescentia 0.21 alto, inflorescentia 0.06), inferne calvo, medio pilis glandulosis sparsis, apicem versus ac apice copiosissimis vestito, vaginis distantibus lineari-lanceis acuminato-subulatis paucis glandipilibus, racemo densiusculo plurifloro dein secundifloro, bracteis anguste lanceo-acuminatis glandipilibus ovaria glandipilia demum curvula non æquantibus, sepalis triangulis obtusis, lateralibus sublongioribus, omnibus extus parce hinc glandipilibus, tepalis ligulatis acutis superne sepalum impar versus obtuse-angulatis, labello ligulato acuto basi utrinque falcula lineari-acuminata diametrum laminæ transversum non excedente, cruribus stigmaticis abbreviatis retusis, canalibus antheræ ascendentibus brevissimis.

Kilimanjaro 9000-10,000 feet.

Affinis *Habenariæ crocææ*, Schweinf., et *Guinganja*, Rechb. f.; foliis ac pilis glandulosis abunde distincta.—H. G. Reichb.

128. *H. THOMSONI*, Reichb. f., sp. nov. Affinis *Habenariæ humiliori*, Rechb. f., ultra spithamæa, foliis basilaribus oblongis, caulinis in vaginas acutas abeuntibus, racemo densiusculo, bracteis oblongis acutis ovaria pedicellata æquantibus, margine et disco externo muriculatis, ovaris pedicellatis sublævibus, sepalo impari oblongo obtuso, sepalis lateralibus inæqualibus, margine inferiori extrorsum obtusangulo, apiculatis, tepalorum partitione superiore lineari margine muriculata, partitione labellum attingenti lancea, medio oblique plicata, saltem apicem versus margine minute muriculata, labelli partitionibus lateralibus lanceis acutis apice recurvis partitione mediana longiori

lancea porrecta, calcare a basi teneriori antrorsum ampliato obtusiuscule acuto (semper medio flexo plicato ?) ovarium pedicellatum non æquante.

Lykipia, 6000-8000 feet.

Illustri peregrinatori magno cum gaudio dicata. Ex grege *Habenariæ cultratae*, A. Rich., Schimper, Hochst., etc., tepalis ac calcare egregia.—*H. G. Reichb.*

129. HABENARIA, aff. *H. nyikana*, Reichb. f. Lykipia.

130. HABENARIA, aff. *H. kilimanjari*, Reichb. f. Lykipia.

131. ANGRÆCUM, sp. (No leaves.) Lykipia.

132. SATYRIUM, sp. Kilimanjaro.

133. ORCHIDACEA, dub. Kilimanjaro.

134. ARISTEA ALATA. *Baker*, sp. n.; foliis ensiformibus rigidulis margine hyalinis, caule e basi ad apicem conspicue alato foliis 2 reductis supra medium instructo apice furcato, spathæ valvis exterioribus lanceolatis dorso firmulis margine hyalinis, interioribus hyalinis integris pallide brunneis, fructu oblongo obtuse angulato, pedicello fructui æquilongus vel paulo longiori.

Lykipia, Masai country, alt. 6000-8000 feet.

Folia basalia pedalia et ultra. Caulis $1\frac{1}{2}$ -2 ped. Spathæ valvæ exteriores 7-8 lin. longæ. Capsula 4-4 $\frac{1}{2}$ lin. longa. Perianthium marcescens solum vidi.

Easily distinguished by its long, distinctly winged stems and small oblong obtusely angled capsule with a long pedicel.

The genus has its head-quarters at the Cape, with outliers in Angola, Abyssinia, and Madagascar.—*J. G. Baker.*

135. GLADIOLUS QUARTINIANUS, A. Rich. Lykipia.

136. G. (§ EUGLADIOLUS) WATSONIODES, *Baker*, sp. n. Elatus, grandiflorus, foliis linearibus subcoriaceis glabris, caule tereti foliis 2-3 reductis instructo, spica laxa 6-8-flora unilateralis, spathæ valvis lanceolatis firmulis magnis inæqualibus, perianthii splendide rubri tubo anguste infundibulari limbo longiori, limbi segmentis oblongis vel oblongo-lanceolatis, genitalibus limbo distincte brevioribus.

Kilimanjaro.

Folia 4-6 lin. lata, basalia sesquipedalia. Caulis (spica inclusa) 3-4-pedalis. Spathæ valva exterior $1\frac{1}{2}$ -2 $\frac{1}{2}$ poll. Perianthii tubus 18-20 lin. longus, ore 3 lin. diam., limbus 15-16 lin. longus, segmentis 4-7 lin. latis.

This may be the plant gathered by Von der Decken and Kersten, which Dr. Klatt has referred (Bot. von Ost-Afrika, p. 73) to *G. Garnierii*; but it is, I think, quite distinct specifically from the original Madagascar plant so called, which is the same that was distributed long ago by Hilsenberg and Bojer under the name of *G. ignescens*, and which I characterized under that name in 'Trimen's Journal,' 1876, p. 334. It is quite different from the Kilimanjaro *G. Newii*, Baker in 'Trimen's Journ.' 1876, p. 334.—*J. G. Baker.*

137. KNIPHOFIA THOMSONI, *Baker*, sp. n.; foliis linearibus acute carinatis margine scabris venis inter costam et marginem

14-16, racemo cylindrico elongato, pedicellis fructu sæpe longioribus bracteis lanceolatis acuminatis pedicello longioribus, perianthio cylindrico-infundibulari segmentis brevibus obtusis, staminibus inclusis, stylo demum exserto, fructu globoso magnitudine pisi.

Kilimanjaro.

Folia pedalia et ultra, basi 6-8 lin. lata. Racemus demum pedalis vel sesquipedalis, pedicellis $1\frac{1}{2}$ -2 lin. longis. Perianthium 12-13 lin. longum, ore 2 lin. diam. Capsula 2 lin. diam.

This comes nearest to the Cape and Natal *K. sarmentosa*, Kunth (Bot. Mag. t. 744), and the equatorial *K. Grantii*, Baker. Half a dozen species are now known in Abyssinia; and one has lately been discovered in Central Madagascar.—*J. G. Baker.*

138. *ROMULEA CAMEROONIANA*, *Baker.* Kilimanjaro.

139. *CYANOTIS HIRSUTA*, *Fisch. & Mey.*, var. ? Lykipia.

140. *CAREX* (fragment only), an *C. Steudneri*, Böckler vel *C. Köstlini*, Hochst. ? Kilimanjaro.



BRITAIN AND GERMANY IN EAST AFRICA.

NOTE

By SIR JOHN KIRK, G.C.M.G., H.B.M. *Agent and Consul-General, Zanzibar.*

ALTHOUGH it is but a short time since Mr. Joseph Thomson accomplished his great journey through Masai Land, much has occurred in East Africa since then. The route he first opened up has since been traversed by two Europeans, and public attention called to that region through the steps taken by Germany to build up an East African dependency. The issue of an Imperial Charter in 1885, granting to a German company the government of certain districts through which the great caravan route from the Central African lakes now passes, led to remonstrances on the part of his Highness Seyyid Barghash, who until then had been generally regarded as ruler and sovereign of those parts. This protest was summarily answered by the appearance at Zanzibar of a German squadron, which compelled the Sultan to acquiesce in Germany's claims, and to acknowledge the protectorates she had assumed inland.

British interests, which have for many years been paramount at Zanzibar, could not but be seriously affected by the steps taken by Germany, and by the doings of private and irresponsible agents of the new German company, who aimed at setting up pretensions on the coast. In order, therefore, to save the Sultan, our old ally, and prevent injurious rivalry, it was eventually agreed between England and Germany that the Sultan's rule should be respected and recognized throughout a continuous coast-zone ten miles in width, extending from near Cape Delgado in the south to the mouth of the river Tana in Formosa Bay in the north; including the adjacent islands, and certain detached trading-ports further north, to which it is not necessary here to refer. As regarded the inland region lying west of the Sultan's coast-zone, and situated between the rivers Rovuma and Tana, it was agreed that a line should be drawn dividing this into a northern and southern portion, and defining the spheres of influence of Germany and Great Britain; the former securing freedom of action to the south, while the district to the north of this

division line was assigned as open to British influence. Thus while both powers recognize and respect the Sultan's rule on the coast, the interior has been divided; Great Britain leaving to Germany a free hand in the south; she on her part being equally bound to make no acquisition of territory, accept no protectorate, or interfere with the extension of British influence to the north of the middle line agreed upon, which starting from the mouth of the Uмба river, a little to the north of the port of Tanga on the coast, runs direct inland to Lake Jipe, passes along the eastern and round the northern sides of that lake and crosses the Lumi river; after which it passes midway between the territories of Taveta and Chaga, skirts the northern base of Kilimanjaro, and thence is drawn diagonally to that point on the eastern side of Lake Victoria Nyanza, where the first degree of south latitude strikes the lake. The district to which this mutual agreement applies is limited, to the north, by a line drawn from the mouth of the river Tana, following that river or its affluents to the point of intersection of the equator and the thirty-eighth degree of east longitude, thence striking diagonally to the point of intersection of the first degree of north latitude with the thirty-seventh degree of east longitude.

Reference to the map which accompanies Mr. Thomson's book will show that his route to the lake lay entirely within the zone of British influence thus left open, and his admirable description is the only reliable one we yet possess of the region thus secured to us, if we choose to avail ourselves of the opportunity.

No one can read what Mr. Thomson says of the climate and resources of this country without noticing how favourably it compares with every other part of Eastern Africa which he has visited.

The Germans have secured in Usagara, Ukami, Ushambala, and Kilimanjaro (which now are open to them) rich and fertile districts; but, as a rule, these are difficult of approach and unhealthy, while the presence of the *tssetse-fly* renders the use of cattle and horses impossible south of the British zone. Moreover, the coast-slopes are steep, and much skill and expense will be needed to construct an available road to the interior. No doubt the Pangani valley is level, and by it a road might be made; but it is unhealthy, and, during a great part of the year, impassable for laden animals, on account of the swamps.

From Mombasa, on the other hand, there is an open and easy route reaching far beyond Kilimanjaro, without any physical obstacle that needs engineering skill. Here the gradients are easy, and the elevated and healthy plateaus accessible by such means of conveyance as are now used in South Africa. From the fact that cattle are here everywhere found we may conclude that the *tssetse-fly* is absent on this line of

route; while, if ever a railway is constructed, the dryness of the country will have an additional recommendation from the greater durability of all wooden structures. Water, no doubt, will be found not far from the surface, even in the driest parts.

As regards our position, to the Sultan's authority on the coast any British undertaking would here stand in the same relation as the Germans do further south. With the Sultan we have equal treaties, securing to us fixed rates on goods in transit, and security from official interference; while, as a port, Mombasa is certainly the best north of Zanzibar. Pangani—the port selected by Germany as the outlet to the Kilimanjaro region—is dangerous and impassable to any but small coasting craft.



INDEX.

A.

ABERDARE range, the, 207.
 Adventures, personal: provoking experiences at Tanga, 13; a dhow voyage, 13; running the reefs, 15; "awfully jolly!" 25; strayed, 40; a ridiculous episode, 73; a seventy miles' walk, 101; organizing the natives, 108; narrow escape from a lion; 110; adventure with a rhinoceros, 131; crestfallen, 135; dangerous moments, 139; a snake among my clothes, 144, unpleasant hunting, 145; with a leopard, 159; a comical situation, 164; elephant-hunting in Kikuyu, 180; a lively night, 185; ascent of Donyo Longonot, 190; a risky trip, 199; "starring it!" 205; a critical time, 210; an exciting buffalo-hunt, 213; Cagliostro *redivivus*, 220; unenviable solitude, 231; hard climbing, 273; a perilous *fracas*, 288; teased by a buffalo, 304; hunting elephants near Baringo, 320, 324, 326; benighted, 323; "blood-curdling!" 329; a six weeks' struggle with death, 336; carried to the coast, 338.

Aleocephalus caama, 275.

— *Cokit*, horns of, 124.

Andorobbo, appearance of the, 137; at Kenia, 224; an account of, 262.

Angata Bus (Treeless Plain), 209.

Elgek (Firewood Plain), 198, 200, 201.

— Nyuki (Red Plain), 274.

B.

BARINGO, Lake, description of, 229; peculiar features of, 315; sport at, 317, &c.

Becil, 187.

Botanical collection described by Sir Joseph Hooker and Prof. Oliver, 343.

Brass ornaments of the Wa-rombo, 136; analysis of, 341.

Burial customs among the Wa-taveta, 60; Masai ideas about, 211; practices of the Wa-kavirondo, 286.

C.

CATTLE disease extraordinary, 201, 210.
 Caves, mysterious, at Elgon, 301; suggestion as to their origin, 302.

Chaga, Rebmman's visit to, 2; description of, 78, 119.

Chala, Lake, visited by New, 4; description of, 121; illustrations of, 123, 129.

Chibcharagnani range, 230.

Chumah, 7.

Climate between the coast and Taveta, 115.

Coast lowlands, description of, 122.

Colobus guereza, the, 183.

Country explored by the Expedition, 1.

D.

DANA river reached by Krapp, 3.

Dogilani desert, 168; view over, 187.

Dondolè district, 303.

Donyo Buru (Steam Mountain), visit to, 195.

— Erok, Mt., 161; ascent of, 163.

— la Nyuki, 187.

— Lobikwè, Kamasia, 265.

— Longonot, 187; view of, 191; enormous pit on summit of, 191.

Duruma, miserable country of, 36; rock reservoirs of, 37.

E.

ELGEYO, Mt., 270; striking features of, 272; lava cap of, 273; view from, 274.

Elgon, Mt., extraordinary caves at, 300; suggestion as to their origin, 302.

Elguni, country of, 314.

Elmsteita, 338.

Engobot, country of, 314.

Expedition, the, resolved on, 5; object of, 6; trip of inquiry, 11; results of inquiry, 23; final preparations, 23; a villanous lot of porters, 23; leaves Zanzibar, 24; first start from Mombasa, 27; list of stores, 31; into the wilderness, 32; exasperating experiences with porters, 34; wilderness trials, 38; at Mt. Maningo, 41.

arrival at Taveta, 54; unwelcome detention, 56; anxieties about, 60, 71; departure from Taveta, 73; alarm about the Masai, 75; arrival at Kibonoto, 87; crossing the Masai threshold, 91; a portentous reception, 93; critical moments, 96; retreat, 97; at Taveta once more, 100; preparation for a new attempt, 101; want of water, 102; back to the coast, 105; second start from Rabai, 107; experiences at Taveta, 125; alliance with Jumba Kimameta, 126; new plan of route, 127; second departure from Taveta, 129; delay at Bombo, 136; *en route* again, 138; weary stay at Useri, 141; fighting the flames, 143; departure from Useri, 149; a fierce visitor, 149; on the Masai frontier again, 152; in Lytok-i-tok, 153; in touch with the Masai, 156; trouble at Njiri, 160; risks increasing, 163; in Matumbato, 163; at Becil, 167; at La Dorac, 168; exasperating experiences, 169; Ngonggo-a-Bagas, a day's routine, 171; glimpse of camp-life, 176; warlike marketing at Kikuyu, 179; departure from Ngongo, 184; a lively night, 185; a perilous panic, 188; arrival at Naivasha, 193; visit to Mt. Kenia resolved upon, 199; among the warriors of Lykipia, 205; arrival at Mt. Kenia, 232; flight from Kenia, 236; arrival at Baringo, 238; at Njemps, 232, 264; departure for Kavirondo, 268; at Kabaras, 278; at Kwa-Sundu, 285, 287; arrival at Victoria Nyanza, 292; an exciting night, 293; the return journey begun, 297; at Mt. Elgon, 299; improved character of the porters, 306; back at Baringo, 311; in danger of starvation, 331; an alarming prospect, 333; at Naivasha again, 334; hardships at Mianzi-ni, 338; journey via Ukambani and Teita to Mombasa, 338-340.

Exploration in E. Central Africa, history of, 1.

F.

FISCHER, Dr., rival expedition under, 8; news of, at Taveta, 71; difficulties created for us by, 88, 96; his route again struck, 194; note about subsequent expedition of, 194.
Frere Town Mission, 20.

G.

Gazella Thomsoni, horns of, 316.
Geological notes: Rabai, 27; Duruma, 37; Teita, 38; Ndara, 42; Taveta, 62; Chaga, 74, 75, 81, 86; Shira, 87; Kilimanjaro, 120; Njiri, 160; Donyo Erok and Ndapduk, 161; Dogilani, 168; Guaso Kedong, 189; Donyo Longonot, 190; Naivasha, 196; Donyo Buru, 198; Guaso Gilgil, 200; the Kekupé, 201, 203; the Ururu, 218; Lykipia, 221; Baringo, 230; Masai Land, 236; Guaso Tigrish, 269; Ka-

masia, 273; Elgeyo, 273; Kavirondo, 284; Elgon, 300; Ngare Rongai, 332.
Guaso Kamnyé, 269; glen of, 271.
Kedong, 189, 338.
N'Erok, 227.
Ngishu, red plain of, 274; forest of, 300.
Nyiro, 225.
Teen, 227.
Tigrish, 269.

H.

HAWKINGTON, Bishop, note anent his fatal expedition, 295.
Headmen, my, 9, 30.
Hildebrandt's journey, 4.
Himu river, 75.

J.

Jipé, Lake, description of, 65.

K.

KABARAS village, 277.
Kahé river, 86.
Kamasia range, 269, 271.
Kamanga river, 164.
Kapé plateau, view from, 170; warriors of, 173; women of, 181; return journey through, 339.
Karanga river, 86.
Karema, Belgians at, 8.
Kavirondo, journey through, 266-296; dense population of, 284, 290; its right place on the map, 285; dialects of, 286; cheapness of food in, 287; its poverty in trees, 288; smelting and working iron in, 290.
Kekupé river, 201, 203.
Kenia, Mt., Krapf gets a peep of, 3; a trip to, 302, &c.; distant view of, 208; description of, 222; illustrated, 223; physical history of, 224; streams flowing from, 225.
Kibonoto, 87; abundance of game at, 92.
Kikumbulu, desert of, 339.
Kikuyu, country of, 177, 237.
Kilimanjaro, Mt., visited by Reimann, 2; by Krapf, 3; by Von der Decken and Thornton, 4; by Dr. Kersten, 4; by New, 4; my first glimpse of, 65; view of, from Ohaga, 78; ascent of, 96; view of, from Kibonoto, 91; from Ngao N'Erobi, 96; description of, 116-121; physical history of, 120; view from Njiri plain, 157.
Kimangelia, 152.
Kimobu, Mt., 52.
Kopé-Kopé marsh, 213.
Krapf, Rev. Dr., his Mission at Mombasa, 1; journeys in the interior, 3.
Kwa-Sundu, town of, 285; experiences at, 297.

L.

LA DORAC district, 168.
Lumi river, 69.
Lykipia, experiences in, 204; warriors

- of, 205; gigantic junipers in, 207; view of escarpment, from Njempe, 220.
- M.
- MANDARA plunders New, 4; an invitation from, 70; visit to, 76; the man and his residence, 76; camp life near, 76; difficulties with, 82; subsequent kindness, 125, 128; imperial views of, 119, 128.
- Maragwet range, 230; artificial irrigation at, 310.
- Martin, James, engaged as assistant, 10; portrait of, 24; a word in eulogy of, 340.
- Masai Land, description of, 236-239.
- Masai, the first sight of, 89; oratory of, 90; dividing the spoil, 94, 255; women of Njiri, 161, 241; significance of spitting among, 168; warriors of Kapte, 173; women of Kapte, 181; at Naivasha, 195; warriors of Lykipia, 205; account of the race, 239; dwellings of, 243; a life story, 243-261; a kraal, 244; ear stretchers and ornaments, 245; weapons, 249; characteristics of a typical, 250; description of women, 250; habits of warriors, 251; a war-raid, 253; war array, 254; style of fighting, 256; ear ornaments of married woman, 257; disposal of their dead, 257, 261; marriage customs, 258; ideas of the Supreme Being, 259; married life, 260.
- Massala village, mud walls and gateway of, 281; daughters of chief, 294.
- Massawa, terrible massacre at, 298.
- Matumbato district and people of, 163.
- Mat escarpment, 230.
- Matngu, Mt., description of, 41.
- Melinda, Vasco di Gama's visit to, 1.
- Meru, Mt., triangulated by Dr. Kersten, 4; view of, from Chaga, 78.
- Mianzi-ni, 187; sufferings at, 335.
- Miles, Colonel, 7; accompanies Expedition to the mainland, 25; renewed kindness of, 106.
- Mission at Mombasa, 1, 3; at Frere Town, 20; at Jomvu, 21; at Rabai, 27; at Ndara, 45.
- Mombasa, Vasco di Gama wrecked at, 1; nature of the coast near, 12; history of, 17; description of, 18; native christians' house at, 19; a historical residence at, 20; kindness of missionaries at, 26; first start from, 27.
- Moschi, description of, 77.
- Muhinna engaged as interpreter, 26; his treachery, 125, 127; cowardliness of, 266.
- N.
- NAIVASHA, Lake, description of, 198.
- Nandi and its people, 275.
- Ndapiduk, Mt., 161.
- Ndara, arrival at, 42; ascent of, 43; Wa-teita of, 43; view from, 44; Mr. Wray's troubles, 108; hyenas at, 108.
- New, Rev. Charles, journeys of, 4.
- Ngarè Gobit, 231.
- N'Erubi, River, 93.
- Rongei, 154, 332.
- Suré, gorge of the, 169.
- Ngongo-a-Bagas, 171, 178, 182, &c., 339.
- Njempe, camp at, 233; life at, 234; natives of, 235; famine at, 312.
- Njiri Plain, extraordinary character of the, 156, &c.; Masai women of, 161, 241, 261.
- Nyanza, Lake Victoria, view of, 291.
- description of, 292.
- Nyika, the, 32, 39.
- Nzola river, 268, 289.
- O.
- OLYMPUS, Mt., of Ethiopia, 1.
- Oryx beisa, antelope, 266.
- P.
- PANGANI, visit to, 11.
- Plants, collection of, from the mountains of Masai Land, described and catalogued by Professor Oliver and Sir J. D. Hooker, 343-355.
- R.
- RABAI, Mission at, 27; view from, 28; mission-house at, 29.
- Rebmann's journeys of exploration, 2, 3.
- S.
- SADI-BIN-AHEDI, first appearance of, 4 engaged as guide, 69; treachery of, 126.
- Samburu, Lake, notes about, 314.
- Seremba, iron-working at, 290.
- Shira, 87; making brothers with the Sultan of, 88.
- Smelting iron at Seremba, 290.
- Steere, Bishop, 7.
- Suk country, 312.
- T.
- TANA river, 225.
- Tanga, an important coast town, 12.
- Taro, 38.
- Taveta, description, 54, 57, &c.; beauty of the scenery, 62; physical characteristics, 62; importance of, 64; charms of night at, 68; our new quarters at, 111; description of country from the coast to, 112.
- Teita mountains, 114.
- Thomson Falls, River Ururu, 217.
- Thornton, geologist, visits Kilimanjaro, 4.
- Tzavo river, 154.
- U.
- UGOON mountains, 65.
- Ulu, district of, 339.
- Ururu river, 212; Thomson Falls, 217.
- Usari river, fountains of, 141.
- V.
- VASCO DI GAMA, 1.
- Victoria Nyanza, 291, 292.

Von der Decken, Baron, visits Kilimanjaro, 4.

W.

WA-CHAGA, weapons and warriors, 68; of Useri, 142.

Wa-kamasia, account of the, 270.

Wa-kamba, the, 34, 35.

Wa-kavirondo, the, 279; huts of, 281; manner of dancing, 283; strange treatment of milk, 283; description of the, 286; burial customs of, 286; morality of, 287; method of smelting and working iron, 290.

Wakefield, Rev. Mr., services to geography, 5; Mission at Jomvu, 21.

Wa-kikuyu, description of the, 177; troubles with, 178, 185.

Wa-kwafi, the, of Taveta, 63; of Njemps, 235, 263; original home of, 240; history of, 241; villages of, 263; girls, 267.

Wa-nandi, the, 275.

Wa-nyika, the, description of, 28; method of preparing grain, 31.

Wa-rombo, the, 130; brass ornaments of, 136, 341.

Wa-suk, description of the, 312.

Wa-taveta, dwellings of the, 69; curious burial customs, 60; an interesting announcement, 60; marriage among the, 61; description of the, 63; an evening *fitte*, 66.

Wa-teita, huts of the, 43; squabbles with the, 45, 63; one of the men, 47; description of the, 48; women's dress, 49; marriage among the, 61; a girl of the, 63; a village, 71.

Wai-wai river, 272.

Weri-weri river, 86.

Z.

ZANZIBAR, life and incidents in, 7, &c.





*A Catalogue of American and Foreign Books Published or
Imported by MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & Co. can
be had on application.*

*Crown Buildings, 188, Fleet Street, London,
October, 1886.*

A Selection from the List of Books

PUBLISHED BY

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON.

ALPHABETICAL LIST.

- ABBOTT (C. C.)** *Poetquissings Chronicle: Upland and Meadow.* 10s. 6d.
About Some Fellows. By an ETON BOY, Author of "A Day of my Life." Cloth limp, square 16mo, 2s. 6d.
Adams (C. K.) *Manual of Historical Literature.* Cr. 8vo, 12s. 6d.
Alcott (Louisa M.) *Joe's Boys.* 5s.
——— *Lulu's Library.* 3s. 6d.
——— *Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving Day.* 3s. 6d.
——— *Proverb Stories.* 16mo, 3s. 6d.
——— *Spinning-Wheel Stories.* 16mo, 5s.
——— See also "Rose Library."
Alden (W. L.) *Adventures of Jimmy Brown, written by himself.* Illustrated. Small crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Aldrich (T. B.) *Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book, &c.* Very choicely printed on hand-made paper, parchment cover, 3s. 6d.
——— *Poetical Works. Edition de luxe.* 8vo, 21s.
Alford (Lady Marian) *Needlework as Art.* With over 100 Woodcuts, Photogravures, &c. Royal 8vo, 42s.; large paper, 84s.
Amateur Angler's Days in Dove Dale: Three Weeks' Holiday in July and August, 1884. By E. M. Printed by Whittingham, at the Chiswick Press. Cloth gilt, 1s. 6d.; fancy boards, 1s.
American Men of Letters. Thoreau, Irving, Webster. 2s. 6d. each.
Andersen. *Fairy Tales.* With over 500 Illustrations by Scandinavian Artists. 6s. per vol.
Anderson (W.) *Pictorial Arts of Japan.* With 80 full-page and other Plates, 16 of them in Colours. Large imp. 4to, 8l. 8s. (in four folio parts, 2l. 2s. each); Artist's Proofs, 12l. 12s.

- Angler's Strange Experiences (An)*. By COTSWOLD ISVS. With numerous Illustrations, 4to, 5s. New Edition, 3s. 6d.
- Anglin*. See Amateur, "British Fisheries," "Cutcliffe," "Halford," "Hamilton," "Martin," "Orvis," "Pennell," "Pritt," "Stevens," "Theakston," "Walton," "Wells," and "Willis-Bund."
- Arnold (Edwin) Birthday Book*. 4s. 6d.
- Art Education*. See "Biographies of Great Artists," "Illustrated Text Books," "Mollett's Dictionary."
- Artists at Home*. Photographed by J. P. MAYALL, and reproduced in Facsimile. Letterpress by F. G. STEPHENS. Imp. folio, 42s.
- Audsley (G. A.) Ornamental Arts of Japan*. 90 Plates, 74 in Colours and Gold, with General and Descriptive Text. 2 vols., folio, £15 15s.; in specially designed leather, 23l. 2s.
- *The Art of Chromo-Lithography*. Coloured Plates and Text. Folio, 63s.
- Auerbach (B.) Brigitta*. (B. Tauchnitz Collection.) 2s.
- *On the Heights*. 3 vols., 6s.
- *Spinoza*. 2 vols., 18mo, 4s.

BALDWIN (J.) Story of Siegfried. 6s.

— *Story of Roland*. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Barlow (Alfred) Weaving by Hand and by Power. With several hundred Illustrations. Third Edition, royal 8vo, 1l. 5s.

Barrow (J.) Mountain Ascents in Cumberland and Westmoreland. 7s. 6d.

Bassett (F. S.) Legends and Superstitions of the Sea and of Sailors. 7s. 6d.

THE BAYARD SERIES.

Edited by the late J. HAIN FRISWELL.

Comprising Pleasure Books of Literature produced in the Choicest Style as Companionable Volumes at Home and Abroad.

"We can hardly imagine better books for boys to read or for men to ponder over."—*Times*.

Price 2s. 6d. each Volume, complete in itself, flexible cloth extra, gilt edges, with silk Headbands and Registers.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>The Story of the Chevalier Bayard.
By M. De Berville.</p> <p>De Joinville's St. Louis, King of France.</p> <p>The Essays of Abraham Cowley, including all his Prose Works.</p> | <p>Abdallah; or, The Four Leaves.
By Edouard Laboullaye.</p> <p>Table-Talk and Opinions of Napoleon Buonaparte.</p> <p>Vathek: An Oriental Romance.
By William Beckford.</p> |
|---|--|

Bayard Series (continued) :—

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>Words of Wellington : Maxims and Opinions of the Great Duke.</p> <p>Dr. Johnson's Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. With Notes.</p> <p>Hazlitt's Round Table. With Biographical Introduction.</p> <p>The Religio Medici, Hydriotaphia, and the Letter to a Friend. By Sir Thomas Browne, Knt.</p> <p>Coleridge's Christabel, and other Imaginative Poems. With Preface by Algernon C. Swinburne.</p> <p>Lord Chesterfield's Letters, Sentences, and Maxims. With Introduction by the Editor, and Essay on Chesterfield by M. de Ste.-Beuve, of the French Academy.</p> | <p>Ballad Poetry of the Affections. By Robert Buchanan.</p> <p>The King and the Commons. A Selection of Cavalier and Puritan Songs. Edited by Professor Morley.</p> <p>Essays in Mosaic. By Thos. Ballantyne.</p> <p>My Uncle Toby ; his Story and his Friends. Edited by P. Fitzgerald.</p> <p>Reflections ; or, Moral Sentences and Maxims of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld.</p> <p>Socrates ; Memoirs for English Readers from Xenophon's Memorabilia. By Edw. Leven.</p> <p>Prince Albert's Golden Precepts.</p> |
|--|---|

A Case containing 12 Volumes, price 31s. 6d. ; or the Case separately, price 3s. 6d.

Behnke and Browne. Child's Voice. Small 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Beyschlag. Female Costume Figures of various Centuries. 12 designs in portfolio, imperial. 21s.

Bickersteth (Bishop E. H.) The Clergyman in his Home. Small post 8vo, 1s.

— *Evangelical Churchmanship and Evangelical Eclecticism. 8vo, 1s.*

— *From Year to Year : Original Poetical Pieces. Small post 8vo, 3s. 6d. ; roan, 6s. and 5s. ; calf or morocco, 10s. 6d.*

— *Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer. May be had in various styles and bindings from 1d. to 31s. 6d. Price List and Prospectus will be forwarded on application.*

— *The Master's Home-Call ; or, Brief Memorials of Alice Frances Bickersteth. 20th Thousand. 32mo, cloth gilt, 1s.*

— *The Master's Will. A Funeral Sermon preached on the Death of Mrs. S. Gurney Buxton. Sewn, 6d. ; cloth gilt, 1s.*

— *The Reef, and other Parables. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.*

— *The Shadow of the Rock. A Selection of Religious Poetry. 18mo, cloth extra, 2s. 6d.*

— *The Shadowed Home and the Light Beyond. New Edition, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.*

Biographies of the Great Artists (Illustrated). Crown 8vo, emblematical binding, 3s. 6d. per volume, except where the price is given.

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| Claude Lorrain. | Mantegna and Francia. |
| Correggio, by M. E. Heaton, 2s. 6d. | Meissonier, by J. W. Mollett, 2s. 6d. |
| Della Robbia and Cellini, 2s. 6d. | Michelangelo Buonarroti, by Clément. |
| Albrecht Dürer, by R. F. Heath. | Murillo, by Ellen E. Minor, 2s. 6d. |
| Figure Painters of Holland. | Overbeck, by J. B. Atkinson. |
| Fra Angelico, Masaccio, and Botticelli. | Raphael, by N. D'Anvers. |
| Fra Bartolommeo, Albertinelli, and Andrea del Sarto. | Rembrandt, by J. W. Mollett. |
| Gainsborough and Constable. | Reynolds, by F. S. Pulling. |
| Ghiberti and Donatello, 2s. 6d. | Rubens, by C. W. Kett. |
| Giotto, by Harry Quilter. | Tintoretto, by W. R. Osler. |
| Hans Holbein, by Joseph Cundall. | Titian, by R. F. Heath. |
| Hogarth, by Austin Dobson. | Turner, by Cosmo Monkhouse. |
| Landseer, by F. G. Stevens. | Vandyck and Hals, by P. R. Head. |
| Lawrence and Romney, by Lord Ronald Gower, 2s. 6d. | Velasquez, by E. Stowe. |
| Leonardo da Vinci. | Vernet and Delaroche, by J. Rees. |
| Little Masters of Germany, by W. B. Scott. | Watteau, by J. W. Mollett, 2s. 6d. |
| | Wilkie, by J. W. Mollett. |

Bird (F. J.) American Practical Dyer's Companion. 8vo, 42s.

Bird (H. E.) Chess Practice. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

Black (Robert) Horse Racing in France. 14s.

Black (Wm.) Novels. See "Low's Standard Library."

Blackburn (Charles F.) Hints on Catalogue Titles and Index
Entries, with a Vocabulary of Terms and Abbreviations, chiefly from Foreign Catalogues. Royal 8vo, 14s.

Blackburn (Henry) Breton Folk. With 171 Illust. by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT. Imperial 8vo, gilt edges, 21s.; plainer binding, 10s. 6d.

— *Pyrenees.* With 100 Illustrations by GUSTAVE DORÉ, corrected to 1881. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. See also CALDECOTT.

Blackmore (R. D.) Lorna Doone. Edition de luxe. Crown 4to, very numerous Illustrations, cloth, gilt edges, 31s. 6d.; parchment, uncut, top gilt, 35s.; new issue, plainer, 21s.; small post 8vo, 6s.

— *Novels.* See "Low's Standard Library."

Blaikie (William) How to get Strong and how to Stay so. Rational, Physical, Gymnastic, &c., Exercises. Illust., sm. post 8vo, 5s.

— *Sound Bodies for our Boys and Girls.* 16mo, 2s. 6d.

Bonwick. British Colonies. Asia, 1s.; Africa, 1s.; America, 1s.; Australasia, 1s. One vol., 5s.

Bosanquet (Rev. C.) Blossoms from the King's Garden : Sermons
for Children. 2nd Edition, small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

— *Jehoshaphat ; or, Sunlight and Clouds.* 1s.

- Boulton (Major) North-West Rebellion in Canada.* 9s.
Bousсенard (L.) Crusoes of Guiana. Illustrated. 5s.
 ——— *Gold-seekers, a Sequel.* Illustrated. 16mo, 5s.
Bowker (R. R.) Copyright: its Law and its Literature. 15s.
Boyesen (F.) Story of Norway. 7s. 6d.
Boy's Froissart. King Arthur. Mabinogian. Percy. See LANIER.
Bradshaw (J.) New Zealand as it is. 8vo, 12s. 6d.
Brassey (Lady) Tahiti. With 31 Autotype Illustrations after Photos. by Colonel STUART-WORTLEY. Fcap. 4to, 21s.
Bright (John) Public Letters. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
Brisse (Baron) Ménus (366). A *ménu*, in French and English, for every Day in the Year. Translated by Mrs. MATTHEW CLARKE. 2nd Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
British Fisheries Directory, 1883-84. Small 8vo, 2s. 6d.
Brittany. See BLACKBURN.
Britons in Brittany. By G. H. F. 2s. 6d.
Brown. Life and Letters of John Brown, Liberator of Kansas, and Martyr of Virginia. By F. B. SANBORN. Illustrated. 8vo, 12s. 6d.
Browne (G. Lennox) Voice Use and Stimulants. Sm. 8vo, 3s. 6d.
 ——— *and Behnke (Emil) Voice, Song, and Speech.* Illustrated, 3rd Edition, medium 8vo, 15s.
Bryant (W. C.) and Gay (S. H.) History of the United States. 4 vols., royal 8vo, profusely Illustrated, 60s.
Bryce (Rev. Professor) Manitoba. With Illustrations and Maps. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. With 138 original Woodcuts. Small post 8vo, cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.; gilt edges, 3s.
Burnaby (Capt.) On Horseback through Asia Minor. 2 vols., 8vo, 38s. Cheaper Edition, 1 vol., crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.
Burnaby (Mrs. F.) High Alps in Winter; or, Mountaineering in Search of Health. By Mrs. FRED BURNABY. With Portrait of the Authoress, Map, and other Illustrations. Handsome cloth, 14s.
Butler (W. F.) The Great Lone Land; an Account of the Red River Expedition, 1869-70. New Edition, cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.
 ——— *Invasion of England, told twenty years after, by an Old Soldier.* Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
 ——— *Red Cloud; or, the Solitary Sioux.* Imperial 16mo, numerous illustrations, gilt edges, 5s.
 ——— *The Wild North Land; the Story of a Winter Journey with Dogs across Northern North America.* 8vo, 18s. Cr. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

- Dogs in Disease : their Management and Treatment.* By ASH-MONT. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- Donnelly (Ignatius) Atlantis ; or, the Antediluvian World.* 7th Edition, crown 8vo, 12s. 6d.
- *Ragnarok : The Age of Fire and Gravel.* Illustrated, crown 8vo, 12s. 6d.
- Doré (Gustave) Life and Reminiscences.* By BLANCHE ROOSEVELT. With numerous Illustrations from the Artist's previously unpublished Drawings. Medium 8vo, 24s.
- Dougall (James Dalziel) Shooting : its Appliances, Practice, and Purpose.* New Edition, revised with additions. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
 "The book is admirable in every way. . . . We wish it every success."—*Globe*.
 "A very complete treatise. . . . Likely to take high rank as an authority on shooting."—*Daily News*.
- Drama.* See COOK (DUTTON).
- Dyeing.* See BIRD (F. J.).
- Dunn (J. R.) Massacres of the Mountains : Indian Wars of the Far West.* 21s.
- Duprè (Giovanni).* By H. S. FRIEZE. With Dialogues on Art by AUGUSTO CONTI. 7s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL List and Directory for 1886-87. 5s.

- Educational Works* published in Great Britain. A Classified Catalogue. Second Edition, 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.
- Egypt.* See "Foreign Countries."
- Eight Months on the Gran Chaco of the Argentine Republic.* 8vo, 8s. 6d.
- Electricity.* See GORDON.
- Elliott (H. W.) An Arctic Province : Alaska and the Seal Islands.* Illustrated from Drawings ; also with maps. 16s.
- Ellis (W.) Royal Jubilees of England.* 3s. 6d.
- Emerson (Dr. P. H.) and Goodall. Life and Landscape on the Norfolk Broads.* Plates 12 x 8 inches (before publication, 105s.), 126s.
- Emerson (R. W.) Life.* By G. W. COOKE. Crown 8vo, 8s. 6d.
- English Catalogue of Books.* Vol. III., 1872—1880. Royal 8vo, half-morocco, 42s. See also "Index."
- English Etchings.* A Periodical published Quarterly. 3s. 6d.

English Philosophers. Edited by E. B. IVAN MÜLLER, M.A.

A series intended to give a concise view of the works and lives of English thinkers. Crown 8vo volumes of 180 or 200 pp., price 3s. 6d. each.

Francis Bacon, by Thomas Fowler.	*John Stuart Mill, by Miss Helen Taylor.
Hamilton, by W. H. S. Monck.	
Hartley and James Mill, by G. S. Bower.	Shaftesbury and Hutcheson, by Professor Fowler.
	Adam Smith, by J. A. Farrer.

* Not yet published.

Etching. See CHATTOCK, and ENGLISH ETCHINGS.

Etchings (Modern) of Celebrated Paintings. 4to, 31s. 6d.

FARINI (G. A.) Through the Kalahari Desert: Fauna, Flora, and Strange Tribes. 21s.

Farm Ballads, Festivals, and Legends. See "Rose Library."

Fauriel (Claude) Last Days of the Consulate. Cr. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Fawcett (Edgar) A Gentleman of Leisure. 1s.

Federighi. Seven Ages of Man. Lithographs from Drawings, 7 plates. 25s.

Feilden (H. St. C.) Some Public Schools, their Cost and Scholarships. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

Fenn (G. Manville) Off to the Wilds: A Story for Boys. Profusely Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.; also 5s.

——— *The Silver Cañon: a Tale of the Western Plains.* Illustrated, small post 8vo, gilt, 6s.; plainer, 5s.

Fennell (Greville) Book of the Roach. New Edition, 12mo, 2s.

Ferns. See HEATH.

Field (H. M.) Greek Islands and Turkey after the War. 8s. 6d.

Fields (J. T.) Yesterdays with Authors. New Ed., 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Fitzgerald (Percy) Book Fancier: Romance of Book Collecting.

Fleming (Sandford) England and Canada: a Summer Tour. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Florence. See YRIARTE.

Folkard (R., Jun.) Plant Lore, Legends, and Lyrics. Illustrated, 8vo, 16s.

Dogs in Disease: their Management and Treatment. By ASH-MONT. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Donnelly (Ignatius) Atlantis; or, the Antediluvian World. 7th Edition, crown 8vo, 12s. 6d.

——— *Ragnarok: The Age of Fire and Gravel.* Illustrated, crown 8vo, 12s. 6d.

Doré (Gustave) Life and Reminiscences. By BLANCHE ROOSEVELT. With numerous Illustrations from the Artist's previously unpublished Drawings. Medium 8vo, 24s.

Dougall (James Dalziel) Shooting: its Appliances, Practice, and Purpose. New Edition, revised with additions. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

"The book is admirable in every way. . . . We wish it every success."—*Globe*.
"A very complete treatise. . . . Likely to take high rank as an authority on shooting."—*Daily News*.

Drama. See COOK (DUTTON).

Dyeing. See BIRD (F. J.).

Dunn (J. R.) Massacres of the Mountains: Indian Wars of the Far West. 21s.

Duprè (Giovanni). By H. S. FRIEZE. With Dialogues on Art by AUGUSTO CONTI. 7s. 6d.

E *EDUCATIONAL List and Directory for 1886-87.* 5s.

Educational Works published in Great Britain. A Classified Catalogue. Second Edition, 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Egypt. See "Foreign Countries."

Eight Months on the Gran Chaco of the Argentine Republic. 8vo, 8s. 6d.

Electricity. See GORDON.

Elliott (H. W.) An Arctic Province: Alaska and the Seal Islands. Illustrated from Drawings; also with maps. 16s.

Ellis (W.) Royal Jubilees of England. 3s. 6d.

Emerson (Dr. P. H.) and Goodall. Life and Landscape on the Norfolk Broads. Plates 12 x 8 inches (before publication, 105s.), 126s.

Emerson (R. W.) Life. By G. W. COOKE. Crown 8vo, 8s. 6d.

English Catalogue of Books. Vol. III., 1872—1880. Royal 8vo, half-morocco, 42s. See also "Index."

English Etchings. A Periodical published Quarterly. 3s. 6d.

English Philosophers. Edited by E. B. IVAN MÜLLER, M.A.

A series intended to give a concise view of the works and lives of English thinkers. Crown 8vo volumes of 180 or 200 pp., price 3s. 6d. each.

Francis Bacon, by Thomas Fowler.	*John Stuart Mill, by Miss Helen Taylor.
Hamilton, by W. H. S. Monck.	Shaftesbury and Hutcheson, by Professor Fowler.
Hartley and James Mill, by G. S. Bower.	Adam Smith, by J. A. Farrer.

* Not yet published.

Etching. See CHATTOCK, and ENGLISH ETCHINGS.

Etchings (Modern) of Celebrated Paintings. 4to, 31s. 6d.

FARINI (G. A.) Through the Kalahari Desert: Fauna, Flora, and Strange Tribes. 21s.

Farm Ballads, Festivals, and Legends. See "Rose Library."

Fauriel (Claude) Last Days of the Consulate. Cr. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Fawcett (Edgar) A Gentleman of Leisure. 1s.

Federighi. Seven Ages of Man. Lithographs from Drawings, 7 plates. 25s.

Feilden (H. St. C.) Some Public Schools, their Cost and Scholarships. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

Fenn (G. Manville) Off to the Wilds: A Story for Boys. Profusely Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.; also 5s.

——— *The Silver Cañon: a Tale of the Western Plains.* Illustrated, small post 8vo, gilt, 6s.; plainer, 5s.

Fennell (Greville) Book of the Roach. New Edition, 12mo, 2s.

Ferns. See HEATH.

Field (H. M.) Greek Islands and Turkey after the War. 8s. 6d.

Fields (J. T.) Yesterdays with Authors. New Ed., 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Fitzgerald (Percy) Book Fancier: Romance of Book Collecting.

Fleming (Sandford) England and Canada: a Summer Tour. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Florence. See YRIARTE.

Folkard (R., Jun.) Plant Lore, Legends, and Lyrics. Illustrated, 8vo, 16s.

Forbes (H. O.) Naturalist's Wanderings in the Eastern Archipelago. Illustrated, 8vo, 21s.

Foreign Countries and British Colonies. A series of Descriptive Handbooks. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. each.

- | | |
|---|--|
| Australia, by J. F. Vesey Fitzgerald. | Peru, by Clements R. Markham, C.B. |
| Austria, by D. Kay, F.R.G.S. | Russia, by W. R. Morfill, M.A. |
| *Canada, by W. Fraser Rae. | Spain, by Rev. Wentworth Webster. |
| Denmark and Iceland, by E. C. Otté. | Sweden and Norway, by F. H. Woods. |
| Egypt, by S. Lane Poole, B.A. | *Switzerland, by W. A. P. Coolidge, M.A. |
| France, by Miss M. Roberts. | *Turkey-in-Asia, by J. C. McCoan, M.P. |
| Germany, by S. Baring-Gould. | West Indies, by C. H. Eden, F.R.G.S. |
| Greece, by L. Sergeant, B.A. | |
| *Holland, by R. L. Poole. | |
| Japan, by S. Mossman. | |
| *New Zealand. | |
| *Persia, by Major-Gen. Sir F. Goldsmid. | |

* Not ready yet.

Fortnight in Heaven : an Unconventional Romance. 3s. 6d.

Fortunes made in Business. Vols. I., II., III. 16s. each.

Frampton (Mary) Journal, Letters, and Anecdotes, 1799—1846. 8vo, 14s.

Franc (Maud Jeanne). The following form one Series, small post 8vo, in uniform cloth bindings, with gilt edges :—

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| Emily's Choice. 5s. | Vermont Vale. 5s. |
| Hall's Vineyard. 4s. | Minnie's Mission. 4s. |
| John's Wife : A Story of Life in South Australia. 4s. | Little Mercy. 4s. |
| Marian ; or, The Light of Some One's Home. 5s. | Beatrice Melton's Discipline. 4s. |
| Silken Cords and Iron Fetters. 4s. | No Longer a Child. 4s. |
| Into the Light. 4s. | Golden Gifts. 4s. |
| | Two Sides to Every Question. 4s. |
| | Master of Ralston. 4s. |

Frank's Rancho ; or, My Holiday in the Rockies. A Contribution to the Inquiry into What we are to Do with our Boys. 5s.

French. See JULIEN.

Froissart. See LANIER.

Fuller (Edward) Fellow Travellers. 3s. 6d.

GALE (F. ; the Old Buffer) Modern English Sports : their Use and Abuse. Crown 8vo, 6s. ; a few large paper copies, 10s. 6d.

Galloway (W. B.) Chalk and Flint Formation. 2s. 6d.

Gane (D. N.) New South Wales and Victoria in 1885. 5s.

Geary (Grattan) Burma after the Conquest. 7s. 6d.

Gentle Life (Queen Edition). 2 vols. in 1, small 4to, 6s.

THE GENTLE LIFE SERIES.

Price 6s. each ; or in calf extra, price 10s. 6d. ; Smaller Edition, cloth extra, 2s. 6d., except where price is named.

The Gentle Life. Essays in aid of the Formation of Character of Gentlemen and Gentlewomen.

About in the World. Essays by Author of "The Gentle Life."

Like unto Christ. A New Translation of Thomas à Kempis' "De Imitatione Christi."

Familiar Words. An Index Verborum, or Quotation Handbook. 6s.

Essays by Montaigne. Edited and Annotated by the Author of "The Gentle Life."

The Gentle Life. 2nd Series.

The Silent Hour: Essays, Original and Selected. By the Author of "The Gentle Life."

Half-Length Portraits. Short Studies of Notable Persons. By J. HAIN FRISWELL.

Essays on English Writers, for the Self-improvement of Students in English Literature.

Other People's Windows. By J. HAIN FRISWELL. 6s.

A Man's Thoughts. By J. HAIN FRISWELL.

The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia. By Sir PHILIP SIDNEY. New Edition, 6s.

George Eliot: a Critical Study of her Life. By G. W. COOKE. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Germany. By S. BARING-GOULD. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Gilder (W. H.) Ice-Pack and Tundra. An Account of the Search for the "Jeannette." 8vo, 18s.

——— *Schwatka's Search.* Sledging in quest of the Franklin Records. Illustrated, 8vo, 12s. 6d.

Gisborne (W.) New Zealand Rulers and Statesmen. With Portraits. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Forbes (H. O.) Naturalist's Wanderings in the Eastern Archipelago. Illustrated, 8vo, 21s.

Foreign Countries and British Colonies. A series of Descriptive Handbooks. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. each.

- | | |
|---|--|
| Australia, by J. F. Vesey Fitzgerald. | Peru, by Clements R. Markham, C.B. |
| Austria, by D. Kay, F.R.G.S. | Russia, by W. R. Morfill, M.A. |
| *Canada, by W. Fraser Rae. | Spain, by Rev. Wentworth Webster. |
| Denmark and Iceland, by E. C. Otté. | Sweden and Norway, by F. H. Woods. |
| Egypt, by S. Lane Poole, B.A. | *Switzerland, by W. A. P. Coolidge, M.A. |
| France, by Miss M. Roberts. | *Turkey-in-Asia, by J. C. McCoan, M.P. |
| Germany, by S. Baring-Gould. | West Indies, by C. H. Eden, F.R.G.S. |
| Greece, by L. Sergeant, B.A. | |
| *Holland, by R. L. Poole. | |
| Japan, by S. Mossman. | |
| *New Zealand. | |
| *Persia, by Major-Gen. Sir F. Goldsmid. | |

* Not ready yet.

Fortnight in Heaven : an Unconventional Romance. 3s. 6d.

Fortunes made in Business. Vols. I., II., III. 16s. each.

Frampton (Mary) Journal, Letters, and Anecdotes, 1799—1846. 8vo, 14s.

Franc (Maud Jeanne). The following form one Series, small post 8vo, in uniform cloth bindings, with gilt edges :—

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| Emily's Choice. 5s. | Vermont Vale. 5s. |
| Hall's Vineyard. 4s. | Minnie's Mission. 4s. |
| John's Wife : A Story of Life in South Australia. 4s. | Little Mercy. 4s. |
| Marian ; or, The Light of Some One's Home. 5s. | Beatrice Melton's Discipline. 4s. |
| Silken Cords and Iron Fetters. 4s. | No Longer a Child. 4s. |
| Into the Light. 4s. | Golden Gifts. 4s. |
| | Two Sides to Every Question. 4s. |
| | Master of Ralston. 4s. |

Frank's Rancho ; or, My Holiday in the Rockies. A Contribution to the Inquiry into What we are to Do with our Boys. 5s.

French. See JULIEN.

Froissart. See LANIER.

Fuller (Edward) Fellow Travellers. 3s. 6d.

GALE (F. ; the Old Buffer) Modern English Sports : their Use and Abuse. Crown 8vo, 6s. ; a few large paper copies, 10s. 6d.

Galloway (W. B.) Chalk and Flint Formation. 2s. 6d.

- Gane (D. N.) New South Wales and Victoria in 1885.* 5s.
Geary (Grattan) Burma after the Conquest. 7s. 6d.
Gentle Life (Queen Edition). 2 vols. in 1, small 4to, 6s.

THE GENTLE LIFE SERIES.

- Price 6s. each ; or in calf extra, price 10s. 6d. ; Smaller Edition, cloth extra, 2s. 6d., except where price is named.
- The Gentle Life.* Essays in aid of the Formation of Character of Gentlemen and Gentlewomen.
- About in the World.* Essays by Author of "The Gentle Life."
- Like unto Christ.* A New Translation of Thomas à Kempis' "De Imitatione Christi."
- Familiar Words.* An Index Verborum, or Quotation Handbook. 6s.
- Essays by Montaigne.* Edited and Annotated by the Author of "The Gentle Life."
- The Gentle Life.* 2nd Series.
- The Silent Hour: Essays, Original and Selected.* By the Author of "The Gentle Life."
- Half-Length Portraits.* Short Studies of Notable Persons. By J. HAIN FRISWELL.
- Essays on English Writers,* for the Self-improvement of Students in English Literature.
- Other People's Windows.* By J. HAIN FRISWELL. 6s.
- A Man's Thoughts.* By J. HAIN FRISWELL.
- The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia.* By Sir PHILIP SIDNEY. New Edition, 6s.
-
- George Eliot: a Critical Study of her Life.* By G. W. COOKE. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.
- Germany.* By S. BARING-GOULD. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- Gilder (W. H.) Ice-Pack and Tundra.* An Account of the Search for the "Jeannette." 8vo, 18s.
- *Schwatka's Search.* Sledging in quest of the Franklin Records. Illustrated, 8vo, 12s. 6d.
- Gisborne (W.) New Zealand Rulers and Statesmen.* With Portraits. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Gordon (General) Private Diary in China. Edited by S. MOSSMAN. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Gordon (J. E. H., B.A. Cantab.) Four Lectures on Electric Induction at the Royal Institution, 1878-9. Illust., square 16mo, 3s.

——— *Electric Lighting.* Illustrated, 8vo, 18s.

——— *Physical Treatise on Electricity and Magnetism.* 2nd Edition, enlarged, with coloured, full-page, &c., Illust. 2 vols., 8vo, 42s.

——— *Electricity for Schools.* Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Gouffé (Jules) Royal Cookery Book. Translated and adapted for English use by ALPHONSE GOUFFÉ, Head Pastrycook to the Queen. New Edition, with plates in colours, Woodcuts, &c., 8vo, gilt edges, 42s.

——— Domestic Edition, half-bound, 10s. 6d.

Grant (General, U.S.) Personal Memoirs. With numerous Illustrations, Maps, &c. 2 vols., 8vo, 28s.

Great Artists. See "Biographies."

Great Musicians. Edited by F. HUEFFER. A Series of Biographies, crown 8vo, 3s. each :—

Bach.	Handel.	Purcell.
*Beethoven.	Haydn.	Rossini.
*Berlioz.	*Marcello.	Schubert.
English Church Composers. By BARETT.	Mendelssohn.	Schumann.
*Glück.	Mozart.	Richard Wagner.
	*Palestrina.	Weber.

* In preparation.

Greenwood (H.) Our Land Laws as they are. 2s. 6d.

Grimm (Hermann) Literature. 8s. 6d.

Groves (J. Percy) Charmouth Grange : a Tale of the Seventeenth Century. Illustrated, small post 8vo, gilt, 6s.; plainer 5s.

Guizot's History of France. Translated by ROBERT BLACK. Super-royal 8vo, very numerous Full-page and other Illustrations. In 8 vols., cloth extra, gilt, each 24s. This work is re-issued in cheaper binding, 8 vols., at 10s. 6d. each.

"It supplies a want which has long been felt, and ought to be in the hands of all students of history."—*Times*.

————— *Masson's School Edition.* Abridged from the Translation by Robert Black, with Chronological Index, Historical and Genealogical Tables, &c. By Professor GUSTAVE MASSON, B.A. With 24 full-page Portraits, and other Illustrations. 1 vol., 8vo, 600 pp., 10s. 6d.

Guyon (Mde.) Life. By UPHAM. 6th Edition, crown 8vo, 6s.

HALFORD (F. M.) *Floating Flies, and how to Dress them.*
Coloured plates. 8vo, 15s.; large paper, 30s.

Hall (W. W.) *How to Live Long; or, 1408 Health Maxims,*
Physical, Mental, and Moral. 2nd Edition, small post 8vo, 2s.

Hamilton (E.) *Recollections of Fly-fishing for Salmon, Trout,*
and Grayling. With their Habits, Haunts, and History. Illustrated,
small post 8vo, 6s.; large paper (100 numbered copies), 10s. 6d.

Hands (T.) *Numerical Exercises in Chemistry.* Cr. 8vo, 2s. 6d.
and 2s.; Answers separately, 6d.

Hardy (Thomas). See LOW'S STANDARD NOVELS.

Harland (Marian) *Home Kitchen: a Collection of Practical*
and Inexpensive Receipts. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Harley (T.) *Southward Ho! to the State of Georgia.* 5s.

Harper's Magazine. Published Monthly. 160 pages, fully
illustrated, 1s. Vols., half yearly, I.—XII. (December, 1880, to
November, 1886), super-royal 8vo, 8s. 6d. each.

"'Harper's Magazine' is so thickly sown with excellent illustrations that to count
them would be a work of time; not that it is a picture magazine, for the engravings
illustrate the text after the manner seen in some of our choicest *éditions de luxe*."—
St. James's Gazette.

"It is so pretty, so big, and so cheap. . . . An extraordinary shillingsworth—
160 large octavo pages, with over a score of articles, and more than three times as
many illustrations."—*Edinburgh Daily Review*.

"An amazing shillingsworth . . . combining choice literature of both nations."—
Nonconformist.

Harper's Young People. Vols. I.—II., profusely illustrated with
woodcuts and 12 coloured plates. Royal 4to, extra binding, each
7s. 6d.; gilt edges, 8s. Published Weekly, in wrapper, 1d. 12mo. Annual
Subscription, post free, 6s. 6d.; Monthly, in wrapper, with coloured
plate, 6d.; Annual Subscription, post free, 7s. 6d.

Harrison (Mary) *Skilful Cook: a Practical Manual of Modern*
Experience. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Hatton (Frank) *North Borneo.* With Biography by JOSEPH
HATTON. New Map, and Illustrations, 18s.

Hatton (Joseph) *Journalistic London: with Engravings and*
Portraits of Distinguished Writers of the Day. Fcap. 4to, 12s. 6d.

— *Three Recruits, and the Girls they left behind them.*
Small post 8vo, 6s.

"It hurries us along in unflagging excitement."—*Times*.

Heath (Francis George) *Fern World.* With Nature-printed
Coloured Plates. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 12s. 6d. Cheap Edition, 6s.

Gordon (General) Private Diary in China. Edited by S. MOSSMAN. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Gordon (J. E. H., B.A. Cantab.) Four Lectures on Electric Induction at the Royal Institution, 1878-9. Illust., square 16mo, 3s.

——— *Electric Lighting.* Illustrated, 8vo, 18s.

——— *Physical Treatise on Electricity and Magnetism.* 2nd Edition, enlarged, with coloured, full-page, &c., Illust. 2 vols., 8vo, 42s.

——— *Electricity for Schools.* Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Gouffé (Jules) Royal Cookery Book. Translated and adapted for English use by ALPHONSE GOUFFÉ, Head Pastrycook to the Queen. New Edition, with plates in colours, Woodcuts, &c., 8vo, gilt edges, 42s.

——— Domestic Edition, half-bound, 10s. 6d.

Grant (General, U.S.) Personal Memoirs. With numerous Illustrations, Maps, &c. 2 vols., 8vo, 28s.

Great Artists. See "Biographies."

Great Musicians. Edited by F. HUEFFER. A Series of Biographies, crown 8vo, 3s. each:—

Bach.	Handel.	Purcell.
*Beethoven.	Haydn.	Rossini.
*Berlioz.	*Marcello.	Schubert.
English Church Composers. By BARETT.	Mendelssohn.	Schumann.
*Glick.	Mozart.	Richard Wagner.
	*Palestrina.	Weber.

* In preparation.

Greenwood (H.) Our Land Laws as they are. 2s. 6d.

Grimm (Hermann) Literature. 8s. 6d.

Groves (J. Percy) Charmouth Grange: a Tale of the Seventeenth Century. Illustrated, small post 8vo, gilt, 6s.; plainer 5s.

Guizot's History of France. Translated by ROBERT BLACK. Super-royal 8vo, very numerous Full-page and other Illustrations. In 8 vols., cloth extra, gilt, each 24s. This work is re-issued in cheaper binding, 8 vols., at 10s. 6d. each.

"It supplies a want which has long been felt, and ought to be in the hands of all students of history."—*Times*.

————— *Masson's School Edition.* Abridged from the Translation by Robert Black, with Chronological Index, Historical and Genealogical Tables, &c. By Professor GUSTAVE MASSON, B.A. With 24 full-page Portraits, and other Illustrations. 1 vol., 8vo, 600 pp., 10s. 6d.

Guyon (Mde.) Life. By UPHAM. 6th Edition, crown 8vo, 6s.

HALFORD (F. M.) *Floating Flies, and how to Dress them.*
Coloured plates. 8vo, 15s.; large paper, 30s.

Hall (W. W.) *How to Live Long; or, 1408 Health Maxims,*
Physical, Mental, and Moral. 2nd Edition, small post 8vo, 2s.

Hamilton (E.) *Recollections of Fly-fishing for Salmon, Trout,*
and Grayling. With their Habits, Haunts, and History. Illustrated,
small post 8vo, 6s.; large paper (100 numbered copies), 10s. 6d.

Hands (T.) *Numerical Exercises in Chemistry.* Cr. 8vo, 2s. 6d.
and 2s.; Answers separately, 6d.

Hardy (Thomas). See LOW'S STANDARD NOVELS.

Harland (Marian) *Home Kitchen: a Collection of Practical*
and Inexpensive Receipts. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Harley (T.) *Southward Ho! to the State of Georgia.* 5s.

Harper's Magazine. Published Monthly. 160 pages, fully
Illustrated, 1s. Vols., half yearly, I.—XII. (December, 1880, to
November, 1886), super-royal 8vo, 8s. 6d. each.

"'Harper's Magazine' is so thickly sown with excellent illustrations that to count
them would be a work of time; not that it is a picture magazine, for the engravings
illustrate the text after the manner seen in some of our choicest *éditions de luxe*."—
St. James's Gazette.

"It is so pretty, so big, and so cheap. . . . An extraordinary shillingsworth—
160 large octavo pages, with over a score of articles, and more than three times as
many illustrations."—*Edinburgh Daily Review*.

"An amazing shillingsworth . . . combining choice literature of both nations."—
Nonconformist.

Harper's Young People. Vols. I.—II., profusely Illustrated with
woodcuts and 12 coloured plates. Royal 4to, extra binding, each
7s. 6d.; gilt edges, 8s. Published Weekly, in wrapper, 1d. 12mo. Annual
Subscription, post free, 6s. 6d.; Monthly, in wrapper, with coloured
plate, 6d.; Annual Subscription, post free, 7s. 6d.

Harrison (Mary) *Skilful Cook: a Practical Manual of Modern*
Experience. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Hatton (Frank) *North Borneo.* With Biography by JOSEPH
HATTON. New Map, and Illustrations, 18s.

Hatton (Joseph) *Journalistic London: with Engravings and*
Portraits of Distinguished Writers of the Day. Fcap. 4to, 12s. 6d.

— *Three Recruits, and the Girls they left behind them.*
Small post 8vo, 6s.

"It hurries us along in unflagging excitement."—*Times*.

Heath (Francis George) *Fern World.* With Nature-printed
Coloured Plates. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 12s. 6d. Cheap Edition, 6s.

Heldmann (Bernard) Mutiny on Board the Ship "Leander."

Small post 8vo, gilt edges, numerous Illustrations, 5s.

Henty (G. A.) Winning his Spurs. Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, 5s.

—— *Cornet of Horse: A Story for Boys.* Illust., cr. 8vo, 5s.

—— *Jack Archer: Tale of the Crimea.* Illust., crown 8vo, 5s.

—— *(Richmond) Australiana: My Early Life.* 5s.

Herrick (Robert) Poetry. Preface by AUSTIN DOBSON. With numerous Illustrations by E. A. ABBEY. 4to, gilt edges, 42s.

Hicks (E. S.) Our Boys: How to Enter the Merchant Service. 5s.

Higginson (T. W.) Larger History of the United States. 14s.

Hill (Staveley, Q.C., M.P.) From Home to Home: Two Long Vacations at the Foot of the Rocky Mountains. With Wood Engravings and Photogravures. 8vo, 21s.

Hitchman. Public Life of the Earl of Beaconsfield. 3s. 6d.

Hofmann. Scenes from the Life of our Saviour. 12 mounted plates, 12 x 9 inches, 21s.

Holder (C. F.) Marvels of Animal Life. 8s. 6d.

—— *Ivory King: the Elephant and its Allies.* Illustrated. 8s. 6d.

Holmes (O. Wendell) Poetical Works. 2 vols., 18mo, exquisitely printed, and chastely bound in limp cloth, gilt tops, 10s. 6d.

—— *Last Leaf: a Holiday Volume.* 42s.

—— *Mortal Antipathy.* 8s. 6d.

Homer, Iliad I.-XII., done into English Verse. By ARTHUR S. WAY. 9s.

—— *Odyssey.* Translated by A. S. WAY. 7s. 6d.

Hore (Mrs.) To Lake Tanganyika in a Bath Chair. Portraits and maps.

Hundred Greatest Men (The). 8 portfolios, 21s. each, or 4 vols., half-morocco, gilt edges, 10 guineas. New Ed., 1 vol., royal 8vo, 21s.

Hutchinson (T.) Diary and Letters. Vol. I., 16s.; Vol. II., 16s.

Hygiene and Public Health. Edited by A. H. BUCK, M.D. Illustrated. 2 vols., royal 8vo, 42s.

Hymnal Companion of Common Prayer. See BICKERSTETH.

ILLUSTRATED Text-Books of Art-Education. Edited by EDWARD J. POYNTER, R.A. Each Volume contains numerous Illustrations, and is strongly bound for Students, price 5s. Now ready :—

PAINTING.

Classic and Italian. By PERCY R. HEAD.	French and Spanish. English and American.
German, Flemish, and Dutch.	

ARCHITECTURE.

Classic and Early Christian.
Gothic and Renaissance. By T. ROGER SMITH.

SCULPTURE.

Antique: Egyptian and Greek.
Renaissance and Modern. By LEADER SCOTT.

Index to the English Catalogue, Jan., 1874, to Dec., 1880.
Royal 8vo, half-morocco, 18s.

Indian Garden Series. See ROBINSON (PHIL).

Irving (Henry) Impressions of America. By J. HATTON. 2 vols., 21s.; New Edition, 1 vol., 6s.

Irving (Washington). Complete Library Edition of his Works in 27 Vols., Copyright, Unabridged, and with the Author's Latest Revisions, called the "Geoffrey Crayon" Edition, handsomely printed in large square 8vo, on superfine laid paper. Each volume, of about 500 pages, fully Illustrated. 12s. 6d. per vol. See also "Little Britain."

(*"American Men of Letters."*) 2s. 6d.

JAMES (C.) *Curiosities of Law and Lawyers.* 8vo, 7s. 6d

Japan. See ANDERSON, AUDSLEY, also MORSE.

Jerdon (Gertrude) Key-hole Country. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

Johnston (H. H.) River Congo, from its Mouth to Bolobo.
New Edition, 8vo, 21s.

Jones (Major) Heroes of Industry. Biographies with Portraits 7s. 6d.

— *The Emigrants' Friend.* A Complete Guide to the United States. New Edition. 2s. 6d.

Julien (F.) English Student's French Examiner. 16mo, 2s.

— *First Lessons in Conversational French Grammar.*
Crown 8vo, 1s.

— *French at Home and at School.* Book I., Accidence, &c.
Square crown 8vo, 2s.

- Heldmann (Bernard) Mutiny on Board the Ship "Leander."*
Small post 8vo, gilt edges, numerous Illustrations, 5s.
- Henty (G. A.) Winning his Spurs.* Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, 5s.
- *Cornet of Horse : A Story for Boys.* Illust., cr. 8vo, 5s.
- *Jack Archer : Tale of the Crimea.* Illust., crown 8vo, 5s.
- *(Richmond) Australiana : My Early Life.* 5s.
- Herrick (Robert) Poetry.* Preface by AUSTIN DOBSON. With numerous Illustrations by E. A. ABBEY. 4to, gilt edges, 42s.
- Hicks (E. S.) Our Boys : How to Enter the Merchant Service.* 5s.
- Higginson (T. W.) Larger History of the United States.* 14s.
- Hill (Staveley, Q.C., M.P.) From Home to Home : Two Long Vacations at the Foot of the Rocky Mountains.* With Wood Engravings and Photogravures. 8vo, 21s.
- Hitchman. Public Life of the Earl of Beaconsfield.* 3s. 6d.
- Hofmann. Scenes from the Life of our Saviour.* 12 mounted plates, 12 x 9 inches, 21s.
- Holder (C. F.) Marvels of Animal Life.* 8s. 6d.
- *Ivory King : the Elephant and its Allies.* Illustrated. 8s. 6d.
- Holmes (O. Wendell) Poetical Works.* 2 vols., 18mo, exquisitely printed, and chastely bound in limp cloth, gilt tops, 10s. 6d.
- *Last Leaf : a Holiday Volume.* 42s.
- *Mortal Antipathy.* 8s. 6d.
- Homer, Iliad I.-XII., done into English Verse.* By ARTHUR S. WAY. 9s.
- *Odyssey.* Translated by A. S. WAY. 7s. 6d.
- Hore (Mrs.) To Lake Tanganyika in a Bath Chair.* Portraits and maps.
- Hundred Greatest Men (The).* 8 portfolios, 21s. each, or 4 vols., half-morocco, gilt edges, 10 guineas. New Ed., 1 vol., royal 8vo, 21s.
- Hutchinson (T.) Diary and Letters.* Vol. I., 16s.; Vol. II., 16s.
- Hygiene and Public Health.* Edited by A. H. BUCK, M.D. Illustrated. 2 vols., royal 8vo, 42s.
- Hymnal Companion of Common Prayer.* See BICKERSTETH.

ILLUSTRATED Text-Books of Art-Education. Edited by
EDWARD J. POYNTER, R.A. Each Volume contains numerous Illustrations, and is strongly bound for Students, price 5s. Now ready :—

PAINTING.

Classic and Italian. By PERCY R. HEAD.	French and Spanish. English and American.
German, Flemish, and Dutch.	

ARCHITECTURE.

Classic and Early Christian.
Gothic and Renaissance. By T. ROGER SMITH.

SCULPTURE.

Antique: Egyptian and Greek.
Renaissance and Modern. By LEADER SCOTT.

Index to the English Catalogue, Jan., 1874, to Dec., 1880.
Royal 8vo, half-morocco, 18s.

Indian Garden Series. See ROBINSON (PHIL.).

Irving (Henry) Impressions of America. By J. HATTON. 2
vols., 21s.; New Edition, 1 vol., 6s.

Irving (Washington). Complete Library Edition of his Works
in 27 Vols., Copyright, Unabridged, and with the Author's Latest
Revisions, called the "Geoffrey Crayon" Edition, handsomely printed
in large square 8vo, on superfine laid paper. Each volume, of about
500 pages, fully Illustrated. 12s. 6d. per vol. See also "Little Britain."

(*"American Men of Letters."*) 2s. 6d.

JAMES (C.) *Curiosities of Law and Lawyers.* 8vo, 7s. 6d

Japan. See ANDERSON, AUDSLEY, also MORSE.

Jerdon (Gertrude) Key-hole Country. Illustrated. Crown 8vo,
cloth, 5s.

Johnston (H. H.) River Congo, from its Mouth to Bolobo.
New Edition, 8vo, 21s.

Jones (Major) Heroes of Industry. Biographies with Portraits
7s. 6d.

— *The Emigrants' Friend.* A Complete Guide to the
United States. New Edition. 2s. 6d.

Julien (F.) English Student's French Examiner. 16mo, 2s.

— *First Lessons in Conversational French Grammar.*
Crown 8vo, 1s.

— *French at Home and at School.* Book I., Accidence, &c.
Square crown 8vo, 2s.

- Julien (F.) Conversational French Reader.* 16mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 ——— *Petites Leçons de Conversation et de Grammaire.* 3s.
 ——— *Phrases of Daily Use.* Limp cloth, 6d.
 ——— *Petites Leçons and Phrases.* 3s. 6d.

KEMPIS (Thomas à) *Daily Text-Book.* Square 16mo,
 2s. 6d.; interleaved as a Birthday Book, 3s. 6d.

Kent's Commentaries : an Abridgment for Students of American
Law. By EDEN F. THOMPSON. 10s. 6d.

Kerr (W. M.) Far Interior : Cape of Good Hope, across the
Zambesi, to the Lake Regions. Illustrated from Sketches, 2 vols.
 8vo, 32s.

Kershaw (S. W.) Protestants from France in their English
Home. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Kielland. Skipper Worsé. By the Earl of Ducie. Cr. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Kingston (W. H. G.) Works. Illustrated, 16mo, gilt edges
 7s. 6d.; plainer binding, plain edges, 5s. each.

Heir of Kilfinnan.

Dick Cheveley.

Snow-Shoes and Canoes.

Two Supercargoes.

With Axe and Rifle.

Kingsley (Rose) Children of Westminster Abbey : Studies in
English History. 5s.

Knight (E. F.) Albania and Montenegro. Illust. 8vo, 12s. 6d.

Knight (E. J.) Cruise of the "Falcon." A Voyage to South
 America in a 30-Ton Yacht. Illust. New Ed. 2 vols., cr. 8vo, 24s.

Kunhardt. Small Yachts : Design and Construction. 35s.

LAMB (Charles) *Essays of Elia.* With over 100 designs
 by C. O. MURRAY. 6s.

Janier's Works. Illustrated, crown 8vo, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.
 each.

Boy's King Arthur.

Boy's Froissart.

Boy's Mabinogion; Original Welsh

Legends of King Arthur.

Boy's Percy: Ballads of Love and
 Adventure, selected from the
 "Reliques."

Lansdell (H.) Through Siberia. 2 vols., 8vo, 30s.; 1 vol., 10s. 6d.

——— *Russia in Central Asia.* Illustrated. 2 vols, 42s.

Larden (W.) School Course on Heat. Second Edition, Illust. 5s.

Leonardo da Vinci's Literary Works. Edited by Dr. JEAN PAUL RICHTER. Containing his Writings on Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, his Philosophical Maxims, Humorous Writings, and Miscellaneous Notes on Personal Events, on his Contemporaries, on Literature, &c. ; published from Manuscripts. 2 vols., imperial 8vo, containing about 200 Drawings in Autotype Reproductions, and numerous other Illustrations. Twelve Guineas.

Le Plongeon. Sacred Mysteries among the Mayas and the Quiches. 12s. 6d.

Library of Religious Poetry. Best Poems of all Ages. Edited by SCHAFF and GILMAN. Royal 8vo, 21s.; cheaper binding, 10s. 6d.

Lindsay (W. S.) History of Merchant Shipping. Over 150 Illustrations, Maps, and Charts. In 4 vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra. Vols. 1 and 2, 11s. each; vols. 3 and 4, 14s. each. 4 vols., 50s.

Little Britain, The Spectre Bridegroom, and Legend of Sleepy Hollow. By WASHINGTON IRVING. An entirely New *Édition de luxe*. Illustrated by 120 very fine Engravings on Wood, by Mr. J. D. COOPER. Designed by Mr. CHARLES O. MURRAY. Re-issue, square crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Low's Standard Library of Travel and Adventure. Crown 8vo, uniform in cloth extra, 7s. 6d., except where price is given.

1. *The Great Lone Land.* By Major W. F. BUTLER, C.B.
2. *The Wild North Land.* By Major W. F. BUTLER, C.B.
3. *How I found Livingstone.* By H. M. STANLEY.
4. *Through the Dark Continent.* By H. M. STANLEY. 12s. 6d.
5. *The Threshold of the Unknown Region.* By C. R. MARKHAM. (4th Edition, with Additional Chapters, 10s. 6d.)
6. *Cruise of the Challenger.* By W. J. J. SPRY, R.N.
7. *Burnaby's On Horseback through Asia Minor.* 10s. 6d.
8. *Schweinfurth's Heart of Africa.* 2 vols., 15s.
9. *Marshall's Through America.*
10. *Lansdell's Through Siberia.* Illustrated and unabridged, 10s. 6d.

Low's Standard Novels. Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. each, unless otherwise stated.

A Daughter of Heth. By W. BLACK.

In Silk Attire. By W. BLACK.

Kilmeny. A Novel. By W. BLACK.

Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart. By W. BLACK.

Sunrise. By W. BLACK.

Three Feathers. By WILLIAM BLACK.

Alice Lorraine. By R. D. BLACKMORE.

Christowell, a Dartmoor Tale. By R. D. BLACKMORE.

Clara Vaughan. By R. D. BLACKMORE.

- Julien (F.) Conversational French Reader.* 16mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 ——— *Petites Leçons de Conversation et de Grammaire.* 3s.
 ——— *Phrases of Daily Use.* Limp cloth, 6d.
 ——— *Petites Leçons and Phrases.* 3s. 6d.

KEMPIS (Thomas à) *Daily Text-Book.* Square 16mo,
 2s. 6d.; interleaved as a Birthday Book, 3s. 6d.

Kent's Commentaries : an Abridgment for Students of American
Law. By EDEN F. THOMPSON. 10s. 6d.

Kerr (W. M.) Far Interior : Cape of Good Hope, across the
Zambesi, to the Lake Regions. Illustrated from Sketches, 2 vols.
 8vo, 32s.

Kershaw (S. W.) Protestants from France in their English
Home. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Kielland. Skipper Worsé. By the Earl of Ducie. Cr. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Kingston (W. H. G.) Works. Illustrated, 16mo, gilt edges
 7s. 6d.; plainer binding, plain edges, 5s. each.

Heir of Kilfinnan.

Dick Cheveley.

Snow-Shoes and Canoes.

Two Supercargoes.

With Axe and Rifle.

Kingsley (Rose) Children of Westminster Abbey : Studies in
English History. 5s.

Knight (E. F.) Albania and Montenegro. Illust. 8vo, 12s. 6d.

Knight (E. J.) Cruise of the "Falcon." A Voyage to South
 America in a 30-Ton Yacht. Illust. New Ed. 2 vols., cr. 8vo, 24s.

Kunhardt. Small Yachts : Design and Construction. 35s.

LAMB (Charles) *Essays of Elia.* With over 100 designs
 by C. O. MURRAY. 6s.

Janier's Works. Illustrated, crown 8vo, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.
 each.

Boy's King Arthur.

Boy's Froissart.

Boy's Mabinogion; Original Welsh
 Legends of King Arthur.

Boy's Percy: Ballads of Love and
 Adventure, selected from the
 "Reliques."

Lansdell (H.) Through Siberia. 2 vols., 8vo, 30s.; 1 vol., 10s. 6d.

——— *Russia in Central Asia.* Illustrated. 2 vols., 42s.

Larden (W.) School Course on Heat. Second Edition, Illust. 5s.

Leonardo da Vinci's Literary Works. Edited by Dr. JEAN PAUL RICHTER. Containing his Writings on Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, his Philosophical Maxims, Humorous Writings, and Miscellaneous Notes on Personal Events, on his Contemporaries, on Literature, &c.; published from Manuscripts. 2 vols., imperial 8vo, containing about 200 Drawings in Autotype Reproductions, and numerous other Illustrations. Twelve Guineas.

Le Plongeon. Sacred Mysteries among the Mayas and the Quiches. 12s. 6d.

Library of Religious Poetry. Best Poems of all Ages. Edited by SCHAFF and GILMAN. Royal 8vo, 21s.; cheaper binding, 10s. 6d.

Lindsay (W. S.) History of Merchant Shipping. Over 150 Illustrations, Maps, and Charts. In 4 vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra. Vols. 1 and 2, 11s. each; vols. 3 and 4, 14s. each. 4 vols., 50s.

Little Britain, The Spectre Bridegroom, and Legend of Sleepy Hollow. By WASHINGTON IRVING. An entirely New Edition de luxe. Illustrated by 120 very fine Engravings on Wood, by Mr. J. D. COOPER. Designed by Mr. CHARLES O. MURRAY. Re-issue, square crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Low's Standard Library of Travel and Adventure. Crown 8vo, uniform in cloth extra, 7s. 6d., except where price is given.

1. *The Great Lone Land.* By Major W. F. BUTLER, C.B.
2. *The Wild North Land.* By Major W. F. BUTLER, C.B.
3. *How I found Livingstone.* By H. M. STANLEY.
4. *Through the Dark Continent.* By H. M. STANLEY. 12s. 6d.
5. *The Threshold of the Unknown Region.* By C. R. MARKHAM. (4th Edition, with Additional Chapters, 10s. 6d.)
6. *Cruise of the Challenger.* By W. J. J. SPRY, R.N.
7. *Burnaby's On Horseback through Asia Minor.* 10s. 6d.
8. *Schweinfurth's Heart of Africa.* 2 vols., 15s.
9. *Marshall's Through America.*
10. *Landsell's Through Siberia.* Illustrated and unabridged, 10s. 6d.

Low's Standard Novels. Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. each, unless otherwise stated.

A Daughter of Heth. By W. BLACK.

In Silk Attire. By W. BLACK.

Kilmeny. A Novel. By W. BLACK.

Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart. By W. BLACK.

Sunrise. By W. BLACK.

Three Feathers. By WILLIAM BLACK.

Alice Lorraine. By R. D. BLACKMORE.

Christowell, a Dartmoor Tale. By R. D. BLACKMORE.

Clara Vaughan. By R. D. BLACKMORE.

Low's Standard Novels—continued.

- Cradock Nowell. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
 Cripps the Carrier. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
 Erema; or, *My Father's Sin*. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
 Lorna Doone. By R. D. BLACKMORE. 25th Edition.
 Mary Anerley. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
 Tommy Upmore. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
 An English Squire. By Miss COLERIDGE.
 Some One Else. By Mrs. B. M. CROKER.
 A Story of the Dragoonades. By Rev. E. GILLIAT, M.A.
 A Laodicean. By THOMAS HARDY.
 Far from the Madding Crowd. By THOMAS HARDY.
 Pair of Blue Eyes. By THOMAS HARDY.
 Return of the Native. By THOMAS HARDY.
 The Hand of Ethelberta. By THOMAS HARDY.
 The Trumpet Major. By THOMAS HARDY.
 Two on a Tower. By THOMAS HARDY.
 Three Recruits. By JOSEPH HATTON.
 A Golden Sorrow. By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY. New Edition.
 Out of Court. By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY.
 Don John. By JEAN INGELow.
 John Jerome. By JEAN INGELow. 5s.
 Sarah de Berenger. By JEAN INGELow.
 Adela Cathcart. By GEORGE MAC DONALD.
 Guild Court. By GEORGE MAC DONALD.
 Mary Marston. By GEORGE MAC DONALD.
 Stephen Archer. New Ed. of "Gifts." By GEORGE MAC DONALD.
 The Vicar's Daughter. By GEORGE MAC DONALD.
 Weighed and Wanting. By GEORGE MAC DONALD.
 Diane. By Mrs. MACQUOID.
 Elinor Dryden. By Mrs. MACQUOID.
 My Lady Greensleeves. By HELEN MATHERS.
 Alaric Spenceley. By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.
 Daisies and Buttercups. By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.
 The Senior Partner. By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.
 A Struggle for Fame. By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.
 Jack's Courtship. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
 John Holdsworth. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
 A Sailor's Sweetheart. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
 Sea Queen. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
 Watch Below. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
 Strange Voyage. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
 Wreck of the Grosvenor. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
 The Lady Maud. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
 Little Loo. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
 The Late Mrs. Null. By FRANK R. STOCKTON.
 My Wife and I. By Mrs. BEECHER STOWE.
 Poganuc People, their Loves and Lives. By Mrs. B. STOWE.

*Low's Standard Novels—continued.***Ben Hur: a Tale of the Christ.** By LEW. WALLACE.**Anne.** By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.**East Angels.** By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.**For the Major.** By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. 5s.**French Heiress in her own Chateau.***Low's Handbook to the Charities of London.* Edited and revised to date. Yearly, cloth, 1s. 6d.; paper, 1s.*MCCORMICK (R.). Voyages of Discovery in the Arctic and Antarctic Seas in the "Erebus" and "Terror," in Search of Sir John Franklin, &c. With Maps and Lithos.* 2 vols., royal 8vo, 52s. 6d.*MacDonald (G.) Orts.* Small post 8vo, 6s.

—— See also "Low's Standard Novels."

Mackay (Charles) New Glossary of Obscure Words in Shakespeare. 21s.*Macgregor (John) "Rob Roy" on the Baltic.* 3rd Edition, small post 8vo, 2s. 6d.; cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.—— *A Thousand Miles in the "Rob Roy" Canoe.* 11th Edition, small post 8vo, 2s. 6d.; cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.—— *Voyage Alone in the Yawl "Rob Roy."* New Edition with additions, small post 8vo, 5s.; 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.*McLellan's Own Story: The War for the Union.* Illustrations and maps. 18s.*Macquoid (Mrs.).* See LOW'S STANDARD NOVELS.*Magazine.* See DECORATION, ENGLISH ETCHINGS, HARPER.*Maginn (W.) Miscellanies. Prose and Verse. With Memoir.* 2 vols., crown 8vo, 24s.*Main (Mrs.; Mrs. Fred Burnaby) High Life and Towers of Silence.* Illustrated, square 8vo, 10s. 6d.*Manitoba.* See BRYCE.*Manning (E. F.) Delightful Thames.* Illustrated. 4to, fancy-boards, 5s.*Markham (C. R.) The Threshold of the Unknown Region.* Crown 8vo, with Four Maps. 4th Edition. Cloth extra, 10s. 6d.—— *War between Peru and Chili, 1879-1881.* Third Ed. Crown 8vo, with Maps, 10s. 6d.

—— See also "Foreign Countries."

Marshall (W. G.) Through America. New Ed., cr. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Low's Standard Novels—continued.

- Cradock Nowell. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
 Cripps the Carrier. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
 Erema; or, *My Father's Sin*. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
 Lorna Doone. By R. D. BLACKMORE. 25th Edition.
 Mary Anerley. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
 Tommy Upmore. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
 An English Squire. By Miss COLERIDGE.
 Some One Else. By Mrs. B. M. CROKER.
 A Story of the Dragoonades. By Rev. E. GILLIAT, M.A.
 A Laodicean. By THOMAS HARDY.
 Far from the Madding Crowd. By THOMAS HARDY.
 Pair of Blue Eyes. By THOMAS HARDY.
 Return of the Native. By THOMAS HARDY.
 The Hand of Ethelberta. By THOMAS HARDY.
 The Trumpet Major. By THOMAS HARDY.
 Two on a Tower. By THOMAS HARDY.
 Three Recruits. By JOSEPH HATTON.
 A Golden Sorrow. By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY. New Edition.
 Out of Court. By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY.
 Don John. By JEAN INGELow.
 John Jerome. By JEAN INGELow. 5s.
 Sarah de Berenger. By JEAN INGELow.
 Adela Cathcart. By GEORGE MAC DONALD.
 Guild Court. By GEORGE MAC DONALD.
 Mary Marston. By GEORGE MAC DONALD.
 Stephen Archer. New Ed. of "Gifts." By GEORGE MAC DONALD.
 The Vicar's Daughter. By GEORGE MAC DONALD.
 Weighed and Wanting. By GEORGE MAC DONALD.
 Diane. By Mrs. MACQUOID.
 Elinor Dryden. By Mrs. MACQUOID.
 My Lady Greensleeves. By HELEN MATHERS.
 Alaric Spenceley. By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.
 Daisies and Buttercups. By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.
 The Senior Partner. By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.
 A Struggle for Fame. By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.
 Jack's Courtship. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
 John Holdsworth. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
 A Sailor's Sweetheart. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
 Sea Queen. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
 Watch Below. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
 Strange Voyage. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
 Wreck of the Grosvenor. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
 The Lady Maud. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
 Little Loo. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
 The Late Mrs. Null. By FRANK R. STOCKTON.
 My Wife and I. By Mrs. BEECHER STOWE.
 Poganuc People, their Loves and Lives. By Mrs. B. STOWE.

*Low's Standard Novels—continued.***Ben Hur: a Tale of the Christ.** By LEW. WALLACE.**Anne.** By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.**East Angels.** By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.**For the Major.** By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. 5s.**French Heiress in her own Chateau.***Low's Handbook to the Charities of London.* Edited and revised to date. Yearly, cloth, 1s. 6d.; paper, 1s.*MCCORMICK (R.). Voyages of Discovery in the Arctic and Antarctic Seas in the "Erebus" and "Terror," in Search of Sir John Franklin, &c. With Maps and Lithos. 2 vols., royal 8vo, 52s. 6d.**MacDonald (G.) Orts.* Small post 8vo, 6s.

—— See also "Low's Standard Novels."

Mackay (Charles) New Glossary of Obscure Words in Shakespeare. 21s.*Macgregor (John) "Rob Roy" on the Baltic.* 3rd Edition, small post 8vo, 2s. 6d.; cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.—— *A Thousand Miles in the "Rob Roy" Canoe.* 11th Edition, small post 8vo, 2s. 6d.; cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.—— *Voyage Alone in the Yawl "Rob Roy."* New Edition with additions, small post 8vo, 5s.; 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.*McLellan's Own Story: The War for the Union.* Illustrations and maps. 18s.*Macquoid (Mrs.).* See LOW'S STANDARD NOVELS.*Magazine.* See DECORATION, ENGLISH ETCHINGS, HARPER.*Maginn (W.) Miscellanies. Prose and Verse. With Memoir.* 2 vols., crown 8vo, 24s.*Main (Mrs.; Mrs. Fred Burnaby) High Life and Towers of Silence.* Illustrated, square 8vo, 10s. 6d.*Manitoba.* See BRYCE.*Manning (E. F.) Delightful Thames.* Illustrated. 4to, fancy-boards, 5s.*Markham (C. R.) The Threshold of the Unknown Region.* Crown 8vo, with Four Maps. 4th Edition. Cloth extra, 10s. 6d.—— *War between Peru and Chili, 1879-1881.* Third Ed. Crown 8vo, with Maps, 10s. 6d.

—— See also "Foreign Countries."

Marshall (W. G.) Through America. New Ed., cr. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Martin (F. W.) Float Fishing and Spinning in the Nottingham Style. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

Maury (Commander) Physical Geography of the Sea, and its Meteorology. New Edition, with Charts and Diagrams, cr. 8vo, 6s.

Men of Mark: a Gallery of Contemporary Portraits of the most Eminent Men of the Day, specially taken from Life. Complete in Seven Vols., 4to, handsomely bound, cloth, gilt edges, 25s. each.

Mendelssohn Family (The), 1729—1847. From Letters and Journals. Translated. New Edition, 2 vols., 8vo, 30s.

Mendelssohn. See also "Great Musicians."

Merrifield's Nautical Astronomy. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Merrylees (J.) Carlsbad and its Environs. 7s. 6d.; roan, 9s.

Mitchell (D. G.; Ik. Marvel) Works. Uniform Edition, small 8vo, 5s. each.

Bound together.

Doctor Johns.

Dream Life.

Out-of-Town Places.

Reveries of a Bachelor.

Seven Stories, Basement and Attic.

Wet Days at Edgewood.

Mitford (Mary Russell) Our Village. With 12 full-page and 157 smaller Cuts. Cr. 4to, cloth, gilt edges, 21s.; cheaper binding, 10s. 6d.

Milford (P.) Ned Stafford's Experiences in the United States. 5s.

Mollett (J. W.) Illustrated Dictionary of Words used in Art and Archæology. Terms in Architecture, Arms, Bronzes, Christian Art, Colour, Costume, Decoration, Devices, Emblems, Heraldry, Lace, Personal Ornaments, Pottery, Painting, Sculpture, &c. Small 4to, 15s.

Money (E.) The Truth about America. 5s.

Morley (H.) English Literature in the Reign of Victoria. 2000th volume of the Tauchnitz Collection of Authors. 18mo, 2s. 6d.

Morse (E. S.) Japanese Homes and their Surroundings. With more than 300 Illustrations. 21s.

Morwood. Our Gipsies in City, Tent, and Van. 8vo, 18s.

Moxley. Barbados, West Indian Sanatorium. 3s. 6d.

Muller (E.) Noble Words and Noble Deeds. 7s. 6d.; plainer binding, 5s.

Murray (E. C. Grenville) Memoirs. By his widow, COMTESSE DE RETHEL D'ARAGON.

Music. See "Great Musicians."

Mustard Leaves: Glimpses of London Society. By D. T. S. 3s. 6d.

NAPOLEON and Marie Louise: Memoirs. By Madame DURAND. 7s. 6d.

New Zealand. See BRADSHAW.

New Zealand Rulers and Statesmen. See GISBORNE.

Nicholls (J. H. Kerry) The King Country: Explorations in New Zealand. Many Illustrations and Map. New Edition, 8vo, 21s.

Nordhoff (C.) California, for Health, Pleasure, and Residence. New Edition, 8vo, with Maps and Illustrations, 12s. 6d.

Northbrook Gallery. Edited by LORD RONALD GOWER. 36 Permanent Photographs. Imperial 4to, 63s.; large paper, 105s.

Nott (Major) Wild Animals Photographed and Described. 35s.

Nursery Playmates (Prince of). 217 Coloured Pictures for Children by eminent Artists. Folio, in coloured boards, 6s.

O'BRIEN (R. B.) Fifty Years of Concessions to Ireland. With a Portrait of T. Drummond. Vol. I., 16s., II., 16s.

Orient Line Guide Book. By W. J. LOFTIE. 5s.

Orvis (C. F.) Fishing with the Fly. Illustrated. 8vo, 12s. 6d.

Our Little Ones in Heaven. Edited by the Rev. H. ROBBINS. With Frontispiece after Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. New Edition, 5s.

Outing: Magazine of Outdoor Sports. 1s. Monthly.

Owen (Douglas) Marine Insurance Notes and Clauses. New Edition, 14s.

PALLISER (Mrs.) A History of Lace. New Edition, with additional cuts and text. 8vo, 21s.

— *The China Collector's Pocket Companion.* With upwards of 1000 Illustrations of Marks and Monograms. Small 8vo, 5s.

Pascoe (C. E.) London of To-Day. Illust., crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Payne (T. O.) Solomon's Temple and Capitol, Ark of the Flood and Tabernacle (four sections at 24s.), extra binding, 105s.

Pennell (H. Cholmondeley) Sporting Fish of Great Britain. 15s.; large paper, 30s.

Pharmacopœia of the United States of America. 8vo, 21s.

Martin (F. W.) Float Fishing and Spinning in the Nottingham Style. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

Maury (Commander) Physical Geography of the Sea, and its Meteorology. New Edition, with Charts and Diagrams, cr. 8vo, 6s.

Men of Mark: a Gallery of Contemporary Portraits of the most Eminent Men of the Day, specially taken from Life. Complete in Seven Vols., 4to, handsomely bound, cloth, gilt edges, 25s. each.

Mendelssohn Family (The), 1729—1847. From Letters and Journals. Translated. New Edition, 2 vols., 8vo, 30s.

Mendelssohn. See also "Great Musicians."

Merrifield's Nautical Astronomy. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Merrylees (J.) Carlsbad and its Environs. 7s. 6d.; roan, 9s.

Mitchell (D. G.; Ik. Marvel) Works. Uniform Edition, small 8vo, 5s. each.

Bound together.

Doctor Johns.

Dream Life.

Out-of-Town Places.

Reveries of a Bachelor.

Seven Stories, Basement and Attic.

Wet Days at Edgewood.

Mitford (Mary Russell) Our Village. With 12 full-page and 157 smaller Cuts. Cr. 4to, cloth, gilt edges, 21s.; cheaper binding, 10s. 6d.

Milford (P.) Ned Stafford's Experiences in the United States. 5s.

Mollett (J. W.) Illustrated Dictionary of Words used in Art and Archæology. Terms in Architecture, Arms, Bronzes, Christian Art, Colour, Costume, Decoration, Devices, Emblems, Heraldry, Lace, Personal Ornaments, Pottery, Painting, Sculpture, &c. Small 4to, 15s.

Money (E.) The Truth about America. 5s.

Morley (H.) English Literature in the Reign of Victoria. 2000th volume of the Tauchnitz Collection of Authors. 18mo, 2s. 6d.

Morse (E. S.) Japanese Homes and their Surroundings. With more than 300 Illustrations. 21s.

Morwood. Our Gipsies in City, Tent, and Van. 8vo, 18s.

Moxley. Barbados, West Indian Sanatorium. 3s. 6d.

Muller (E.) Noble Words and Noble Deeds. 7s. 6d.; plainer binding, 5s.

Murray (E. C. Grenville) Memoirs. By his widow, COMTESSE DE RETHEL D'ARAGON.

Music. See "Great Musicians."

Mustard Leaves: Glimpses of London Society. By D. T. S. 3s. 6d.

NAPOLEON and Marie Louise: Memoirs. By Madame DURAND. 7s. 6d.

New Zealand. See BRADSHAW.

New Zealand Rulers and Statesmen. See GIBBORNE.

Nicholls (J. H. Kerry) The King Country: Explorations in New Zealand. Many Illustrations and Map. New Edition, 8vo, 21s.

Nordhoff (C.) California, for Health, Pleasure, and Residence. New Edition, 8vo, with Maps and Illustrations, 12s. 6d.

Northbrook Gallery. Edited by LORD RONALD GOWER. 36 Permanent Photographs. Imperial 4to, 63s.; large paper, 105s.

Nott (Major) Wild Animals Photographed and Described. 35s.

Nursery Playmates (Prince of). 217 Coloured Pictures for Children by eminent Artists. Folio, in coloured boards, 6s.

O'BRIEN (R. B.) Fifty Years of Concessions to Ireland. With a Portrait of T. Drummond. Vol. I., 16s., II., 16s.

Orient Line Guide Book. By W. J. LOFTIE. 5s.

Orvis (C. F.) Fishing with the Fly. Illustrated. 8vo, 12s. 6d.

Our Little Ones in Heaven. Edited by the Rev. H. ROBBINS. With Frontispiece after Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. New Edition, 5s.

Outing: Magazine of Outdoor Sports. 1s. Monthly.

Owen (Douglas) Marine Insurance Notes and Clauses. New Edition, 14s.

PALLISER (Mrs.) A History of Lace. New Edition, with additional cuts and text. 8vo, 21s.

— *The China Collector's Pocket Companion.* With upwards of 1000 Illustrations of Marks and Monograms. Small 8vo, 5s.

Pascoe (C. E.) London of To-Day. Illust., crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Payne (T. O.) Solomon's Temple and Capitol, Ark of the Flood and Tabernacle (four sections at 24s.), extra binding, 105s.

Pennell (H. Cholmondeley) Sporting Fish of Great Britain. 15s.; large paper, 30s.

Pharmacopæia of the United States of America. 8vo, 21s.

- Philpot (H. J.) Diabetes Mellitus.* Crown 8vo, 5s.
- *Diet System.* Tables. I. Dyspepsia; II. Gout; III. Diabetes; IV. Corpulence. In cases, 1s. each.
- Plunkett (Major G. T.) Primer of Orthographic Projection.* Elementary Practical Solid Geometry clearly explained. With Problems and Exercises. Specially adapted for Science and Art Classes, and for Students who have not the aid of a Teacher. 2s.
- Poe (E. A.) The Raven.* Illustr. by DORÉ. Imperial folio, 63s.
- Poems of the Inner Life.* Chiefly from Modern Authors. Small 8vo, 5s.
- Polar Expeditions.* See GILDER, MARKHAM, McCORMICK.
- Porter (Noah) Elements of Moral Science.* 10s. 6d.
- Portraits of Celebrated Race-horses of the Past and Present Centuries,* with Pedigrees and Performances. 31s. 6d. per vol.
- Powell (W.) Wanderings in a Wild Country; or, Three Years among the Cannibals of New Britain.* Illustr., 8vo, 18s.; cr. 8vo, 5s.
- Poynter (Edward J., R.A.).* See "Illustrated Text-books."
- Pritt (T. E.) North Country Flies.* Illustrated from the Author's Drawings. 10s. 6d.
- Publishers' Circular (The), and General Record of British and Foreign Literature.* Published on the 1st and 15th of every Month, 3d.
- R***EBER (F.) History of Ancient Art.* 8vo, 18s.
- Redford (G.) Ancient Sculpture.* New edition. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.
- Richter (Dr. Jean Paul) Italian Art in the National Gallery.* 4to. Illustrated. Cloth gilt, 2l. 2s.; half-morocco, uncut, 2l. 12s. 6d.
- See also LEONARDO DA VINCI.
- Riddell (Mrs. J. H.)* See LOW'S STANDARD NOVELS.
- Robin Hood; Merry Adventures of.* Written and illustrated by HOWARD PYLE. Imperial 8vo, 15s.
- Robinson (Phil.) In my Indian Garden.* Crown 8vo, limp cloth, 3s. 6d.

Robinson (Phil.) Indian Garden Series. 1s. 6d.; boards, 1s. each.

I. Chasing a Fortune, &c.: Stories. II. Tigers at Large. III. Valley of Teetotum Trees.

——— *Noah's Ark. A Contribution to the Study of Un-natural History.* Small post 8vo, 12s. 6d.

——— *Sinners and Saints: a Tour across the United States of America, and Round them.* Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

——— *Under the Punkah.* Crown 8vo, limp cloth, 5s.

Rockstro (W. S.) History of Music. New Edition. 8vo, 14s.

Rodrigues (J. C.) The Panama Canal. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

"A series of remarkable articles . . . a mine of valuable data for editors and diplomatists."—*New York Nation*.

Roland: The Story of. Crown 8vo, illustrated, 6s.

Rome and the Environs. 3s.

Rose (F.) Complete Practical Machinist. New Ed., 12mo, 12s. 6d.

——— *Key to Engines and Engine Running.* 7s. 6d.

——— *Mechanical Drawing.* Illustrated, small 4to, 16s.

——— *Modern Steam Engines.* Illustrated. 31s. 6d.

Rose Library (The). Popular Literature of all Countries. Each volume, 1s. Many of the Volumes are Illustrated—

Little Women. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

Little Women Wedded. Forming a Sequel to "Little Women."

Little Women and Little Women Wedded. 1 vol., cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

Little Men. By L. M. ALCOTT. Double vol., 2s.; cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

An Old-Fashioned Girl. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. 2s.; cloth, 3s. 6d.

Work. A Story of Experience. By L. M. ALCOTT. 3s. 6d.; 2 vols. 1s. each.

Stowe (Mrs. H. B.) The Pearl of Orr's Island.

——— *The Minister's Wooing.*

——— *We and our Neighbours.* 2s.; cloth gilt, 6s.

——— *My Wife and I.* 2s.; cloth gilt, 6s.

Hans Brinker; or, the Silver Skates. By Mrs. DODGE. Also 5s.

- Philpot (H. J.) Diabetes Mellitus.* Crown 8vo, 5s.
- *Diet System.* Tables. I. Dyspepsia; II. Gout; III. Diabetes; IV. Corpulence. In cases, 1s. each.
- Plunkett (Major G. T.) Primer of Orthographic Projection.* Elementary Practical Solid Geometry clearly explained. With Problems and Exercises. Specially adapted for Science and Art Classes, and for Students who have not the aid of a Teacher. 2s.
- Poe (E. A.) The Raven.* Illustr. by DORÉ. Imperial folio, 63s.
- Poems of the Inner Life.* Chiefly from Modern Authors. Small 8vo, 5s.
- Polar Expeditions.* See GILDER, MARKHAM, MCCORMICK.
- Porter (Noah) Elements of Moral Science.* 10s. 6d.
- Portraits of Celebrated Race-horses of the Past and Present Centuries,* with Pedigrees and Performances. 31s. 6d. per vol.
- Powell (W.) Wanderings in a Wild Country; or, Three Years among the Cannibals of New Britain.* Illustr., 8vo, 18s.; cr. 8vo, 5s.
- Poynter (Edward J., R.A.).* See "Illustrated Text-books."
- Pritt (T. E.) North Country Flies.* Illustrated from the Author's Drawings. 10s. 6d.
- Publishers' Circular (The), and General Record of British and Foreign Literature.* Published on the 1st and 15th of every Month, 3d.
-
- REBER (F.) History of Ancient Art.* 8vo, 18s.
- Redford (G.) Ancient Sculpture.* New edition. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.
- Richter (Dr. Jean Paul) Italian Art in the National Gallery.* 4to. Illustrated. Cloth gilt, 2l. 2s.; half-morocco, uncut, 2l. 12s. 6d.
- See also LEONARDO DA VINCI.
- Riddell (Mrs. J. H.)* See LOW'S STANDARD NOVELS.
- Robin Hood; Merry Adventures of.* Written and illustrated by HOWARD PYLE. Imperial 8vo, 15s.
- Robinson (Phil.) In my Indian Garden.* Crown 8vo, limp cloth, 3s. 6d.

Robinson (Phil.) Indian Garden Series. 1s. 6d.; boards, 1s. each.

I. Chasing a Fortune, &c.: Stories. II. Tigers at Large. III. Valley of Teetotum Trees.

——— *Noah's Ark. A Contribution to the Study of Un-natural History.* Small post 8vo, 12s. 6d.

——— *Sinners and Saints: a Tour across the United States of America, and Round them.* Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

——— *Under the Punkah.* Crown 8vo, limp cloth, 5s.

Rockstro (W. S.) History of Music. New Edition. 8vo, 14s.

Rodrigues (J. C.) The Panama Canal. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

"A series of remarkable articles . . . a mine of valuable data for editors and diplomatists."—*New York Nation.*

Roland: The Story of. Crown 8vo, illustrated, 6s.

Rome and the Environs. 3s.

Rose (F.) Complete Practical Machinist. New Ed., 12mo, 12s. 6d.

——— *Key to Engines and Engine Running.* 7s. 6d.

——— *Mechanical Drawing.* Illustrated, small 4to, 16s.

——— *Modern Steam Engines.* Illustrated. 31s. 6d.

Rose Library (The). Popular Literature of all Countries. Each volume, 1s. Many of the Volumes are Illustrated—

Little Women. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

Little Women Wedded. Forming a Sequel to "Little Women."

Little Women and Little Women Wedded. 1 vol., cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

Little Men. By L. M. ALCOTT. Double vol., 2s.; cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

An Old-Fashioned Girl. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. 2s.; cloth, 3s. 6d.

Work. A Story of Experience. By L. M. ALCOTT. 3s. 6d.; 2 vols. 1s. each.

Stowe (Mrs. H. B.) The Pearl of Orr's Island.

——— *The Minister's Wooing.*

——— *We and our Neighbours.* 2s.; cloth gilt, 6s.

——— *My Wife and I.* 2s.; cloth gilt, 6s.

Hans Brinker; or, the Silver Skates. By Mrs. DODGE. Also 5s.

Rose Library (The)—continued.

- My Study Windows.** By J. R. LOWELL.
The Guardian Angel. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.
My Summer in a Garden. By C. D. WARNER.
Dred. By Mrs. BEECHER STOWE. 2s.; cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.
Farm Ballads. By WILL CARLETON.
Farm Festivals. By WILL CARLETON.
Farm Legends. By WILL CARLETON.
Farm Ballads: Festivals and Legends. One vol., cloth, 3s. 6d.
The Clients of Dr. Bernagius. 3s. 6d.; 2 parts, 1s. each.
The Undiscovered Country. By W. D. HOWELLS. 3s. 6d. and 1s.
Baby Rue. By C. M. CLAY. 3s. 6d. and 1s.
The Rose in Bloom. By L. M. ALCOTT. 2s.; cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.
Eight Cousins. By L. M. ALCOTT. 2s.; cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.
Under the Lillacs. By L. M. ALCOTT. 2s.; also 3s. 6d.
Silver Pitchers. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. Cloth, 3s. 6d.
Jemmy's Cruise in the "Pinafore," and other Tales. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. 2s.; cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.
Jack and Jill. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. 2s.; Illustrated, 5s.
Hitherto. By the Author of the "Gayworthys." 2 vols., 1s. each; 1 vol., cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.
A Gentleman of Leisure. A Novel. By EDGAR FAWCETT. 1s.
The Story of Helen Troy. 1s.

Ross (Mars) and Stonehewer Cooper. Highlands of Cantabria; or, Three Days from England. Illustrations and Map, 8vo, 21s.

Round the Yule Log: Norwegian Folk and Fairy Tales. Translated from the Norwegian of P. CHR. ASBJÖRNSSEN. With 100 Illustrations after drawings by Norwegian Artists, and an Introduction by E. W. Gosse. Impl. 16mo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 7s. 6d. and 5s.

Rousselet (Louis) Son of the Constable of France. Small post 8vo, numerous Illustrations, 5s.

——— *King of the Tigers: a Story of Central India.* Illustrated. Small post 8vo, gilt, 6s.; plainer, 5s.

——— *Drummer Boy.* Illustrated. Small post 8vo, 5s.

Rowbotham (F.) Trip to Prairie Land. The Shady Side of Emigration. 5s.

-
- Russell (W. Clark) Jack's Courtship.* 3 vols., 31s. 6d.;
1 vol., 6s.
- *The Lady Maud.* 3 vols., 31s. 6d.; 1 vol., 6s.
- *Sea Queen.* 3 vols., 31s. 6d.; 1 vol., 6s.
- *Strange Voyage.* 31s. 6d.
- *Little Loo.* 6s.
- *My Watch Below.* 6s.
- *English Channel Ports and the Estate of the East and
West India Dock Company.* Crown 8vo, 1s.
- *Sailor's Language.* Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- *Wreck of the Grosvenor.* Small post 8vo, 6s.; 4to,
sewed, 6d.
- See also LOW'S STANDARD NOVELS.

*SAINTS and their Symbols: A Companion in the Churches
and Picture Galleries of Europe.* Illustrated. Royal 16mo, 3s. 6d.

Salisbury (Lord) Life and Speeches. By F. S. PULLING, M.A.
With Photogravure Portrait of Lord Salisbury. 2 vols., cr. 8vo, 21s.

Sandilands (J. P.) How to Develop Vocal Power. 1s.

*Saunders (A.) Our Domestic Birds: Poultry in England and
New Zealand.* Crown 8vo, 6s.

——— *Our Horses: the Best Muscles controlled by the Best
Brains.* 6s.

Scherr (Prof. F.) History of English Literature. Cr. 8vo, 8s. 6d.

Schley. Rescue of Greely. Maps and Illustrations, 8vo, 12s. 6d.

*Schuyler (Eugène) American Diplomacy and the Furtherance of
Commerce.* 12s. 6d.

——— *The Life of Peter the Great.* 2 vols., 8vo, 32s.

Rose Library (The)—continued.

- My Study Windows.** By J. R. LOWELL.
The Guardian Angel. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.
My Summer in a Garden. By C. D. WARNER.
Dred. By Mrs. BEECHER STOWE. 2s.; cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.
Farm Ballads. By WILL CARLETON.
Farm Festivals. By WILL CARLETON.
Farm Legends. By WILL CARLETON.
Farm Ballads: Festivals and Legends. One vol., cloth, 3s. 6d.
The Clients of Dr. Bernagius. 3s. 6d.; 2 parts, 1s. each.
The Undiscovered Country. By W. D. HOWELLS. 3s. 6d. and 1s.
Baby Bue. By C. M. CLAY. 3s. 6d. and 1s.
The Rose in Bloom. By L. M. ALCOTT. 2s.; cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.
Eight Cousins. By L. M. ALCOTT. 2s.; cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.
Under the Lilacs. By L. M. ALCOTT. 2s.; also 3s. 6d.
Silver Pitchers. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. Cloth, 3s. 6d.
Jemmy's Cruise in the "Pinafore," and other Tales. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. 2s.; cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.
Jack and Jill. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. 2s.; Illustrated, 5s.
Hitherto. By the Author of the "Gayworthys." 2 vols., 1s. each; 1 vol., cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.
A Gentleman of Leisure. A Novel. By EDGAR FAWCETT. 1s.
The Story of Helen Troy. 1s.

Ross (Mars) and Stonehewer Cooper. Highlands of Cantabria; or, Three Days from England. Illustrations and Map, 8vo, 21s.

Round the Yule Log: Norwegian Folk and Fairy Tales. Translated from the Norwegian of P. CHR. ASBJÖRNSSEN. With 100 Illustrations after drawings by Norwegian Artists, and an Introduction by E. W. Gosse. Impl. 16mo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 7s. 6d. and 5s.

Rousselet (Louis) Son of the Constable of France. Small post 8vo, numerous Illustrations, 5s.

——— *King of the Tigers: a Story of Central India.* Illustrated. Small post 8vo, gilt, 6s.; plain, 5s.

——— *Drummer Boy.* Illustrated. Small post 8vo, 5s.

Rowbotham (F.) Trip to Prairie Land. The Shady Side of Emigration. 5s.

-
- Russell (W. Clark) Jack's Courtship.* 3 vols., 31s. 6d.;
1 vol., 6s.
- *The Lady Maud.* 3 vols., 31s. 6d.; 1 vol., 6s.
- *Sea Queen.* 3 vols., 31s. 6d.; 1 vol., 6s.
- *Strange Voyage.* 31s. 6d.
- *Little Loo.* 6s.
- *My Watch Below.* 6s.
- *English Channel Ports and the Estate of the East and
West India Dock Company.* Crown 8vo, 1s.
- *Sailor's Language.* Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- *Wreck of the Grosvenor.* Small post 8vo, 6s.; 4to,
sewed, 6d.
- See also LOW'S STANDARD NOVELS.

*SAINTS and their Symbols: A Companion in the Churches
and Picture Galleries of Europe.* Illustrated. Royal 16mo, 3s. 6d.

Salisbury (Lord) Life and Speeches. By F. S. PULLING, M.A.
With Photogravure Portrait of Lord Salisbury. 2 vols., cr. 8vo, 21s.

Sandilands (J. P.) How to Develop Vocal Power. 1s.

*Saunders (A.) Our Domestic Birds: Poultry in England and
New Zealand.* Crown 8vo, 6s.

——— *Our Horses: the Best Muscles controlled by the Best
Brains.* 6s.

Scherr (Prof. F.) History of English Literature. Cr. 8vo, 8s. 6d.

Schley. Rescue of Greely. Maps and Illustrations, 8vo, 12s. 6d.

*Schuyler (Eugène) American Diplomacy and the Furtherance of
Commerce.* 12s. 6d.

——— *The Life of Peter the Great.* 2 vols., 8vo, 32s.

Schweinfurth (Georg) Heart of Africa. Three Years' Travels and Adventures in Unexplored Regions. 2 vols., crown 8vo, 15s.

Scott (Leader) Renaissance of Art in Italy. 4to, 31s. 6d.

——— *Sculpture, Renaissance and Modern.* 5s.

Senior (W.) Waterside Sketches. Imp. 32mo, 1s. 6d., boards, 1s.

Shadbolt (S. H.) Afghan Campaigns of 1878—1880. By SYDNEY SHADBOLT. 2 vols., royal quarto, cloth extra, 3l.

Shakespeare. Edited by R. GRANT WHITE. 3 vols., crown 8vo, gilt top, 36s.; *édition de luxe*, 6 vols., 8vo, cloth extra, 63s.

Shakespeare. See also WHITE (R. GRANT).

Sidney (Sir Philip) Arcadia. New Edition, 6s.

Siegfried: The Story of. Illustrated, crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Simson (A.) Wilds of Ecuador and the Putumayor River. Crown 8vo.

Sinclair (Mrs.) Indigenous Flowers of the Hawaiian Islands. 44 Plates in Colour. Imp. folio, extra binding, gilt edges, 31s. 6d.

Sir Roger de Coverley. Re-imprinted from the "Spectator." With 125 Woodcuts and special steel Frontispiece. Small fcap. 4to, 6s.

Smith (G.) Assyrian Explorations and Discoveries. Illustrated by Photographs and Woodcuts. New Edition, demy 8vo, 18s.

——— *The Chaldean Account of Genesis.* With many Illustrations. 16s. New Ed. By PROFESSOR SAYCE. 8vo, 18s.

Smith (J. Moyr) Ancient Greek Female Costume. 112 full-page Plates and other Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

——— *Hades of Ardenne: The Caves of Han.* Crown 8vo, Illust., 5s.

——— *Legendary Studies, and other Sketches for Decorative Figure Panels.* 7s. 6d.

——— *Wooring of Æthra.* Illustrated. 32mo, 1s.

Smith (Sydney) Life and Times. By STUART J. REID. Illustrated. 8vo, 21s.

Smith (T. Roger) Architecture, Gothic and Renaissance. Illustrated, crown 8vo, 5s.

— *Classic and Early Christian.* 5s.

Smith (W. R.) Laws concerning Public Health. 8vo, 31s. 6d.

Spiers' French Dictionary. 29th Edition, remodelled. 2 vols., 8vo, 18s.; half bound, 21s.

Spry (W. J. J., R.N.) Cruise of H.M.S. "Challenger." With Illustrations. 8vo, 18s. Cheap Edit., crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Spyri (Foh.) Heidi's Early Experiences : a Story for Children and those who love Children. Illustrated, small post 8vo, 4s. 6d.

— *Heidi's Further Experiences.* Illust., sm. post 8vo, 4s. 6d.

Start (J. W. K.) Junior Mensuration Exercises. 8d.

Stanley (H. M.) Congo, and Founding its Free State. Illustrated, 2 vols., 8vo, 42s.; re-issue, 2 vols. 8vo, 21s.

— *How I Found Livingstone.* 8vo, 10s. 6d.; cr. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

— *Through the Dark Continent.* Crown 8vo, 12s. 6d.

Stenhouse (Mrs.) An Englishwoman in Utah. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

Sterry (J. Ashby) Cucumber Chronicles. 5s.

Stevens (E. W.) Fly-Fishing in Maine Lakes. 8s. 6d.

Stewart's Year Book of New Zealand, 1886-87. 7s. 6d.

Stockton (Frank R.) The Story of Viteau. Illust. Cr. 8vo, 5s.

— *The Late Mrs. Null.* Crown 8vo, 6s.

Stoker (Bram) Under the Sunset. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Stowe (Mrs. Beecher) Dred. Cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.; boards, 2s.

— *Little Foxes.* Cheap Ed., 1s.; Library Edition, 4s. 6d.

— *My Wife and I.* 6s.

— *Old Town Folk.* 6s.; also 3s.

— *Old Town Fireside Stories.* Cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

— *We and our Neighbours.* 6s.

Schweinfurth (Georg) Heart of Africa. Three Years' Travels and Adventures in Unexplored Regions. 2 vols., crown 8vo, 15s.

Scott (Leader) Renaissance of Art in Italy. 4to, 31s. 6d.

——— *Sculpture, Renaissance and Modern.* 5s.

Senior (W.) Waterside Sketches. Imp. 32mo, 1s. 6d., boards, 1s.

Shadbolt (S. H.) Afghan Campaigns of 1878—1880. By SYDNEY SHADBOLT. 2 vols., royal quarto, cloth extra, 3l.

Shakespeare. Edited by R. GRANT WHITE. 3 vols., crown 8vo, gilt top, 36s.; *édition de luxe*, 6 vols., 8vo, cloth extra, 63s.

Shakespeare. See also WHITE (R. GRANT).

Sidney (Sir Philip) Arcadia. New Edition, 6s.

Siegfried: The Story of. Illustrated, crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Simson (A.) Wilds of Ecuador and the Putumayor River. Crown 8vo.

Sinclair (Mrs.) Indigenous Flowers of the Hawaiian Islands. 44 Plates in Colour. Imp. folio, extra binding, gilt edges, 31s. 6d.

Sir Roger de Coverley. Re-imprinted from the "Spectator." With 125 Woodcuts and special steel Frontispiece. Small fcap. 4to, 6s.

Smith (G.) Assyrian Explorations and Discoveries. Illustrated by Photographs and Woodcuts. New Edition, demy 8vo, 18s.

——— *The Chaldean Account of Genesis.* With many Illustrations. 16s. New Ed. By PROFESSOR SAYCE. 8vo, 18s.

Smith (J. Moyr) Ancient Greek Female Costume. 112 full-page Plates and other Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

——— *Hades of Ardenne: The Caves of Han.* Crown 8vo, Illust., 5s.

——— *Legendary Studies, and other Sketches for Decorative Figure Panels.* 7s. 6d.

——— *Woiving of Æthra.* Illustrated. 32mo, 1s.

Smith (Sydney) Life and Times. By STUART J. REID. Illustrated. 8vo, 21s.

- Smith (T. Roger) Architecture, Gothic and Renaissance.* Illustrated, crown 8vo, 5s.
-
- *Classic and Early Christian.* 5s.
- Smith (W. R.) Laws concerning Public Health.* 8vo, 31s. 6d.
- Spiers' French Dictionary.* 29th Edition, remodelled. 2 vols., 8vo, 18s.; half bound, 21s.
- Spry (W. J. J., R.N.) Cruise of H.M.S. "Challenger."* With Illustrations. 8vo, 18s. Cheap Edit., crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- Spyri (Foh.) Heidi's Early Experiences: a Story for Children and those who love Children.* Illustrated, small post 8vo, 4s. 6d.
- *Heidi's Further Experiences.* Illust., sm. post 8vo, 4s. 6d.
- Start (J. W. K.) Junior Mensuration Exercises.* 8d.
- Stanley (H. M.) Congo, and Founding its Free State.* Illustrated, 2 vols., 8vo, 42s.; re-issue, 2 vols. 8vo, 21s.
- *How I Found Livingstone.* 8vo, 10s. 6d.; cr. 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- *Through the Dark Continent.* Crown 8vo, 12s. 6d.
- Stenhouse (Mrs.) An Englishwoman in Utah.* Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- Sterry (J. Ashby) Cucumber Chronicles.* 5s.
- Stevens (E. W.) Fly-Fishing in Maine Lakes.* 8s. 6d.
- Stewart's Year Book of New Zealand, 1886-87.* 7s. 6d.
- Stockton (Frank R.) The Story of Viteau.* Illust. Cr. 8vo, 5s.
- *The Late Mrs. Null.* Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Stoker (Bram) Under the Sunset.* Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Stowe (Mrs. Beecher) Dred.* Cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.; boards, 2s.
- *Little Foxes.* Cheap Ed., 1s.; Library Edition, 4s. 6d.
- *My Wife and I.* 6s.
- *Old Town Folk.* 6s.; also 3s.
- *Old Town Fireside Stories.* Cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
- *We and our Neighbours.* 6s.

BOOKS BY JULES VERNE.

LARGE CROWN 8vo.	{ Containing 350 to 600 pp. and from 50 to 100 full-page illustrations.		Containing the whole of the text with some illustrations.	
WORKS.	In very handsome cloth bind- ing, gilt edges.	In plainer binding, plain edges.	In cloth binding, gilt edges, smaller type.	Coloured boards.
20,000 Leagues under the Sea.	s. d. 10 6	s. d. 5 0	s. d. 3 6	2 vols., 1s. each.
Parts I. and II. }				
Hector Servadac	10 6	5 0	3 6	2 vols., 1s. each.
The Fur Country	10 6	5 0	3 6	2 vols., 1s. each.
The Earth to the Moon and a Trip round it }	10 6	5 0	{ 2 vols., } { 2s. ea. }	2 vols., 1s. each.
Michael Strogoff	10 6	5 0	3 6	2 vols., 1s. each.
Dick Sands, the Boy Captain . .	10 6	5 0	3 6	2 vols., 1s. each.
Five Weeks in a Balloon	7 6	3 6	2 0	1s. Od.
Adventures of Three Englishmen and Three Russians }	7 6	3 6	2 0	1 0
Round the World in Eighty Days .	7 6	3 6	2 0	1 0
A Floating City }	7 6	3 6	{ 2 0 2 0 2 0	1 0 1 0 1 0
The Blockade Runners	—	—	2 0	1 0
Dr. Ox's Experiment	—	—	2 0	1 0
A Winter amid the Ice	—	—	2 0	1 0
Survivors of the "Chancellor" . }	7 6	3 6	{ 3 6 2 0	2 vols., 1s. each. 1s. Od.
Martin Paz }	22 6	10 6	6 0	3 0
The Mysterious Island, 3 vols. :—				
I. Dropped from the Clouds . . }	7 6	3 6	2 0	1 0
II. Abandoned }	7 6	3 6	2 0	1 0
III. Secret of the Island . . . }	7 6	3 6	2 0	1 0
The Child of the Cavern	7 6	3 6	2 0	1 0
The Begum's Fortune	7 6	3 6	2 0	1 0
The Tribulations of a Chinaman .	7 6	3 6	2 0	1 0
The Steam House, 2 vols. :—				
I. Demon of Cawnpore }	7 6	3 6	2 0	1 0
II. Tigers and Traitors }	7 6	3 6	2 0	1 0
The Giant Raft, 2 vols. :—				
I. 800 Leagues on the Amazon . }	7 6	3 6	2 0	1 0
II. The Cryptogram }	7 6	3 6	2 0	1 0
The Green Ray	6 0	5 0	—	1 0
Godfrey Morgan	7 6	3 6	2 0	1 0
Kéraban the Inflexible:—				
I. Captain of the "Guidara" . }	7 6	3 6		
II. Scarpante the Spy }	7 6	3 6		
The Archipelago on Fire	7 6			
The Vanished Diamond	7 6			
Mathias Sandorf	10 6			
Lottery Ticket	7 6			

CELEBRATED TRAVELS AND TRAVELLERS. 3 vols. 8vo, 600 pp., 100 full-page illustrations, 12s. 6d., gilt edges, 14s. each:—(1) THE EXPLORATION OF THE WORLD. (2) THE GREAT NAVIGATORS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. (3) THE GREAT EXPLORERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

- WAHL (W. H.)** *Galvanoplastic Manipulation for the Electro-Plater.* 8vo, 35s.
- Wakefield.** *Aix-les-Bains: Bathing and Attractions.* 2s. 6d.
- Wallace (L.)** *Ben Hur: A Tale of the Christ.* Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Waller (Rev. C. H.)** *The Names on the Gates of Pearl,* and other Studies. New Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
- *A Grammar and Analytical Vocabulary of the Words in the Greek Testament.* Compiled from Brüder's Concordance. Part I. Grammar. Small post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. Part II. Vocabulary, 2s. 6d.
- *Adoption and the Covenant.* On Confirmation. 2s. 6d.
- *Silver Sockets; and other Shadows of Redemption.* Sermons at Christ Church, Hampstead. Small post 8vo, 6s.
- Walton (Jz.)** *Wallet Book,* C1010LXXXV. 21s.; 1. p. 42s.
- *(T. H.) Coal Mining.* With Illustrations. 4to, 25s.
- Warner (C. D.)** *My Summer in a Garden.* Boards, 1s.; leatherette, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.
- Warren (W. F.)** *Paradise Found; the North Pole the Cradle of the Human Race.* Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 12s. 6d.
- Washington Irving's Little Britain.** Square crown 8vo, 6s.
- Watson (P. B.)** *Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.* 8vo, 15s.
- Webster.** ("American Men of Letters.") 18mo, 2s. 6d.
- Weir (Harrison)** *Animal Stories, Old and New, told in Pictures and Prose.* Coloured, &c., Illustrations. 56 pp., 4to, 5s.
- Wells (H. P.)** *American Salmon Fisherman.* 6s.
- *Fly Rods and Fly Tackle.* Illustrated. 10s. 6d.
- *(J. W.) Three Thousand Miles through Brazil.* Illustrated from Original Sketches. 2 vols. 8vo, 32s.
- Wheatley (H. B.) and Delamotte (P. H.)** *Art Work in Porcelain.* Large 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- *Art Work in Gold and Silver. Modern.* 2s. 6d.
- *Handbook of Decorative Art.* 10s. 6d.
- Whisperings.** Poems. Small post 8vo, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.
- White (R. Grant)** *England Without and Within.* Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.
- *Every-day English.* 10s. 6d. Words, &c.
- *Fate of Mansfield Humphreys, the Episode of Mr. Washington Adams in England, an Apology, &c.* Crown 8vo, 6s.
- *Studies in Shakespeare.* 10s. 6d.
- *Words and their Uses.* New Edit., crown 8vo, 5s.
- Whittier (J. G.)** *The King's Missive, and later Poems.* 18mo, choice parchment cover, 3s. 6d.

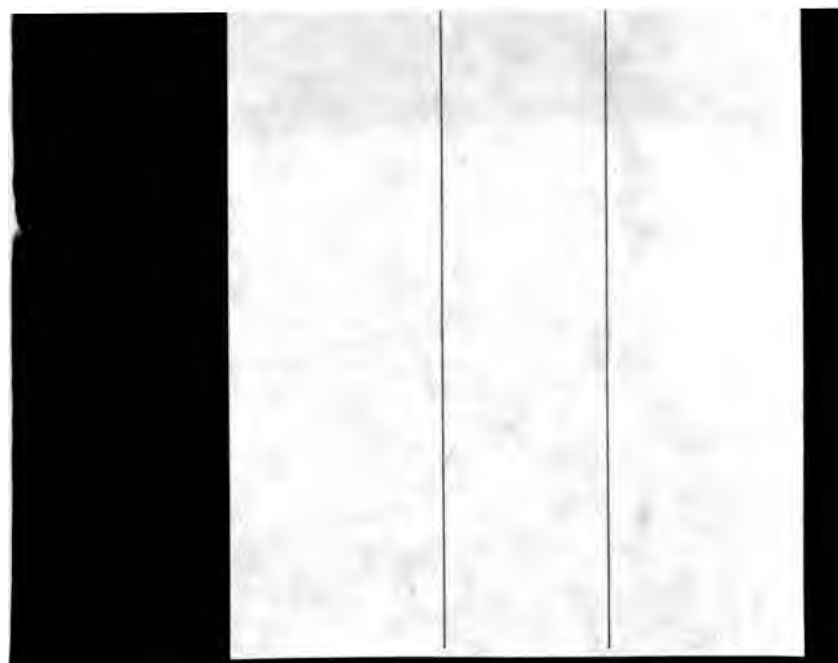
- Whittier (J. G.) The Whittier Birthday Book.* Uniform with the "Emerson Birthday Book." Square 16mo, very choice binding, 3s. 6d.
- *Life of.* By R. A. UNDERWOOD. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
- *St. Gregory's Guest, &c.* Recent Poems. 5s.
- Williams (C. F.) Tariff Laws of the United States.* 8vo, 10s. 6d.
- (*H. W.*) *Diseases of the Eye.* 8vo, 21s.
- Wills, A Few Hints on Proving, without Professional Assistance.* By a PROBATE COURT OFFICIAL. 8th Edition, revised, with Forms of Wills, Residuary Accounts, &c. Fcap. 8vo, cloth limp, 1s.
- Wills (Dr. C. J.) Persia as it is.* Crown 8vo.
- Willis-Bund (J.) Salmon Problems.* 3s. 6d.; boards, 2s. 6d.
- Wilson (Dr. Andrew) Health for the People.*
- Wimbledon (Viscount) Life and Times, 1628-38.* By C. DALTON. 2 vols., 8vo, 30s.
- Winsor (Justin) Narrative and Critical History of America.* 8 vols., 30s. each; large paper, per vol., 63s.
- Witthaus (R. A.) Medical Student's Chemistry.* 8vo, 16s.
- Woodbury, History of Wood Engraving.* Illustrated. 8vo, 18s.
- Woolsey. Introduction to International Law.* 5th Ed., 18s.
- Woolson (Constance F.)* See "Low's Standard Novels."
- Wright (H.) Friendship of God.* Portrait, &c. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Wright (T.) Town of Cowper, Olney, &c.* 6s.
- Written to Order; the Journeyings of an Irresponsible Egotist.* By the Author of "A Day of my Life at Eton." Crown 8vo, 6s.

YRIARTE (Charles) Florence: its History. Translated by C. B. PITMAN. Illustrated with 500 Engravings. Large imperial 4to, extra binding, gilt edges, 63s.; or 12 Parts, 5s. each.
History; the Medici; the Humanists; letters; arts; the Renaissance; illustrious Florentines; Etruscan art; monuments; sculpture; painting.

London:

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON,
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET, E.C.

DT 361
T 484a



- WAHL (W. H.)** *Galvanoplastic Manipulation for the Electro-Plater.* 8vo, 35s.
- Wakefield.** *Aix-les-Bains: Bathing and Attractions.* 2s. 6d.
- Wallace (L.)** *Ben Hur: A Tale of the Christ.* Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Waller (Rev. C. H.)** *The Names on the Gates of Pearl, and other Studies.* New Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
- *A Grammar and Analytical Vocabulary of the Words in the Greek Testament.* Compiled from Brüder's Concordance. Part I. Grammar. Small post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. Part II. Vocabulary, 2s. 6d.
- *Adoption and the Covenant.* On Confirmation. 2s. 6d.
- *Silver Sockets; and other Shadows of Redemption.* Sermons at Christ Church, Hampstead. Small post 8vo, 6s.
- Walton (Is.)** *Wallet Book,* CLOLXXXV. 21s.; 1 p. 42s.
- (T. H.) *Coal Mining.* With Illustrations. 4to, 25s.
- Warner (C. D.)** *My Summer in a Garden.* Boards, 1s.; leatherette, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.
- Warren (W. F.)** *Paradise Found; the North Pole the Cradle of the Human Race.* Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 12s. 6d.
- Washington Irving's** *Little Britain.* Square crown 8vo, 6s.
- Watson (P. B.)** *Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.* 8vo, 15s.
- Webster.** ("American Men of Letters.") 18mo, 2s. 6d.
- Weir (Harrison)** *Animal Stories, Old and New, told in Pictures and Prose.* Coloured, &c., Illustrations. 56 pp., 4to, 5s.
- Wells (H. P.)** *American Salmon Fisherman.* 6s.
- *Fly Rods and Fly Tackle.* Illustrated. 10s. 6d.
- (J. W.) *Three Thousand Miles through Brazil.* Illustrated from Original Sketches. 2 vols. 8vo, 32s.
- Wheatley (H. B.) and Delamotte (P. H.)** *Art Work in Porcelain.* Large 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- *Art Work in Gold and Silver. Modern.* 2s. 6d.
- *Handbook of Decorative Art.* 10s. 6d.
- Whisperings.** Poems. Small post 8vo, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.
- White (R. Grant)** *England Without and Within.* Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.
- *Every-day English.* 10s. 6d. Words, &c.
- *Fate of Mansfield Humphreys, the Episode of Mr. Washington Adams in England, an Apology, &c.* Crown 8vo, 6s.
- *Studies in Shakespeare.* 10s. 6d.
- *Words and their Uses.* New Edit., crown 8vo, 5s.
- Whittier (J. G.)** *The King's Missive, and later Poems.* 18mo, choice parchment cover, 3s. 6d.



1. [REDACTED]

2. [REDACTED]

3. [REDACTED]

DT 361
T 484a

HOOVER INSTITUTION

**To avoid fine, this book should be returned on
or before the date last stamped below**

SSM-5-73-35982

MAY 10 1995

